



ブチャラティ幹部：ボスからの第一指令の巻







**GIOGIO**



A character with spiky blonde hair and a blue suit is crouched on a ledge, looking out a window at a body of water under a blue sky with clouds.

**MISTA! HE'S  
ALREADY...**

RESPONDED!  
TO THE  
RADIO FROM  
INSIDE THE  
ROOM!

# **SEX PISTOLS APPEAR! PART ③**





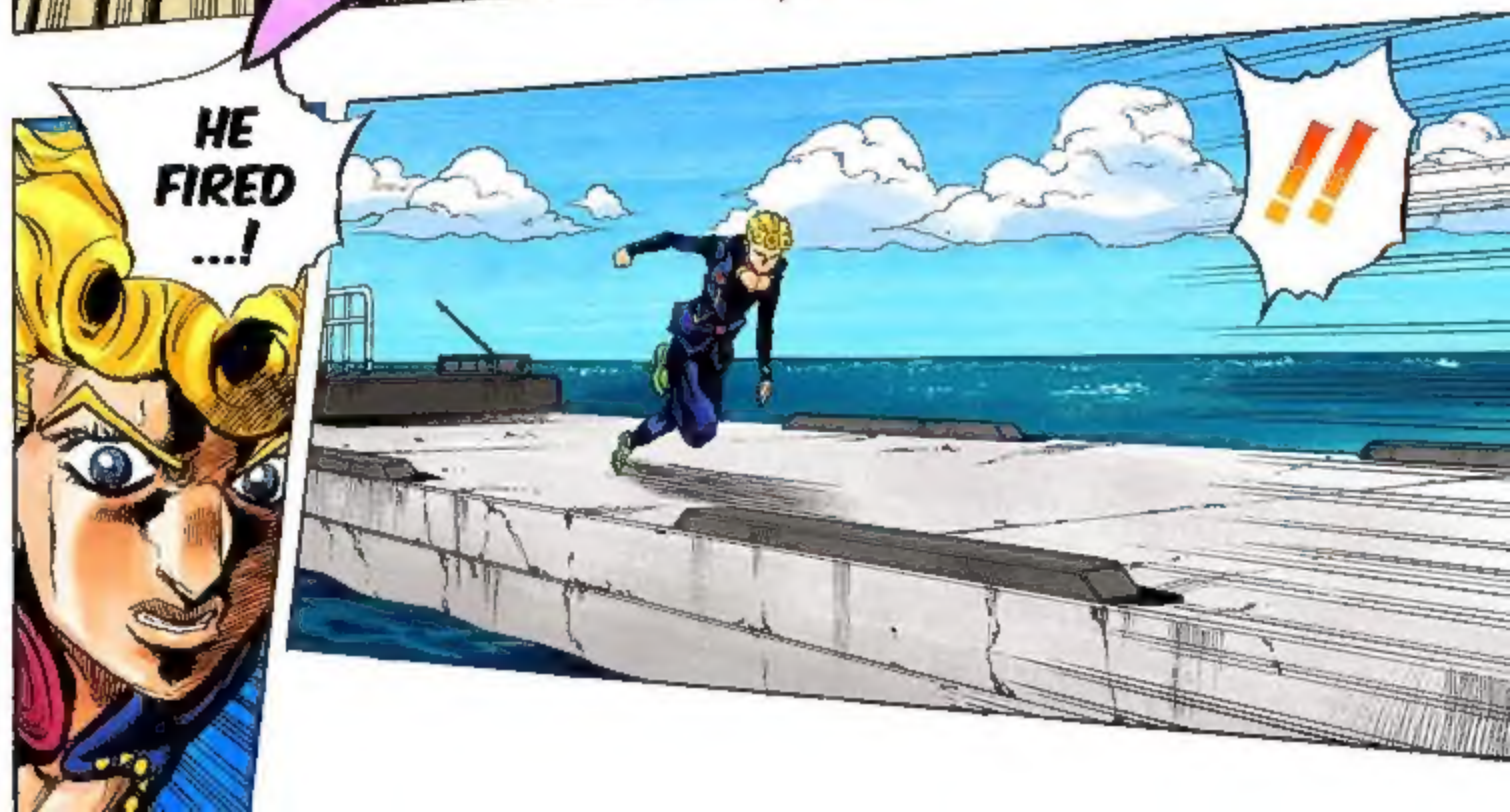


**SEXPISTOLS APPEAR!**  
**PART ③**

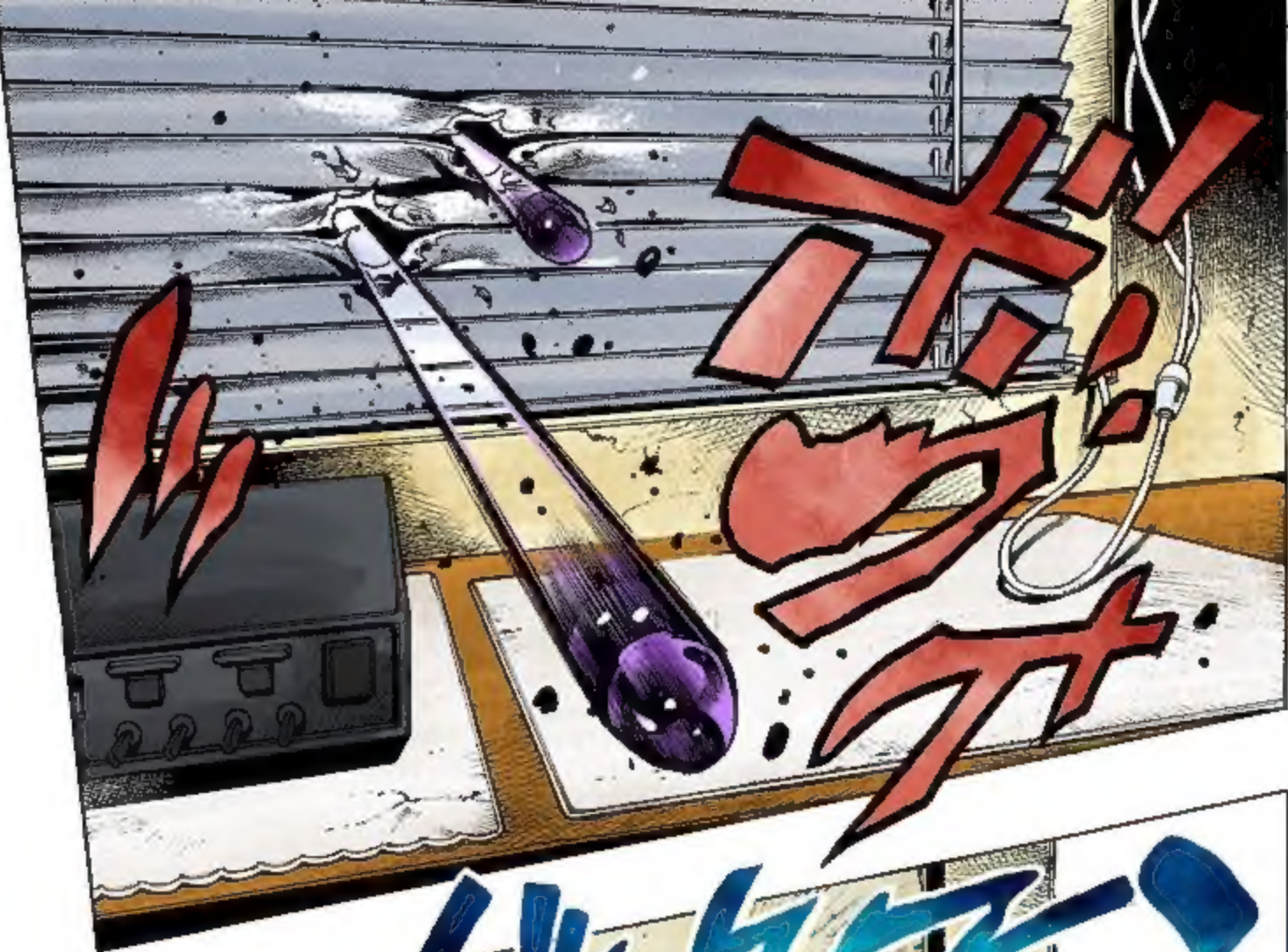






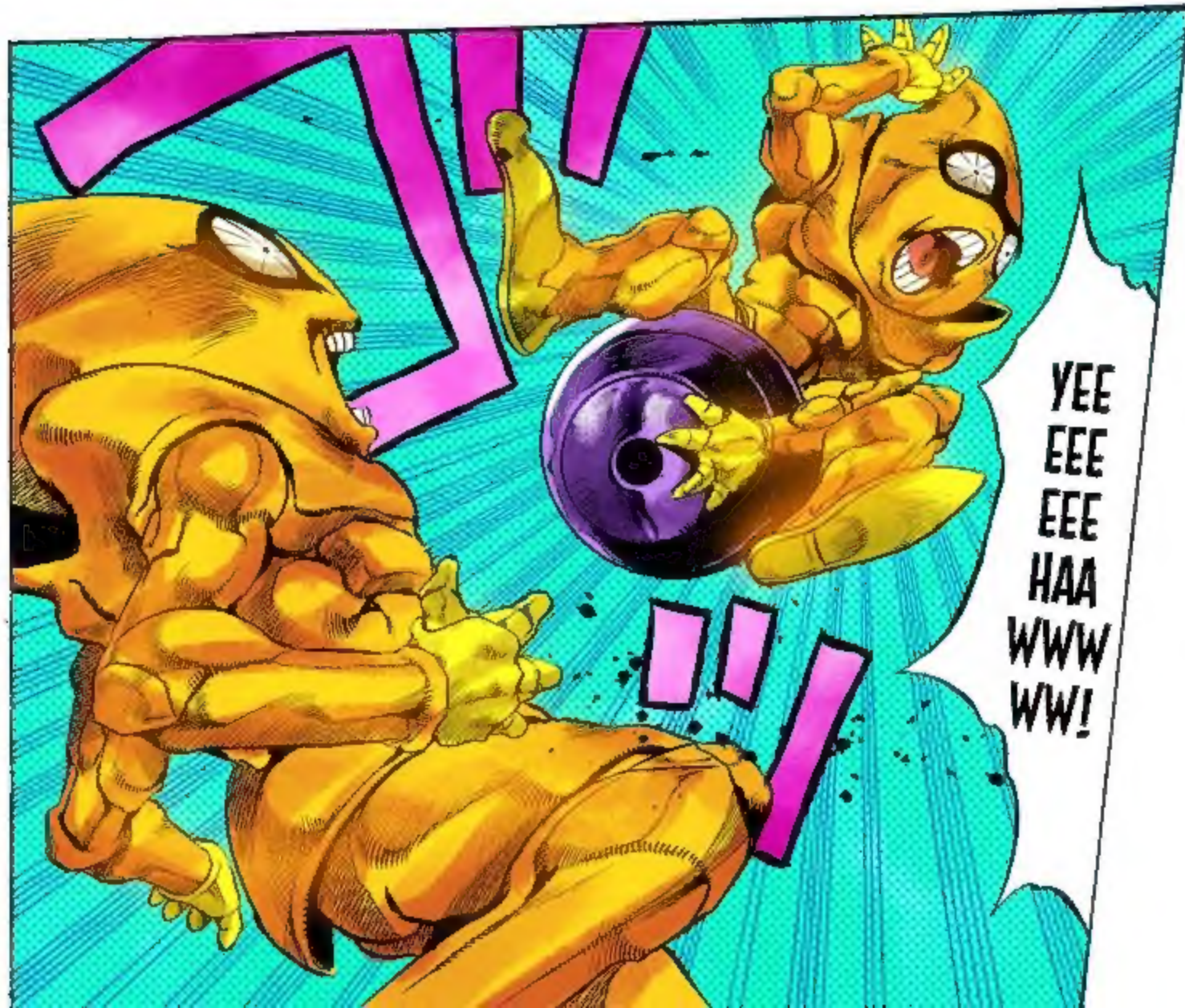
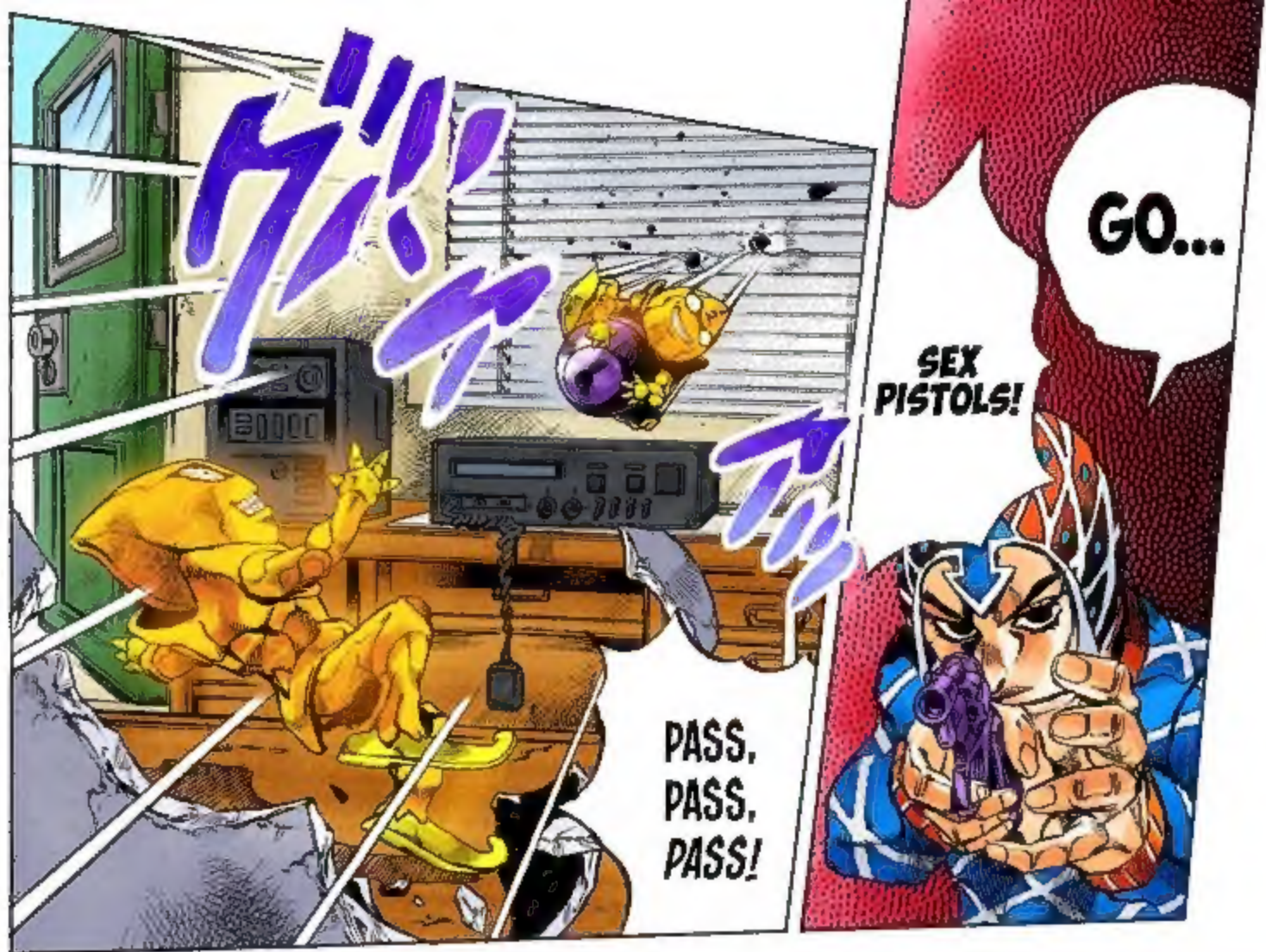




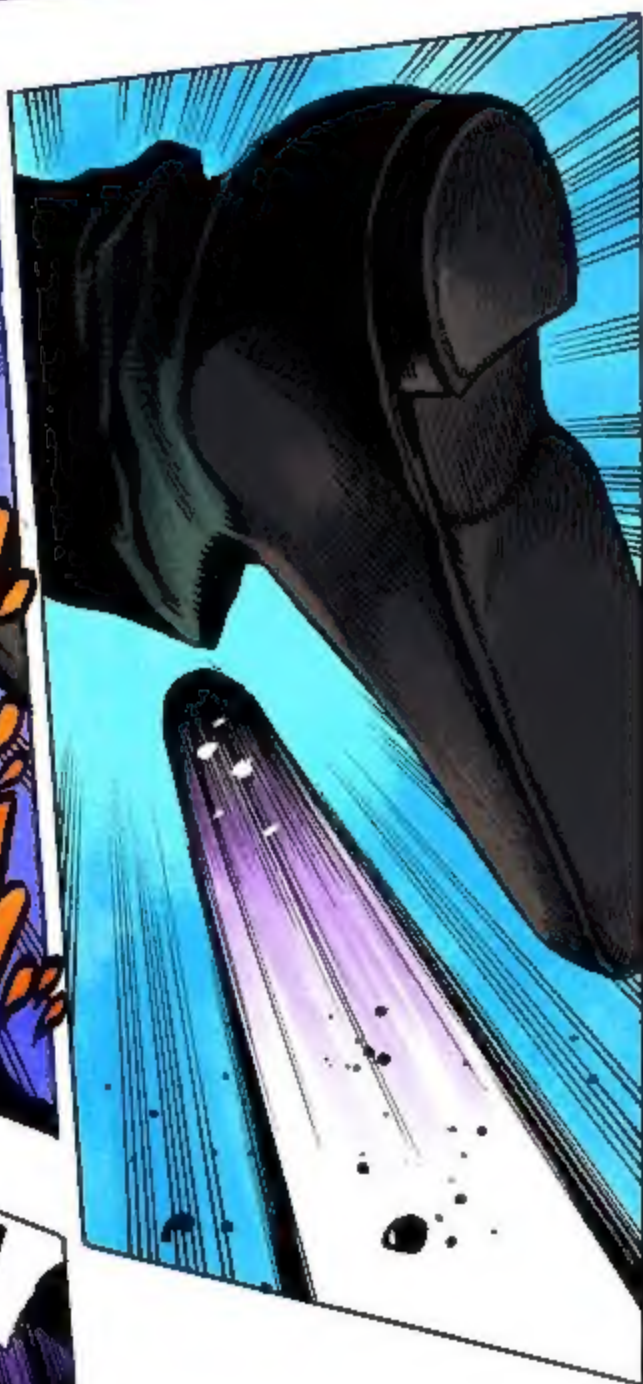


COME  
OOO  
OOO  
OOO  
ON!





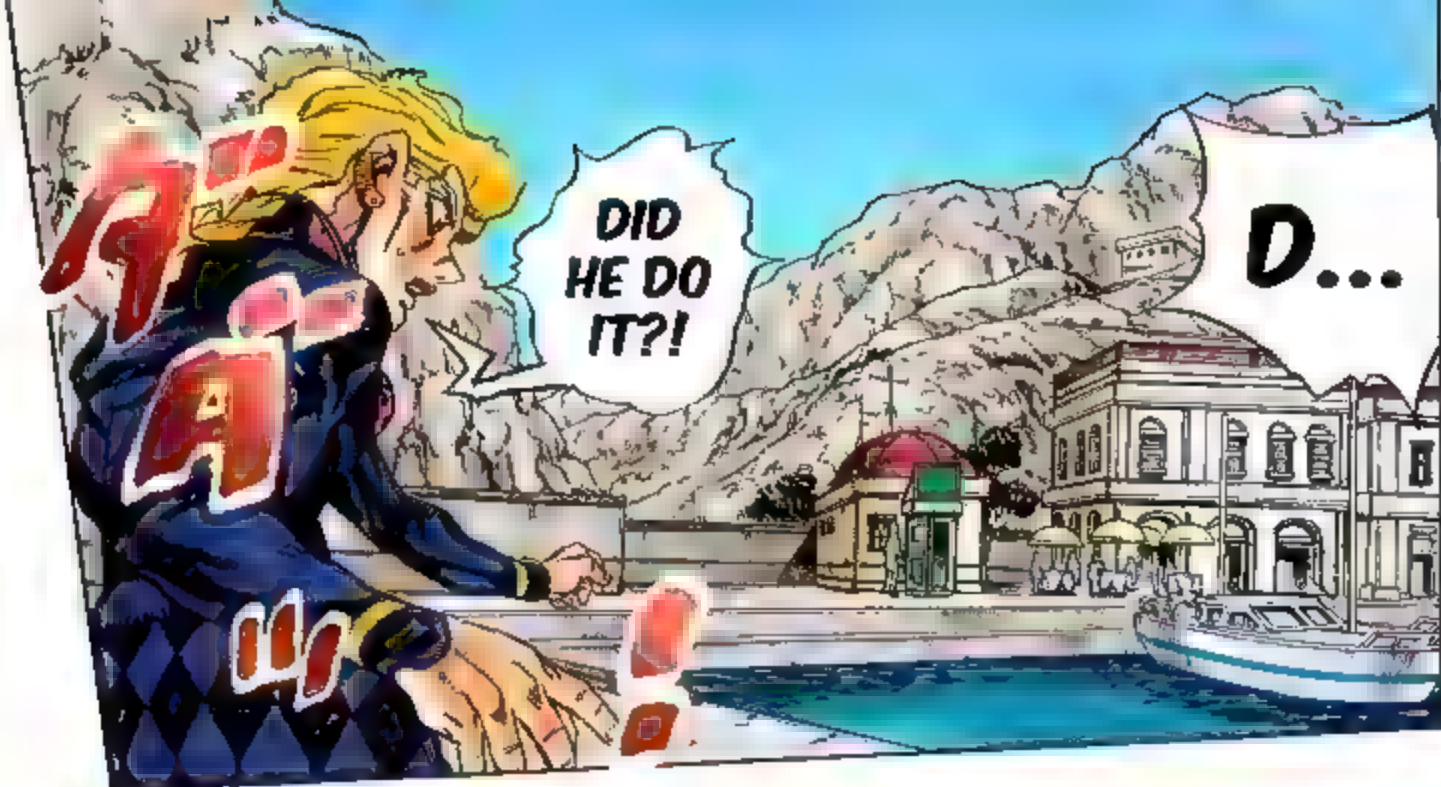






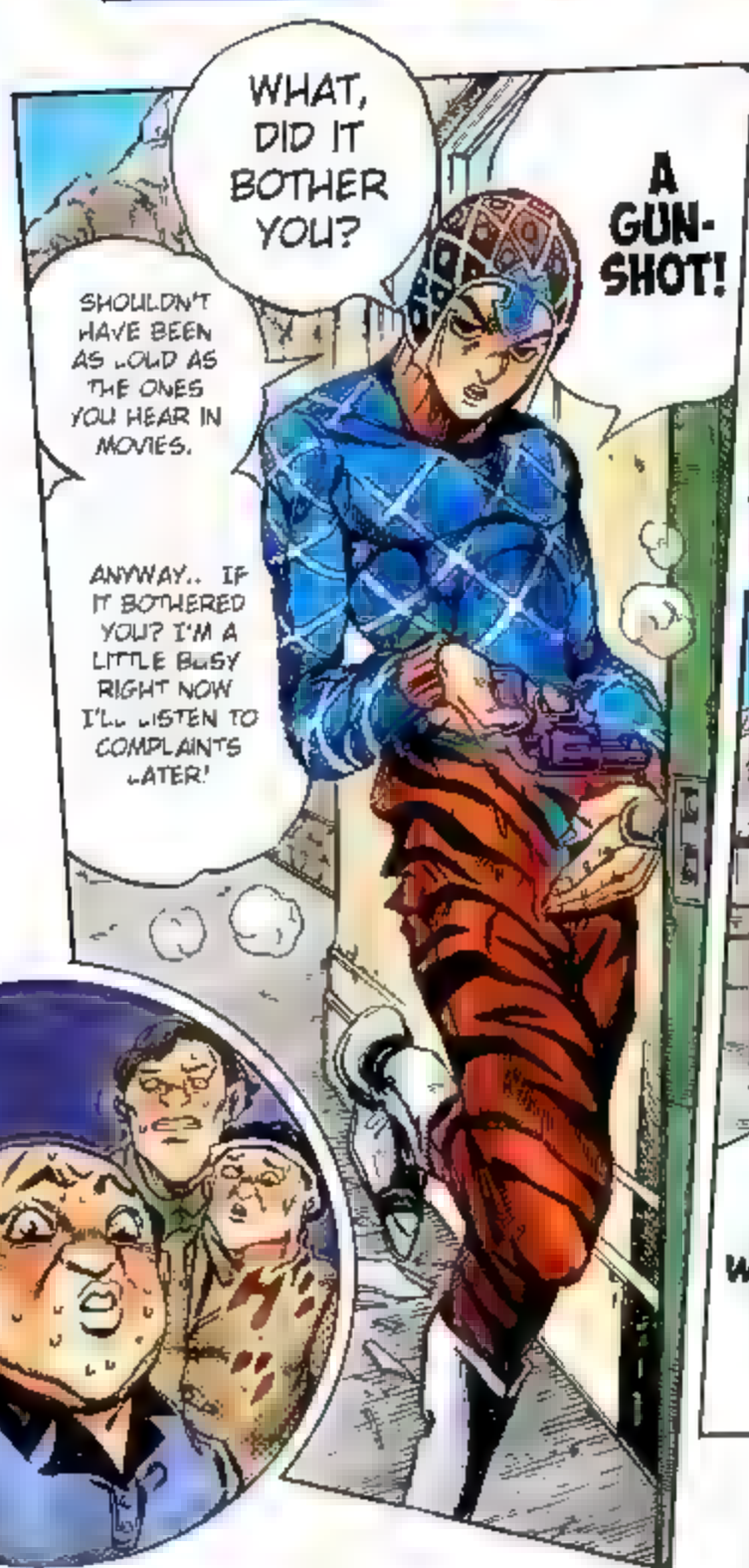






DID HE DO IT?!

D...



WHAT, DID IT BOTHER YOU?

A GUN-SHOT!

SHOULDN'T HAVE BEEN AS LOUD AS THE ONES YOU HEAR IN MOVIES.

ANYWAY.. IF IT BOTHERED YOU? I'M A LITTLE BUSY RIGHT NOW I'LL LISTEN TO COMPLAINTS LATER!



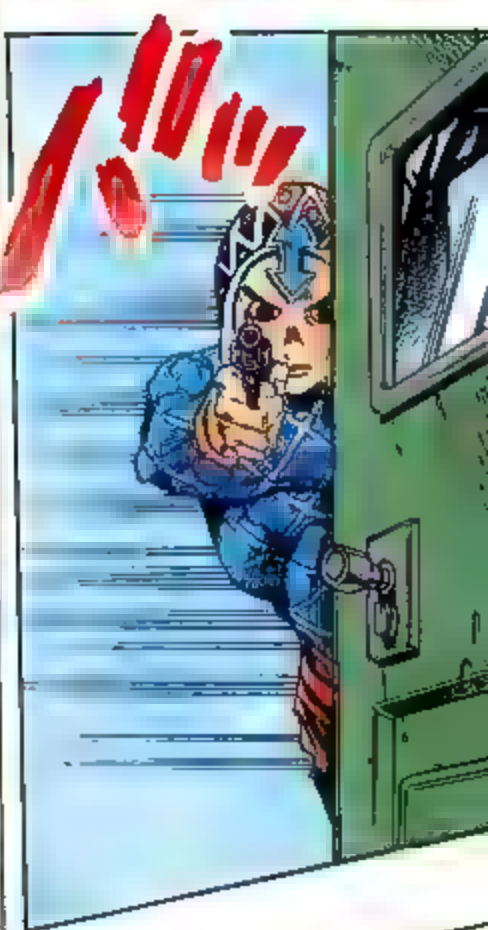
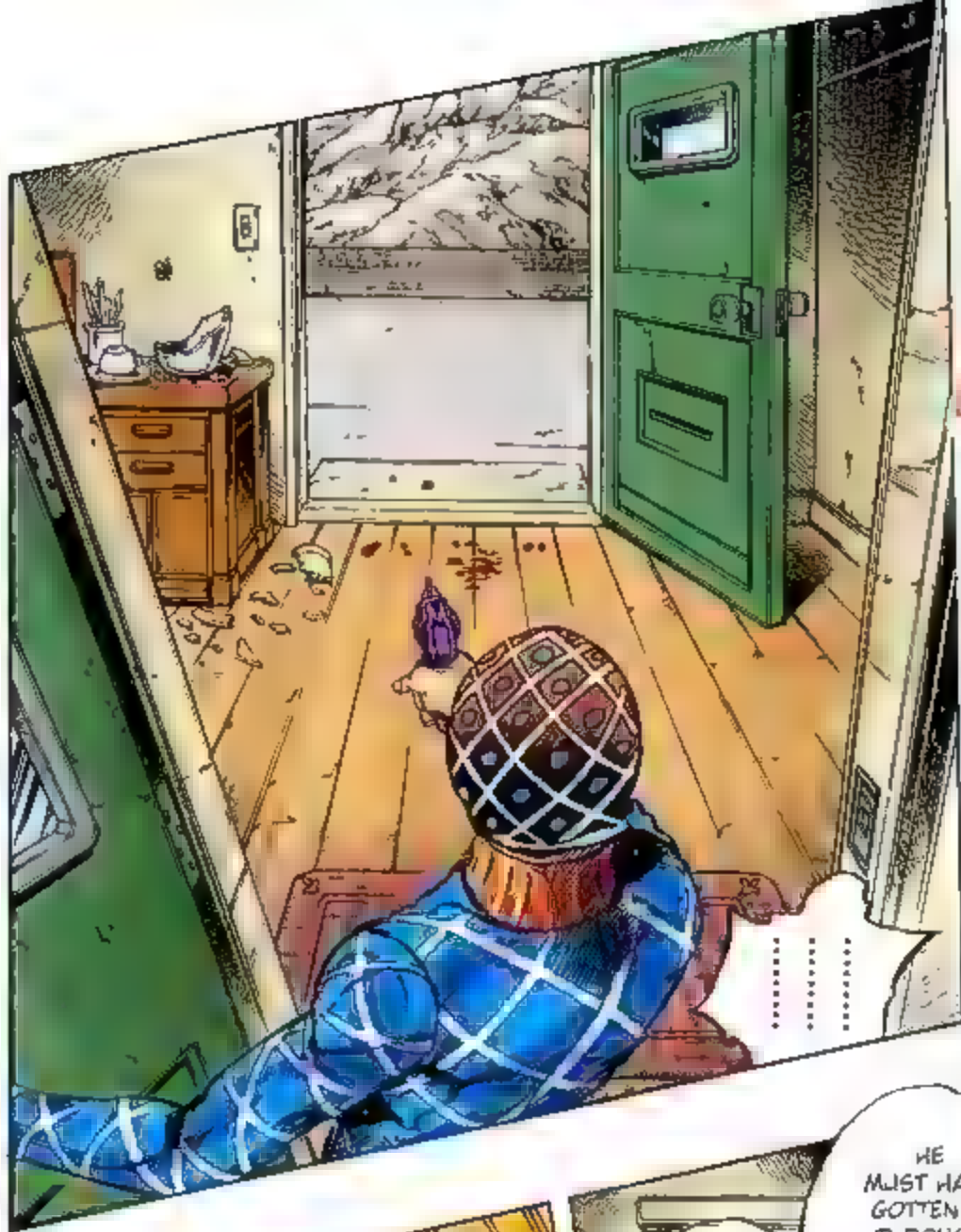
WH... WHAT?!



YOU!

WH... WHAT WAS THAT SOUND, JUST NOW?!





ANYWAY,  
GOOD JOB,  
PISTOLS!

YEAAAAH!  
HIS LEGS!

HE'S  
EITHER A  
CAREFUL GUY,  
OR... HE HAS  
A HABIT OF  
SNEAK'N'  
THROUGH  
DOORS SO  
THAT NO  
ONE'LL  
NOTICE.

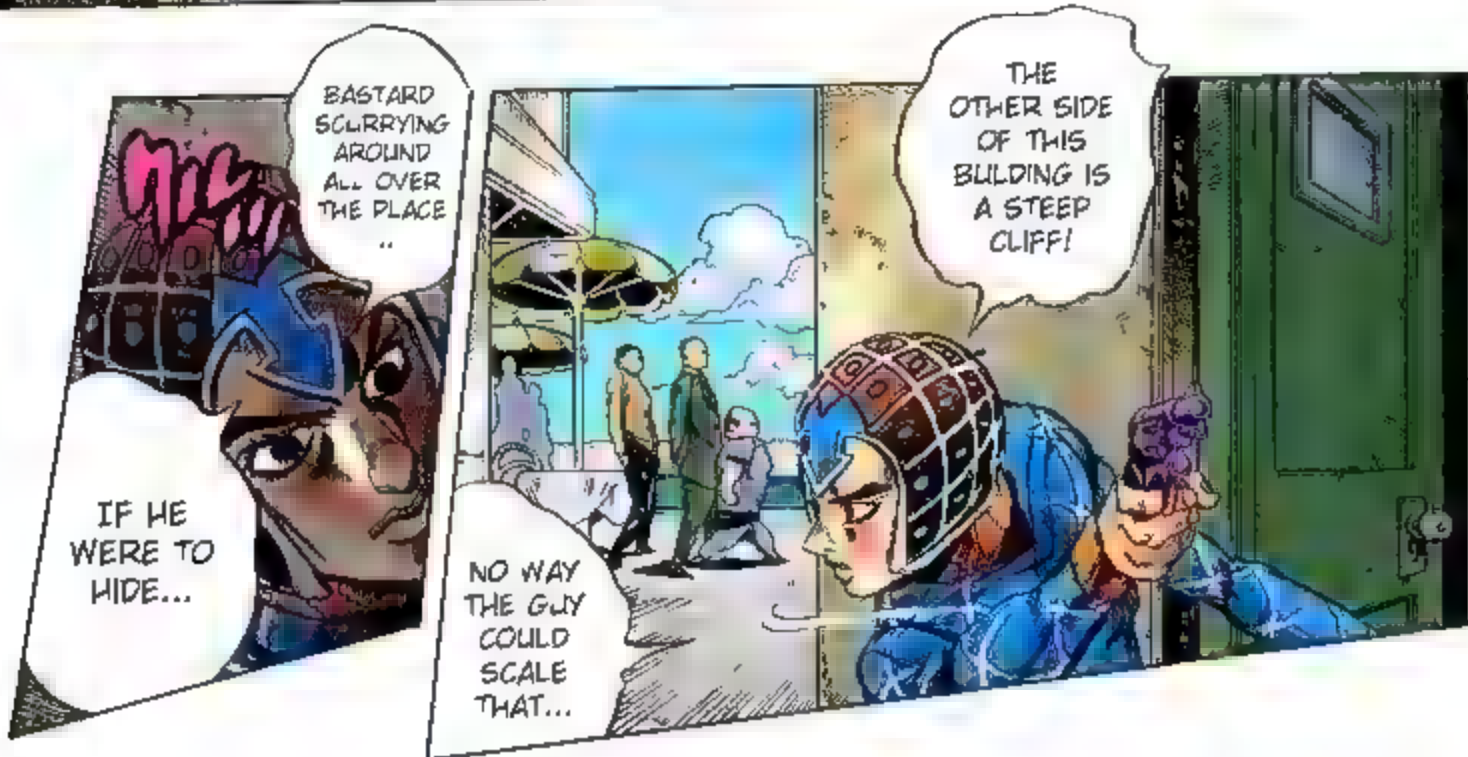
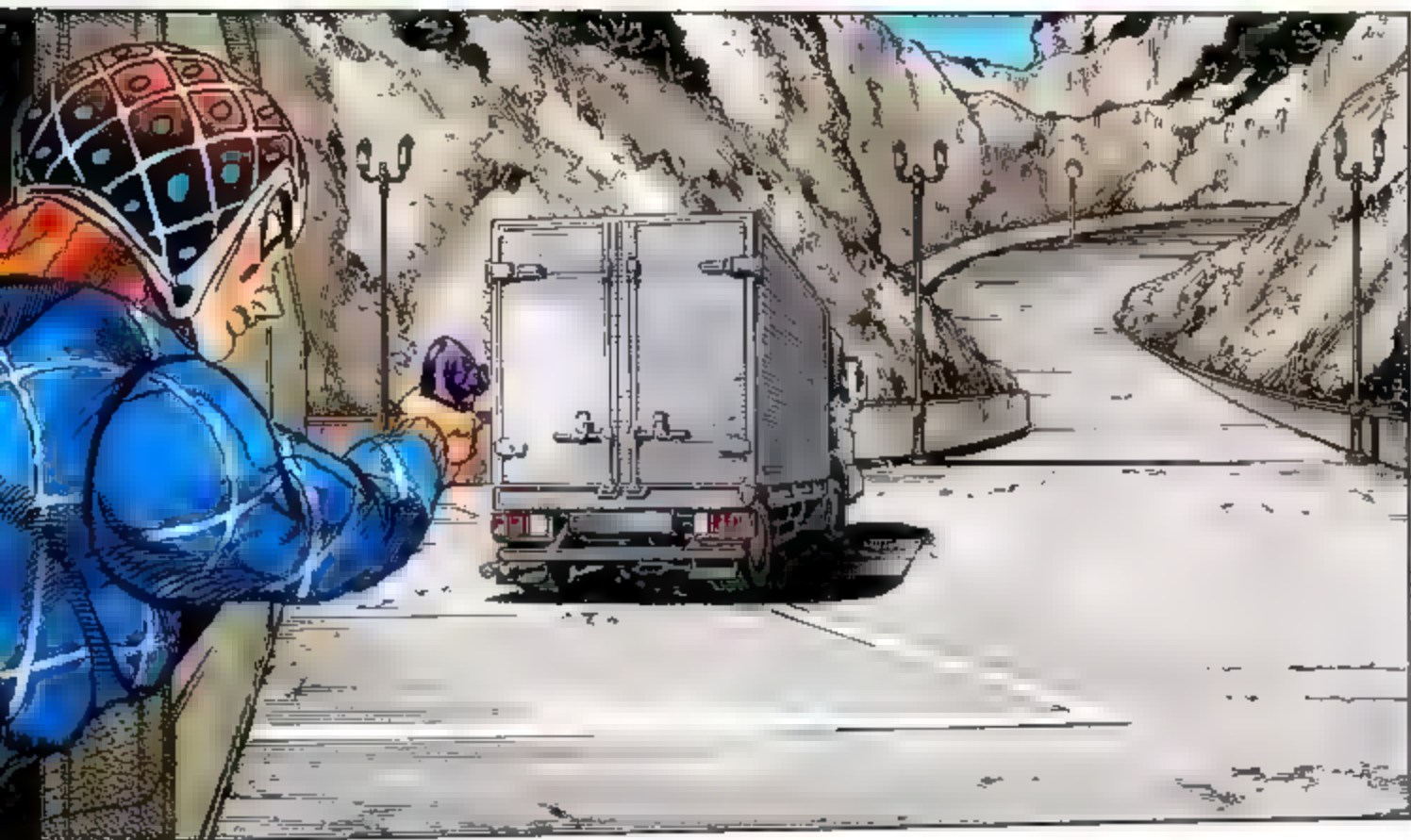
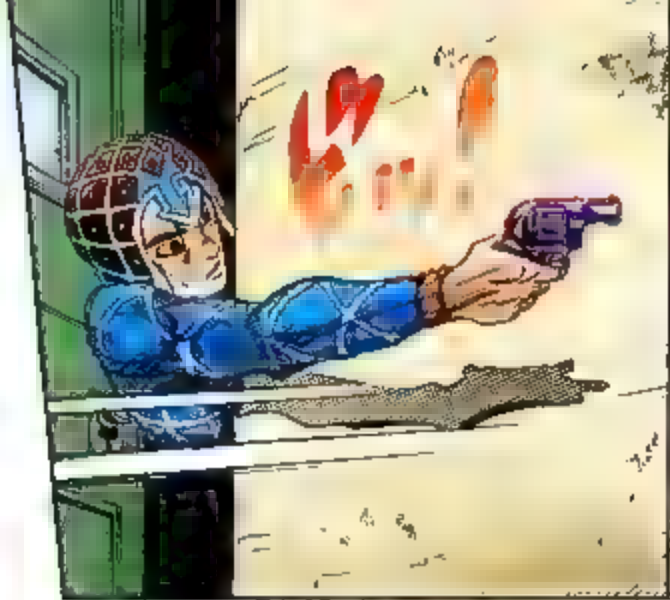
WE  
MUST HAVE  
GOTTEN IN  
THROUGH  
THIS DOOR  
TO ANSWER  
THE CALL

SO  
THERE  
IS A  
BACK  
DOOR  
..

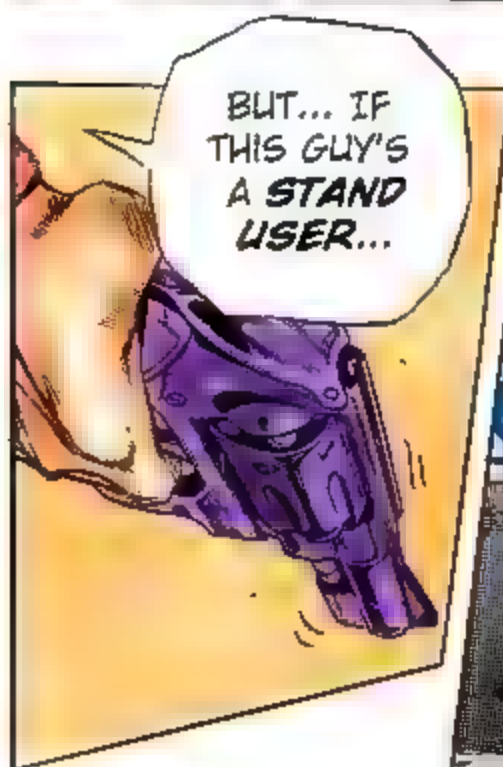
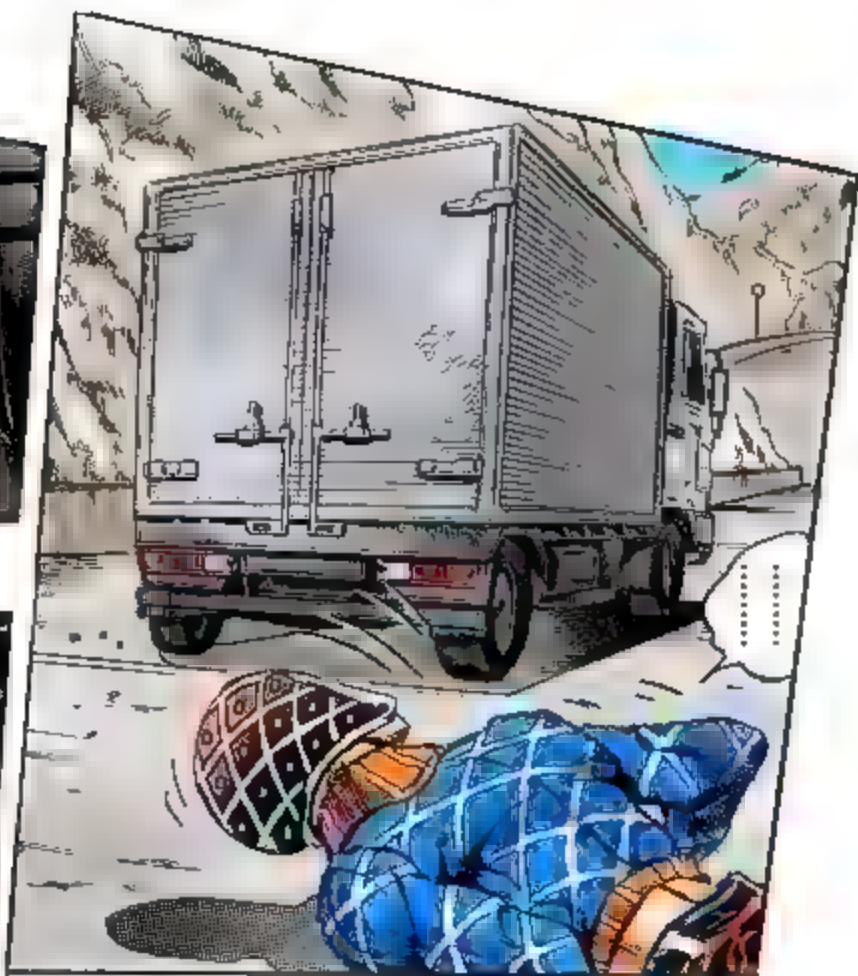
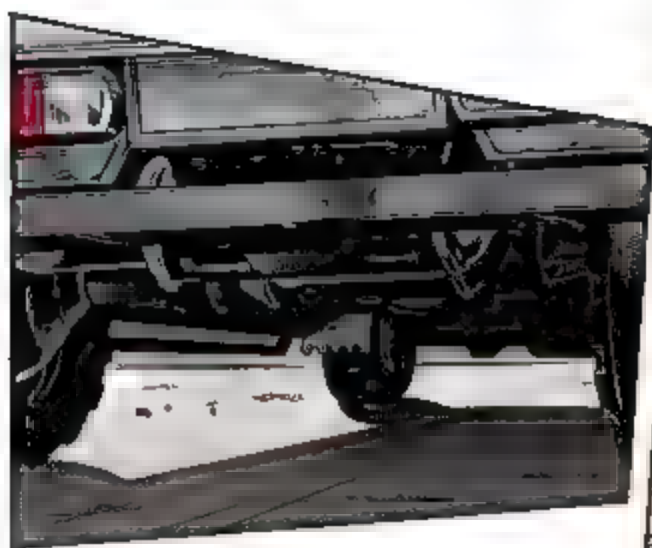
WE GOT  
A CLEAN  
SHOT WON'T  
LET HIM  
GET AWAY,  
NOW!

LEG! WE GOT  
HIS LEG!







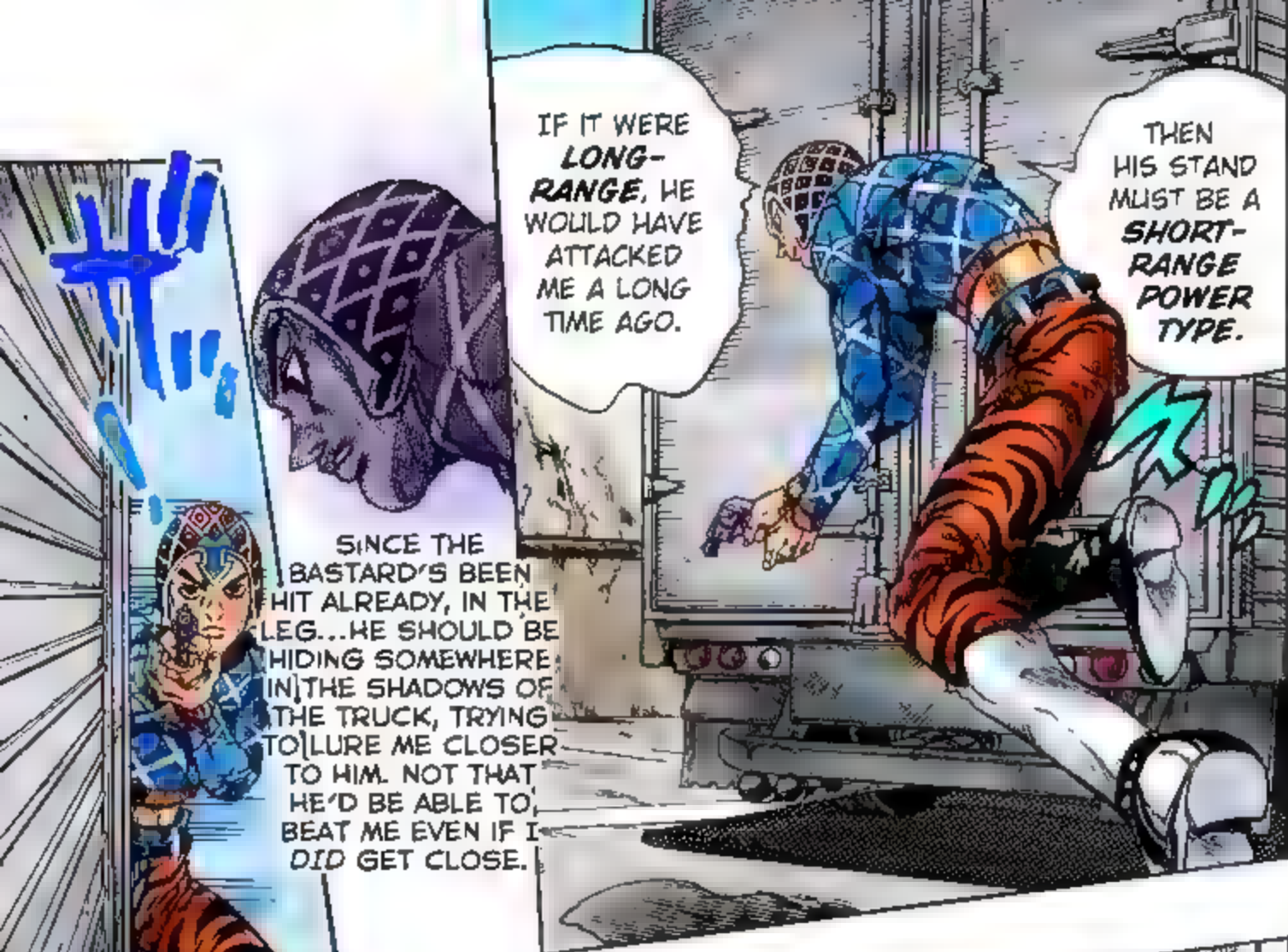


BUT... IF  
THIS GUY'S  
A **STAND**  
**USER**...

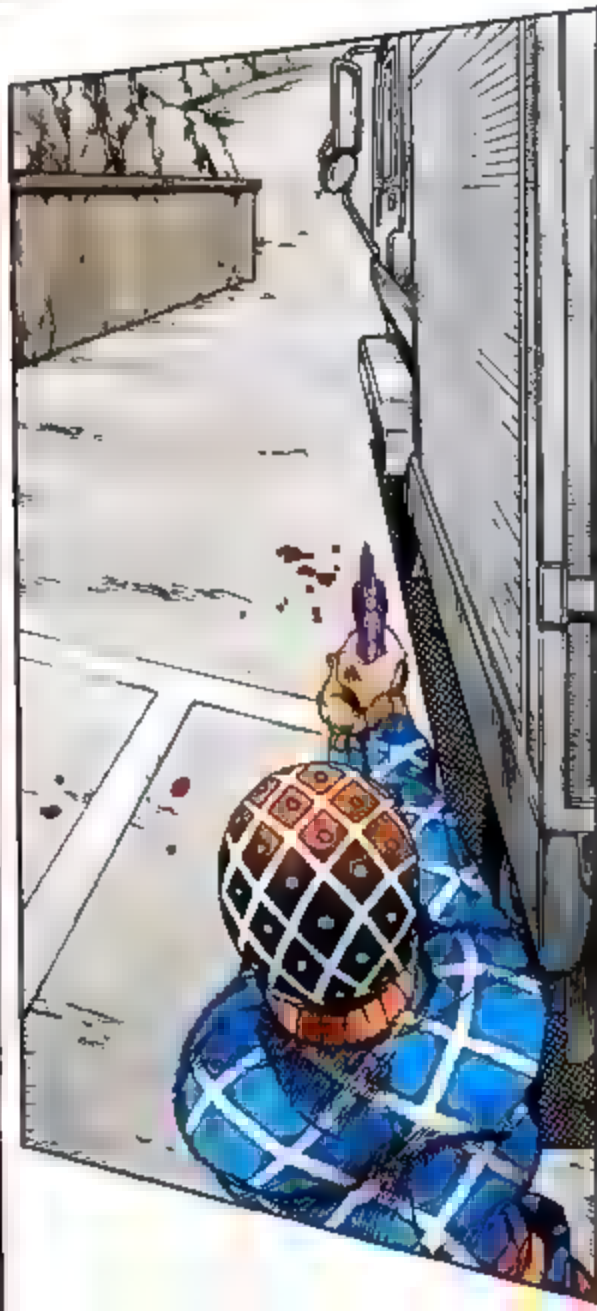


HE'D  
BE HIDING  
SOMEWHERE  
IN THAT  
TRUCK.





BUT, CONSIDERING THAT I STILL DON'T KNOW HOW THE HELL HIS STAND WORKS, GOING AFTER THIS GUY ALONE ISN'T A SAFE MOVE. I SHOULD WAIT FOR GIORNO TO GET HERE, AND SEARCH FOR HIM TOGETHER.







HE'S IN THE  
DRIVER'S  
SEAT RIGHT  
NOW! GUESS  
HE HOTW REED  
IT, HUH? IF I  
LET HIM GET  
AWAY ON THIS  
TRUCK, WE'RE  
SCREWED!

WHOA,  
WHOA,  
GUESS  
NOT!



DAMN.



IF I LOSE THIS  
BASTARD NOW,  
HE'LL DEFINITELY  
AMBUSH US  
WITHOUT LETTING  
US FIND HIM!

SHIT! I  
HAVEN'T SEEN  
THIS GUY'S  
FACE YET!  
AND GIORNO  
PROBABLY  
HASN'T EITHER,  
EVEN WITH HIS  
BINOCULARS!







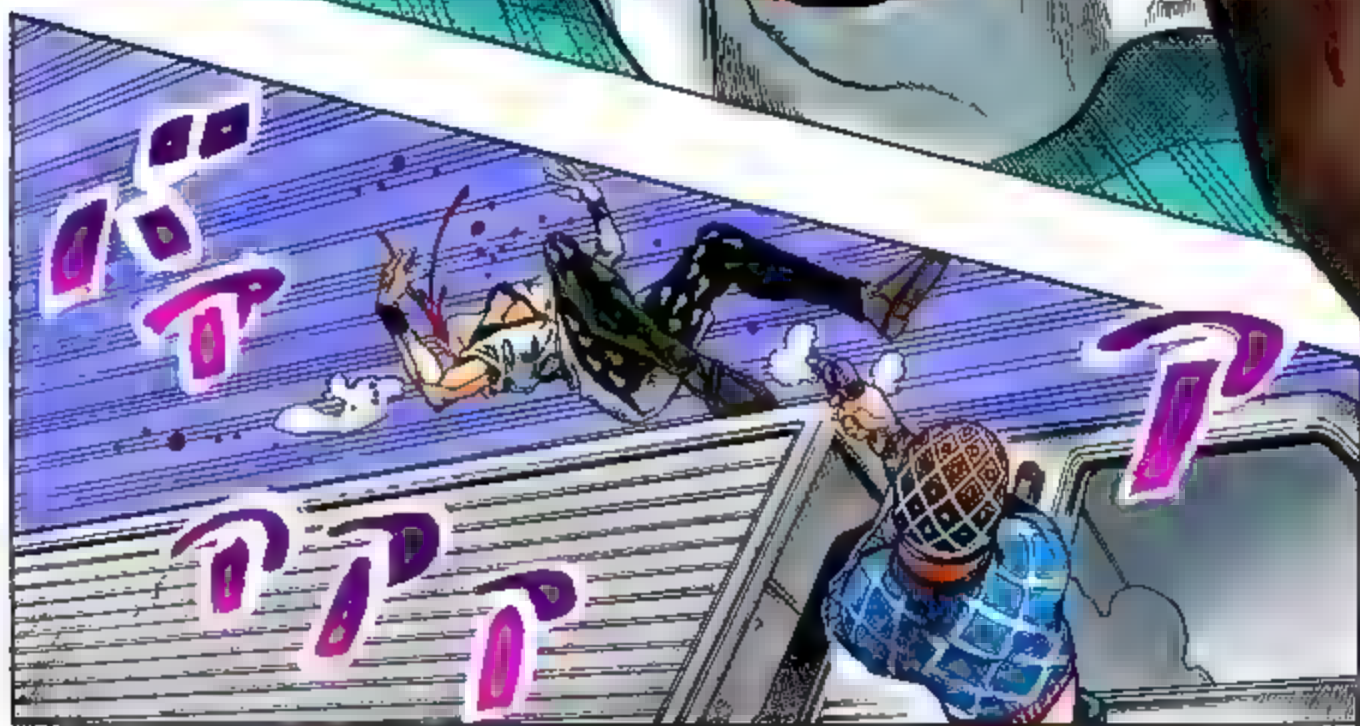
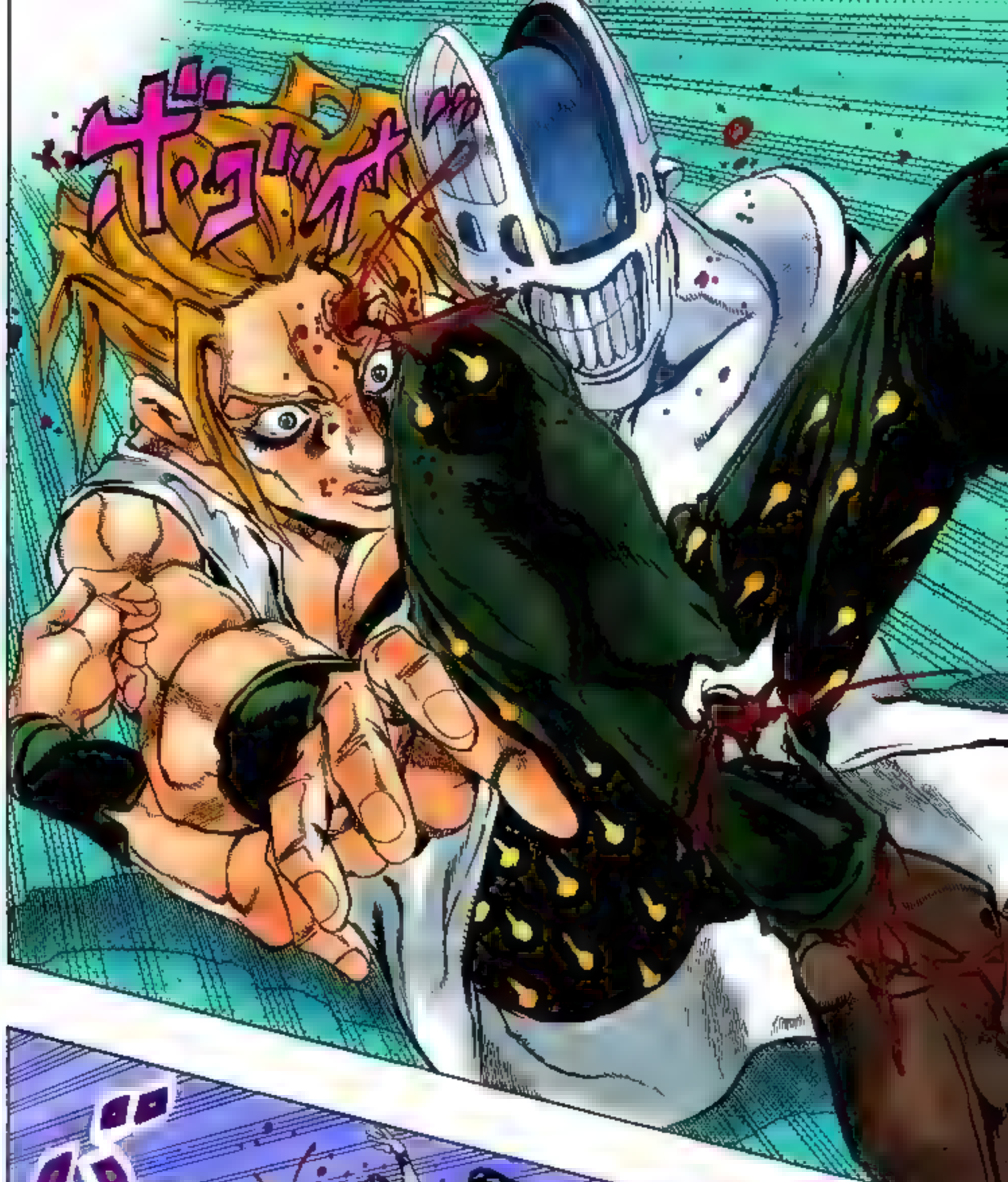




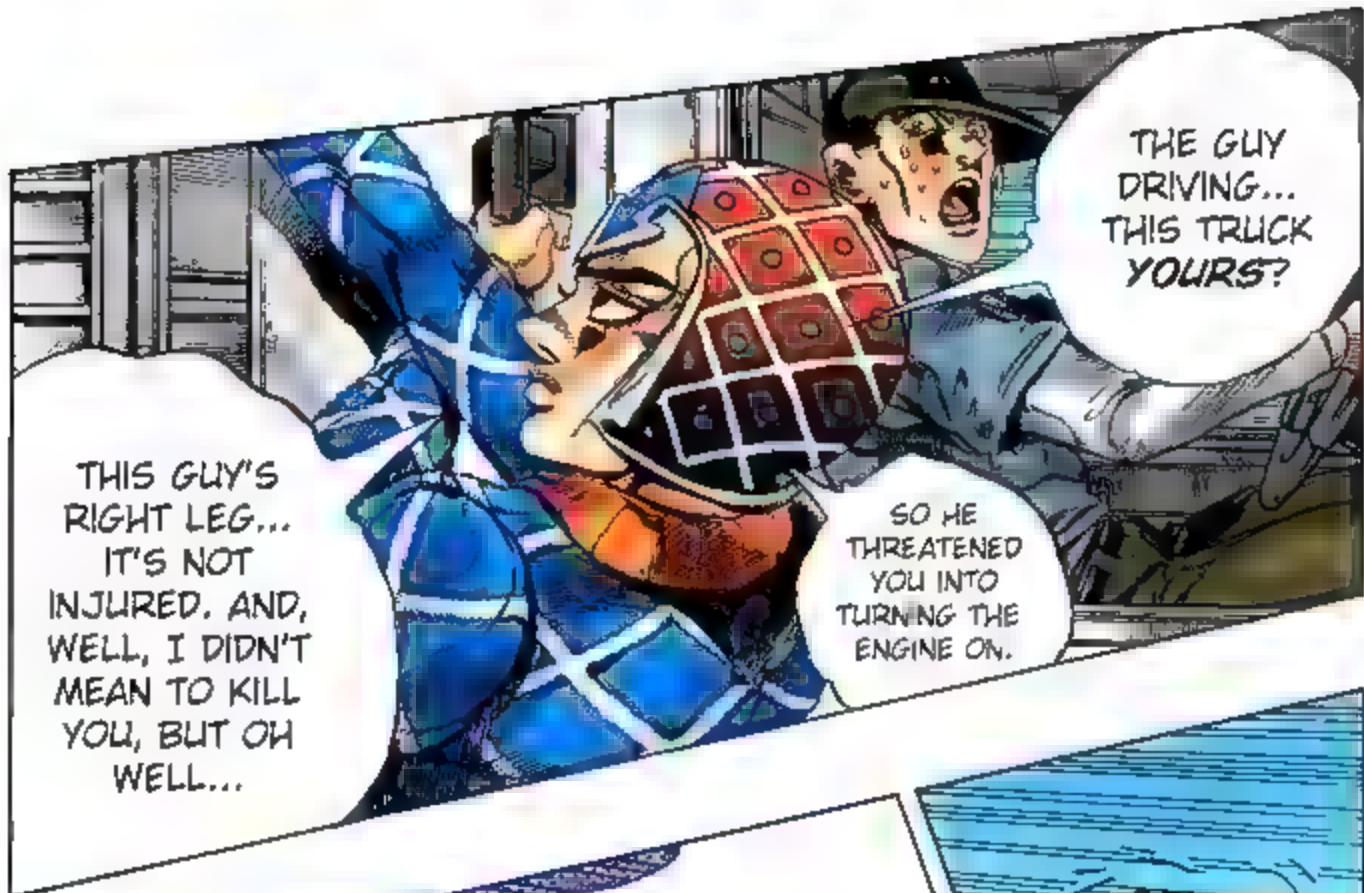
**EAT  
THIS!**















Stand Name: <i>Sex Pistols</i> host: Guido Mista (Age 18)		
Destructive Force: E	Speed: C	Range: <small>As far as a bullet can fly!</small>
Permanence: A	Precision: A	Growth: B
<b>Ability:</b> This stand resides within a handgun, and controls the bullets it fires. There are six beings comprising a single stand (Numbered 1 through 7 and skipping 4.) They are rather obstinate, and will get angry and refuse to work if not fed.		
A. Very good	B. Good	C. Average
D. Poor	E. Very Poor	

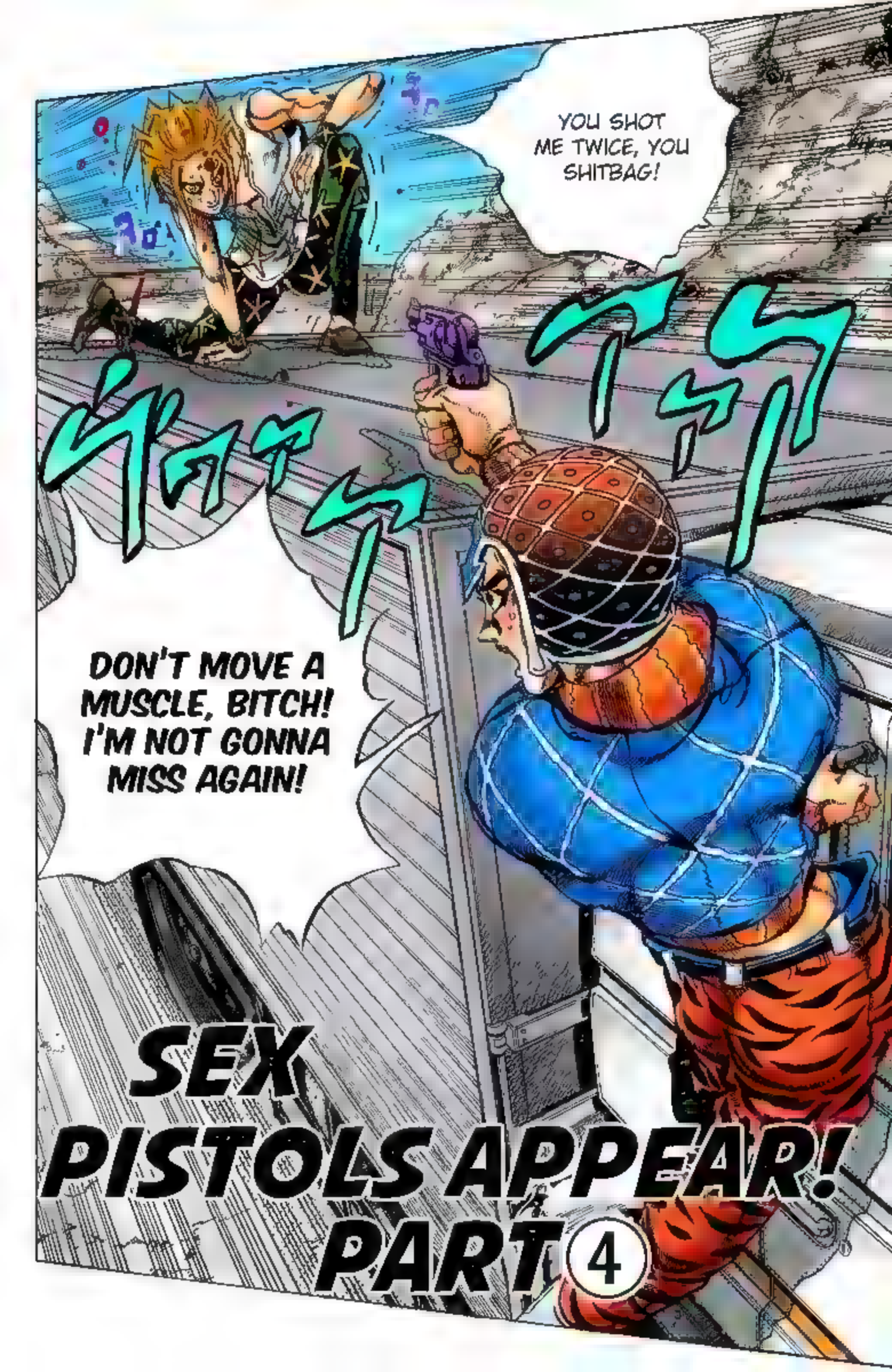




FUCK!  
WHAT THE  
HELL DID  
YOU JUST  
DO!?

TH... THAT  
FUCKIN' HURT,  
JACKASS!





YOU SHOT  
ME TWICE, YOU  
SHITBAG!

DON'T MOVE A  
MUSCLE, BITCH!  
I'M NOT GONNA  
MISS AGAIN!

# **SEX PISTOLS APPEAR! PART 4**



DID MY  
BULLET  
JUST HAPPEN  
TO MISS THE  
VITAL BITS  
OF HIS  
BRAIN?

WHAT  
THE HELL  
S THIS  
GUYS  
DEAL?!

BUT I'M KINDA  
SCARED TO  
ASK...  
I DON'T LIKE  
THIS...

GOD, WHAT JUST CAME  
OUTTA MY MOUTH THERE?  
THAT'S NOT WHAT I'M  
SUPPOSED TO SAY..

IT SHOULD BE MORE  
LIKE "WHY WON'T YOU  
FUCKING DIE?! I JUST  
SHOT YOU IN THE HEAD!"



BUT  
HE DIDN'T  
SEE ME ..

YOU'RE THE  
ONLY ONE WHO'S  
SEEN MY FACE,  
RIGHT, MISTA?

AND YOU'RE  
NOT ALONE ON  
CAPRI ISLAND.  
THERE WAS  
ALSO THAT  
GUY ON THE  
RADIO.

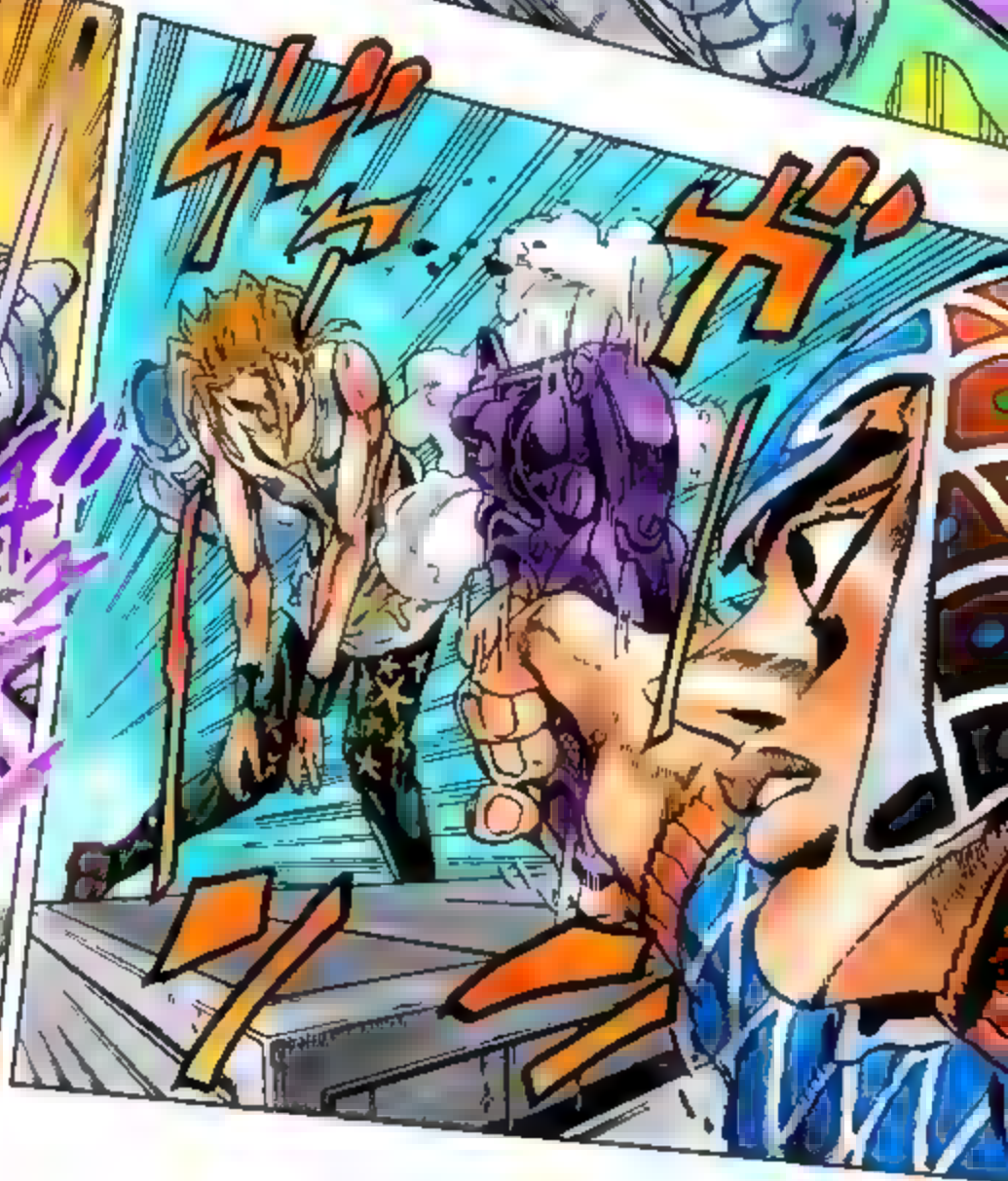
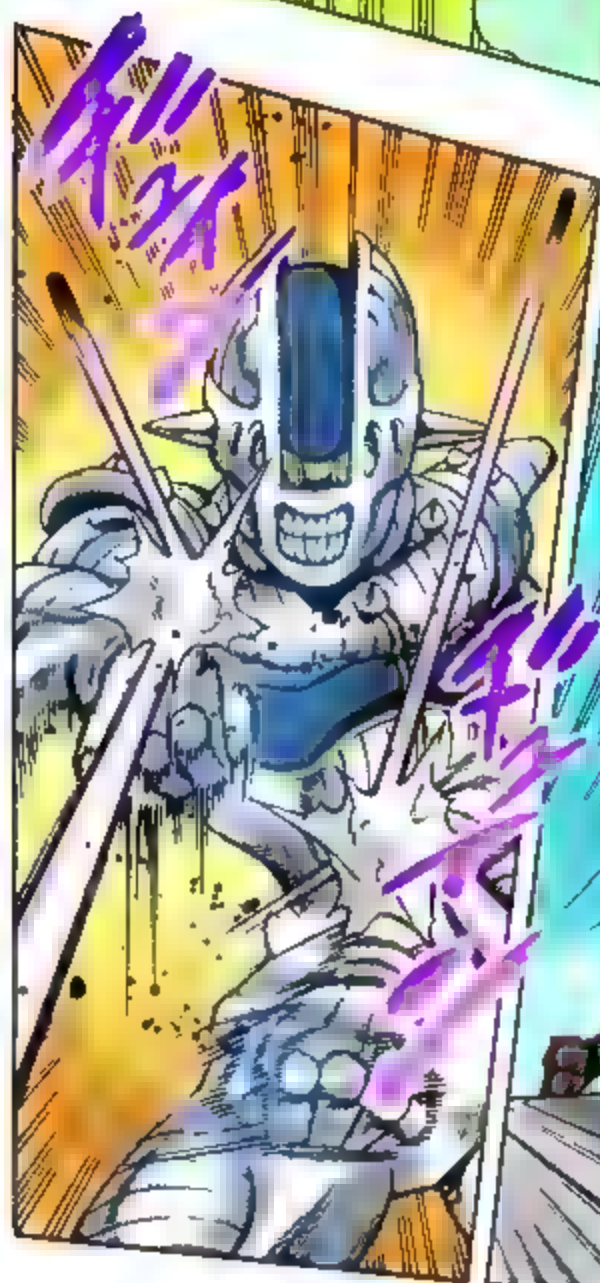
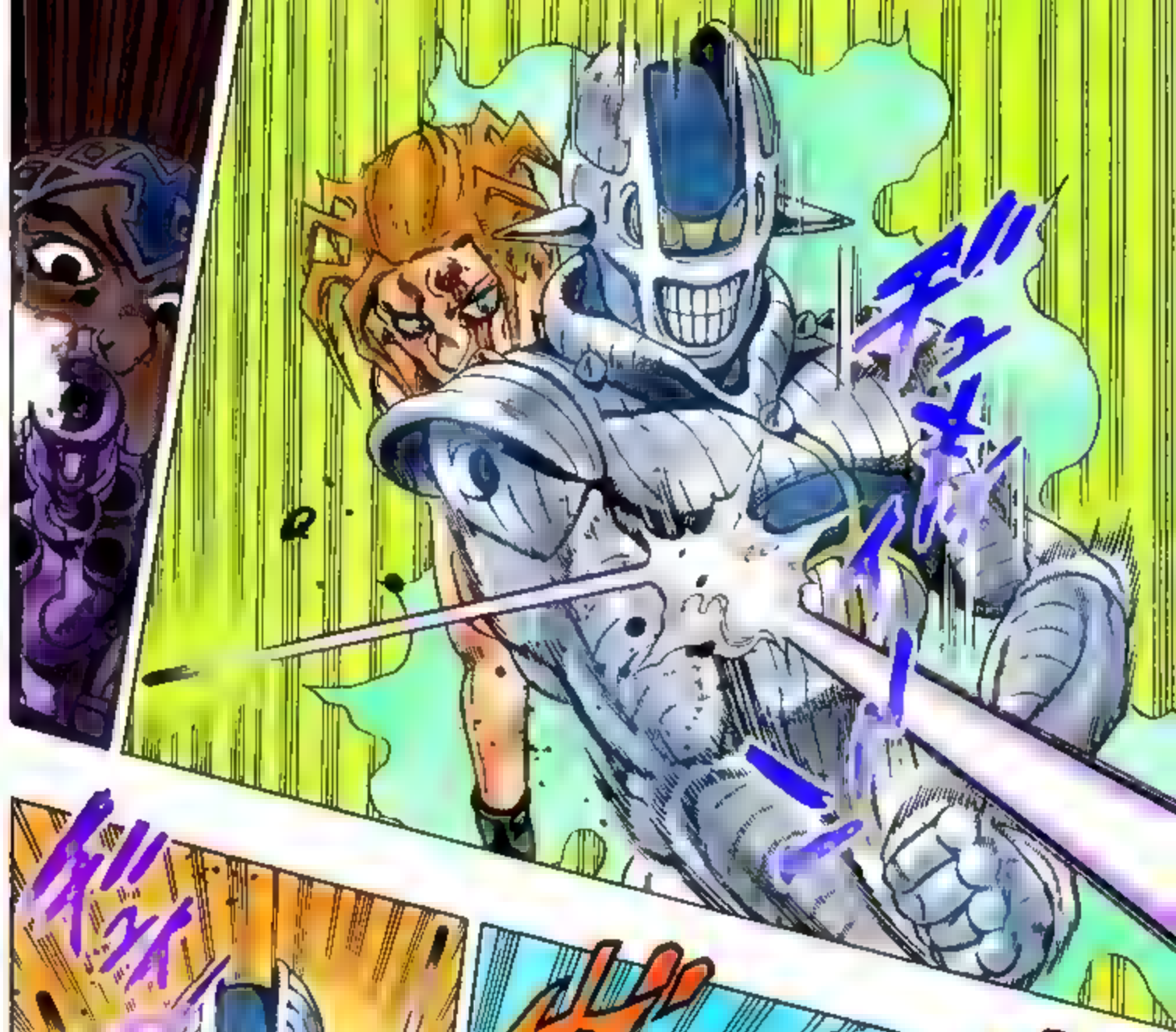
AW, AIN'T  
THAT CUTE...

MISTA?

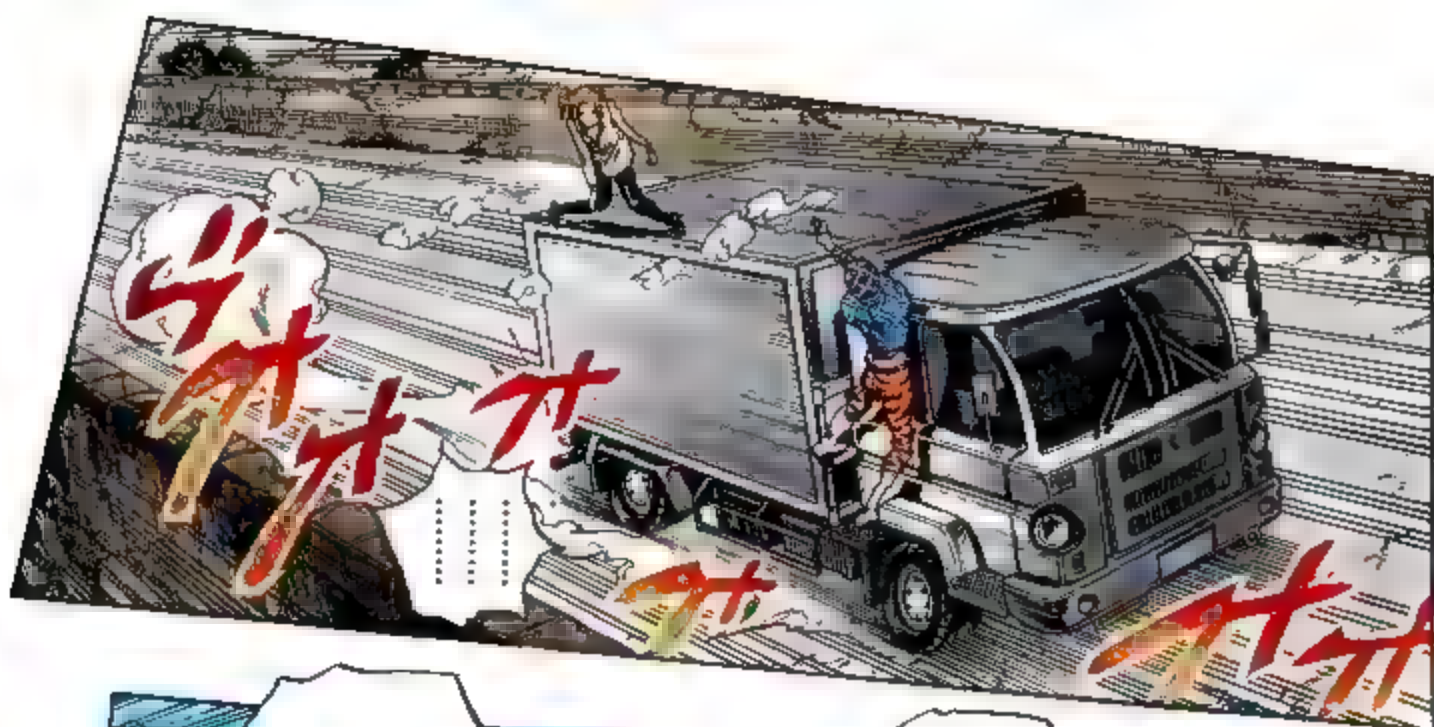
THAT IS  
YOUR NAME,  
RIGHT,  
MISTA?

LOOKS LIKE  
ZUCCHERO GOT  
HIMSELF WHACKED,  
BUT YOUR PLAN  
WAS TO KILL ME  
BEFORE I FIGURED  
OUT WHAT WAS  
UP, WAS IT?









I WAS A BIT TOO BUSY TO COUNT, BUT HOW MANY SHOTS DID YOU FIRE, HUH?

BY THE WAY, ABOUT THAT REVOLVER

BUT IF I GO ALL-OUT WITH MY STAND, KRAFT WORK,

WHEN YOU CAUGHT ME IN YOUR RADIO AMBUSH

YOU MANAGED TO HIT ME TWICE, 'CAUSE YOU HAD THE ELEMENT OF SURPRISE ON YOUR SIDE

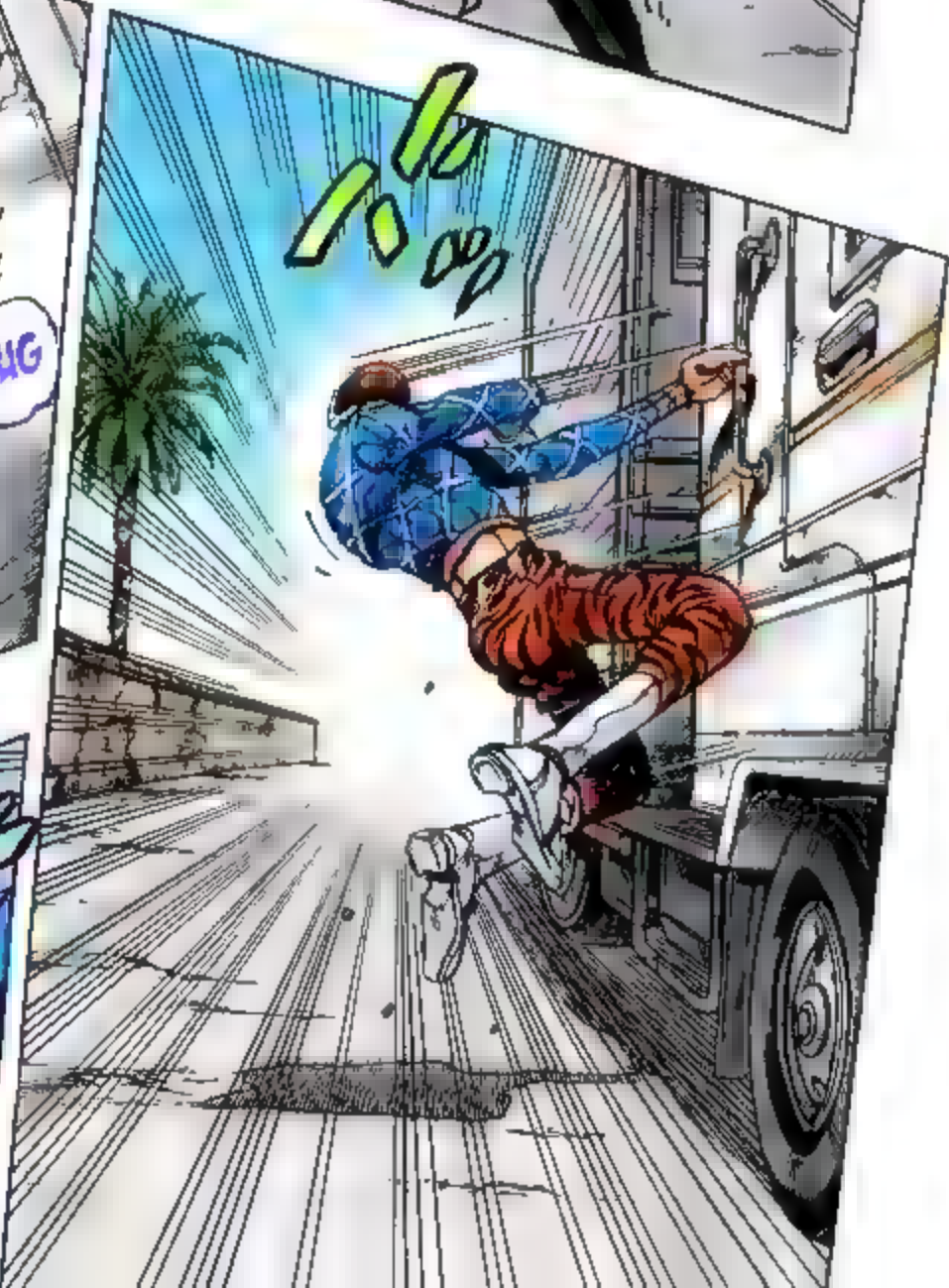
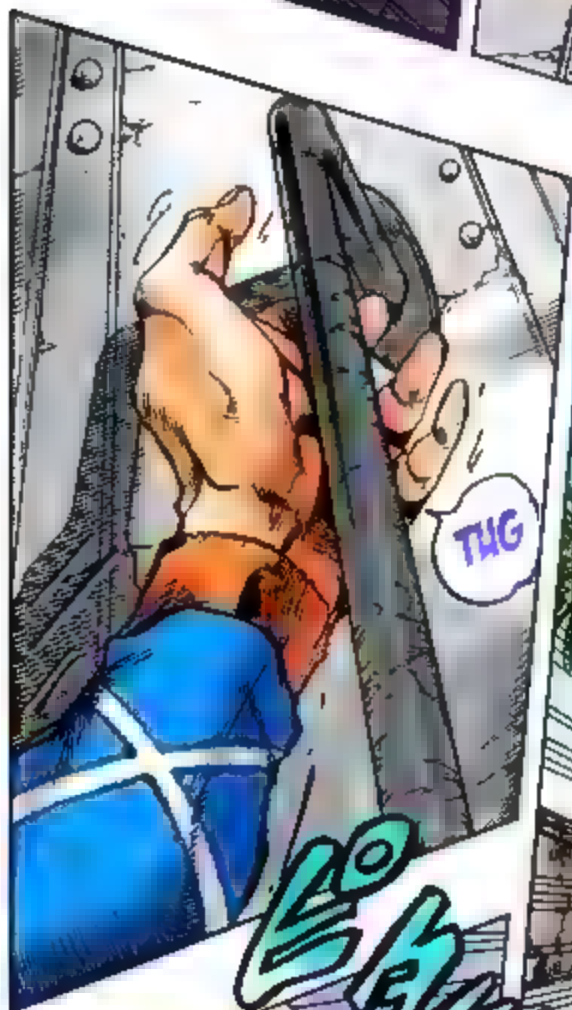
IT AIN'T A CHALLENGE FOR ME TO SWAT YOUR BULLETS DOWN.

THAT WAS FOUR SHOTS FROM THE TRUCK JUST NOW, RIGHT? AND I'M NOT SO SURE ABOUT THIS PART, BUT YOU DID SHOOT ME TWICE IN THAT BOAT ROOM, AT MARINA GRANDE, RIGHT?

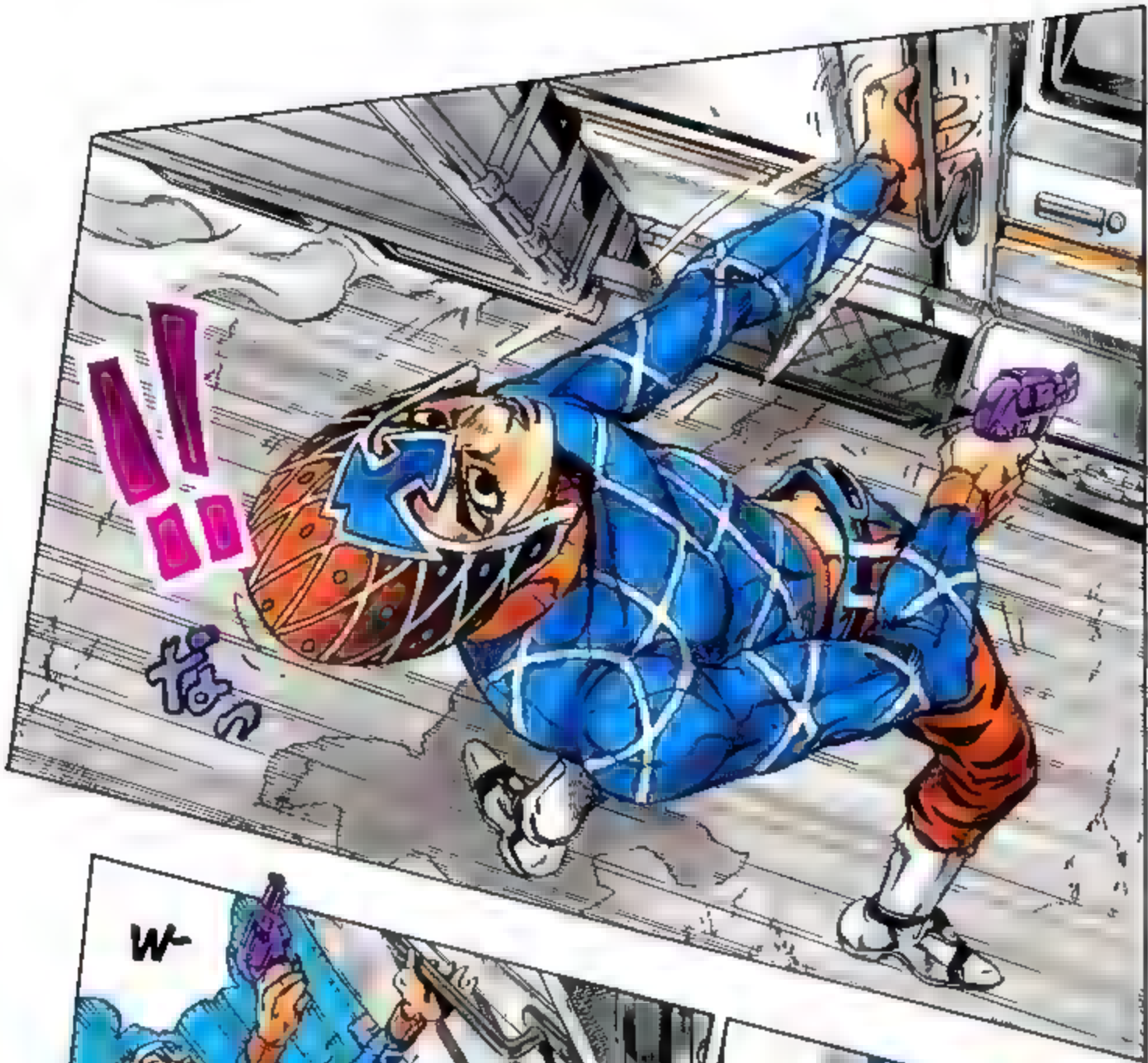
WELL? DOES MY MATH ADD UP, MISTA?

CLICK









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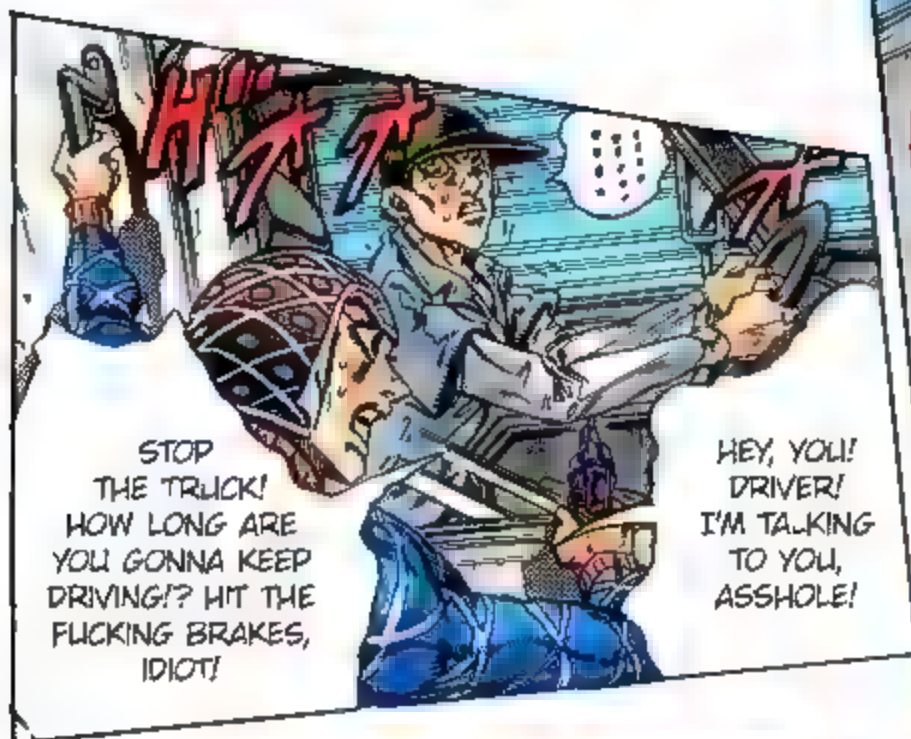
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W-

WHAT  
THE HELL!?





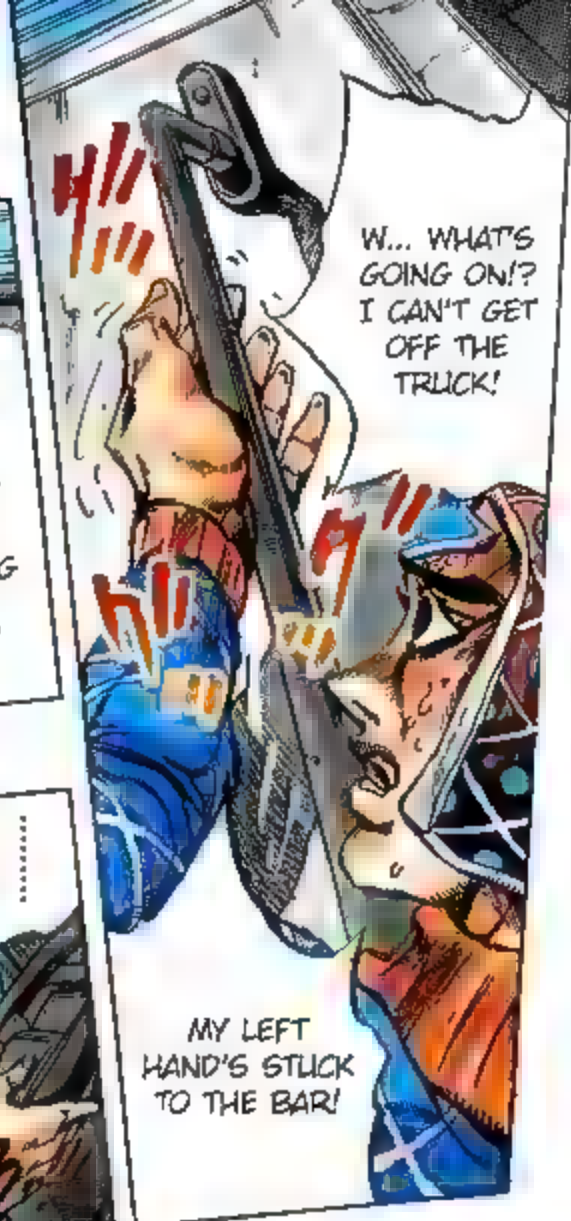
STOP  
THE TRUCK!  
HOW LONG ARE  
YOU GONNA KEEP  
DRIVING!? HIT THE  
FLUCKING BRAKES,  
IDIOT!

HEY, YOU!  
DRIVER!  
I'M TALKING  
TO YOU,  
ASSHOLE!



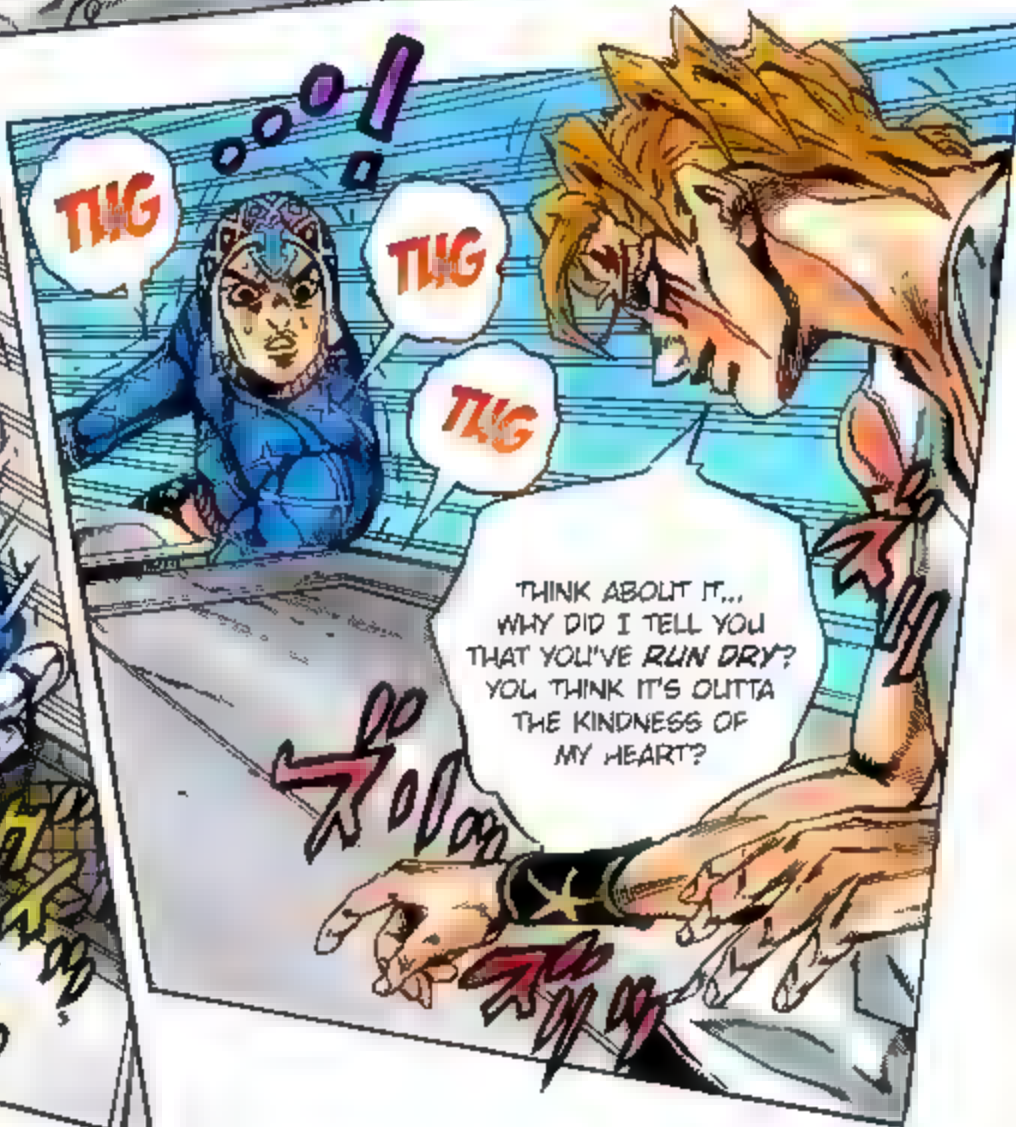
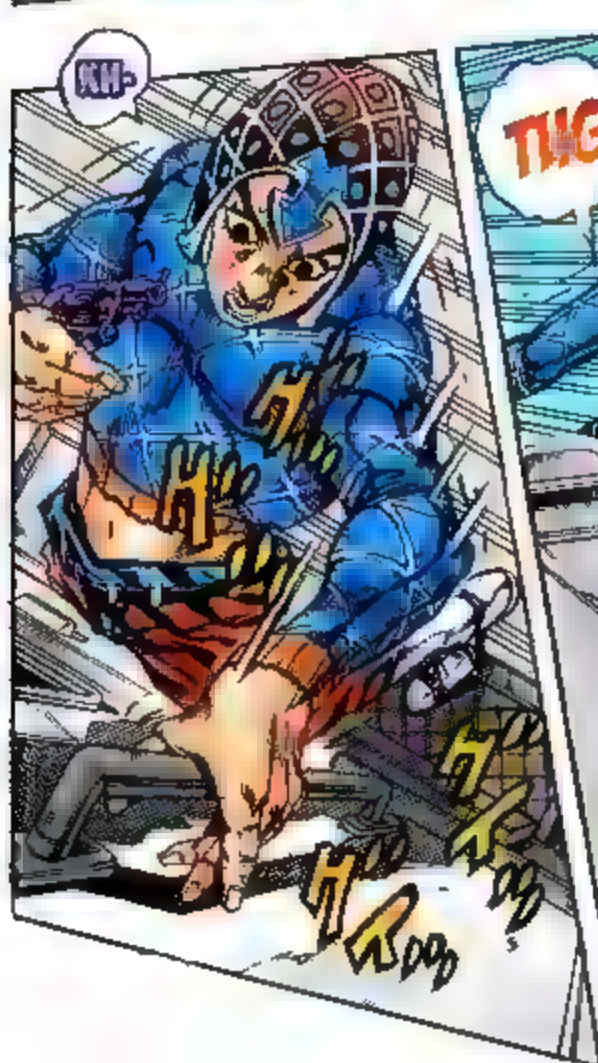
PLEASE!  
MAKE THE  
TRUCK STOP!  
I CAN'T  
MOVE!

I CAN'T STOP!  
YOU GOTTA  
HELP ME!



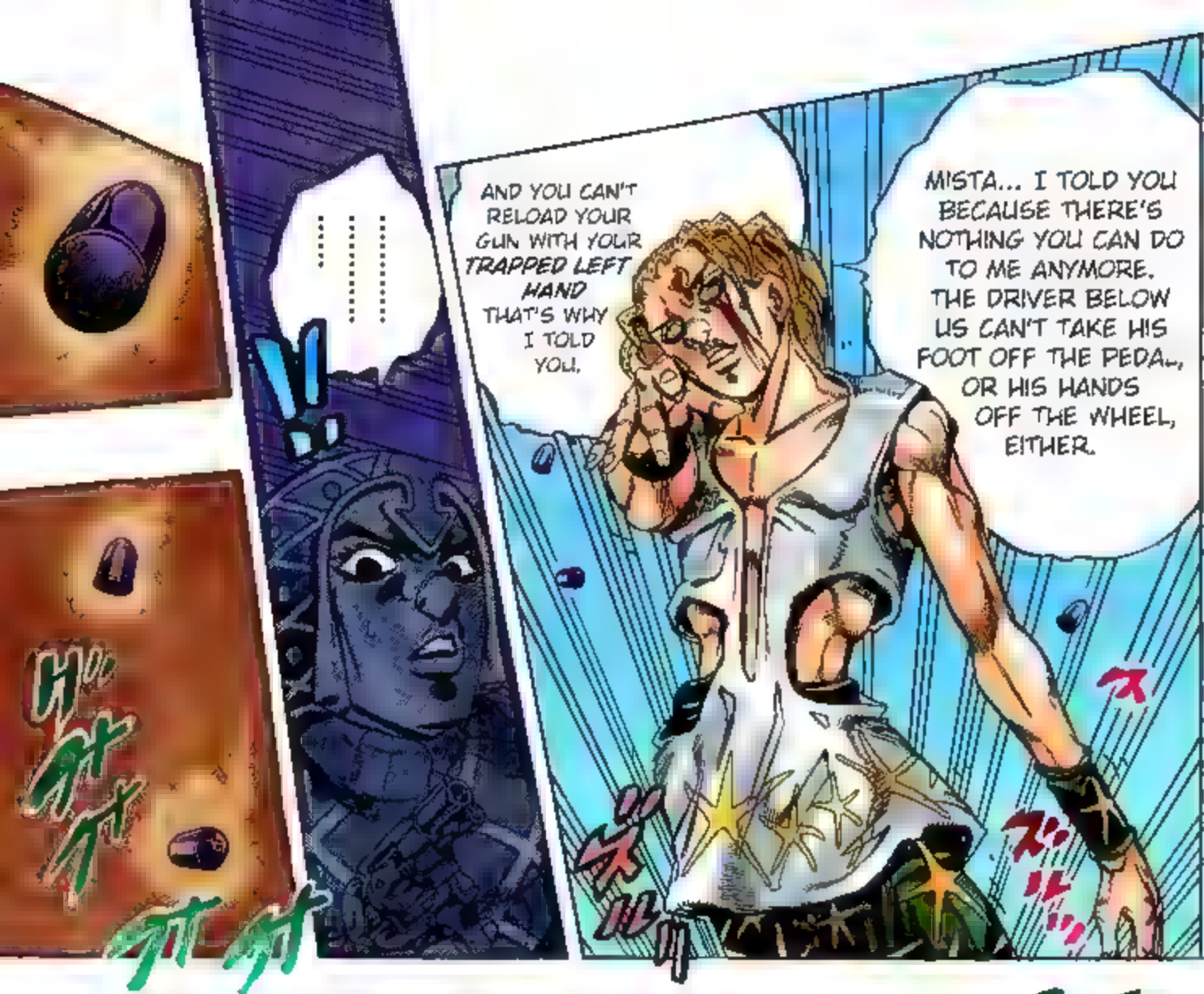
W... WHAT'S  
GOING ON!?  
I CAN'T GET  
OFF THE  
TRUCK!

MY LEFT  
HAND'S STUCK  
TO THE BAR!



THINK ABOUT IT...  
WHY DID I TELL YOU  
THAT YOU'VE RUN DRY?  
YOU THINK IT'S OUTTA  
THE KINDNESS OF  
MY HEART?





AND YOU CAN'T  
RELOAD YOUR  
GUN WITH YOUR  
TRAPPED LEFT  
HAND  
THAT'S WHY  
I TOLD  
YOU.

MISTA... I TOLD YOU  
BECAUSE THERE'S  
NOTHING YOU CAN DO  
TO ME ANYMORE.  
THE DRIVER BELOW  
US CAN'T TAKE HIS  
FOOT OFF THE PEDAL,  
OR HIS HANDS  
OFF THE WHEEL,  
EITHER.





THOSE ARE  
THE BULLETS  
HIS STAND  
DEFLECTED

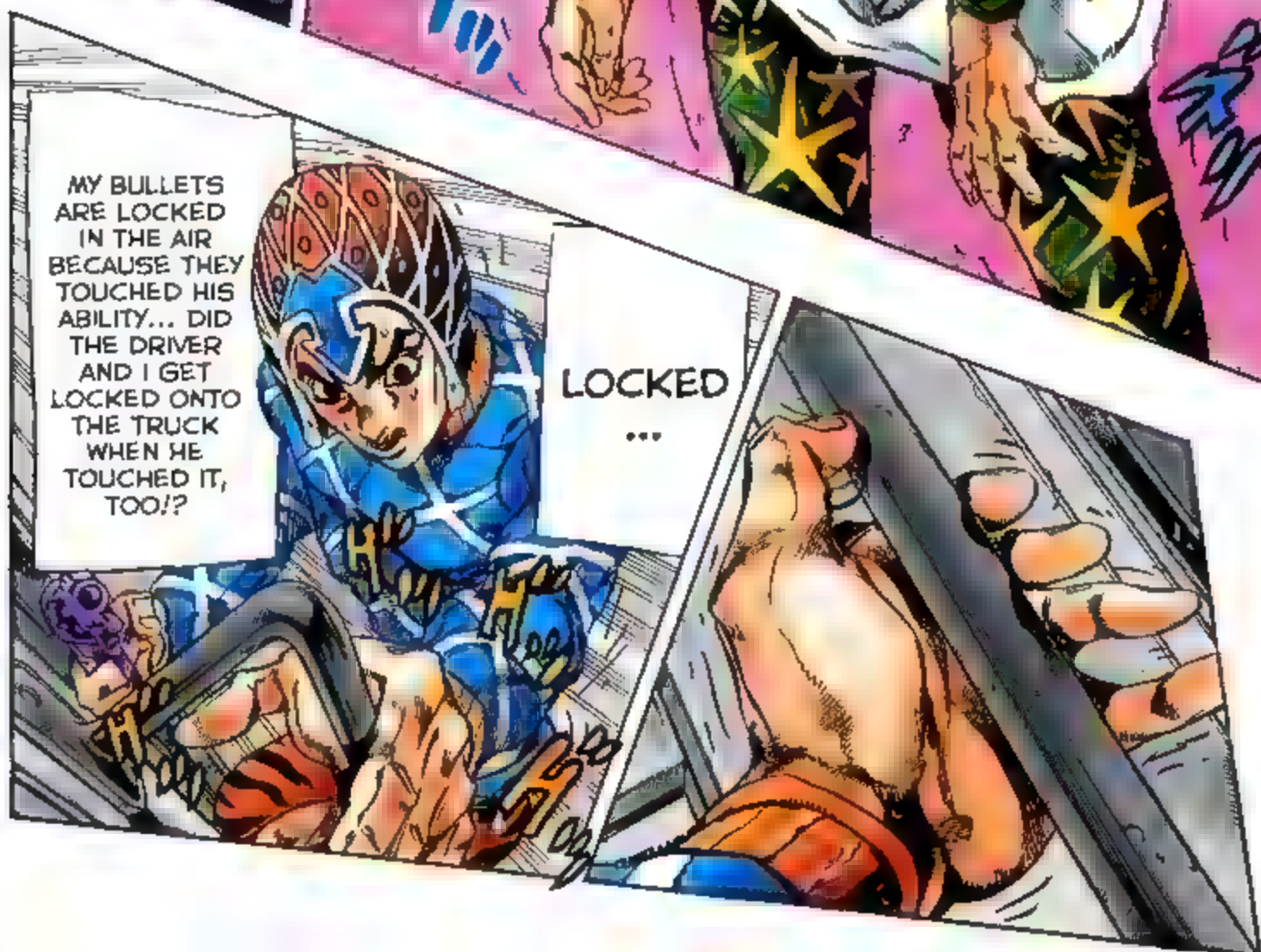
BULLETS  
...

THEY'RE FOLLOWING  
THE TRUCK AROUND,  
AS IF THEY'RE  
LOCKED IN THEIR




MY BULLETS  
ARE LOCKED  
IN THE AIR  
BECAUSE THEY  
TOUCHED HIS  
ABILITY... DID  
THE DRIVER  
AND I GET  
LOCKED ONTO  
THE TRUCK  
WHEN HE  
TOUCHED IT,  
TOO!?

LOCKED  
...








MY SHOTS  
STOPPED AT HIS  
SKIN, AND DIDN'T  
GO ANY DEEPER  
INSIDE HIM!  
THAT'S WHY  
HE'S NOT  
DEAD!

HE HAS THE  
ABILITY TO  
**LOCK**  
ANYTHING  
HE TOUCHES  
IN PLACE...!



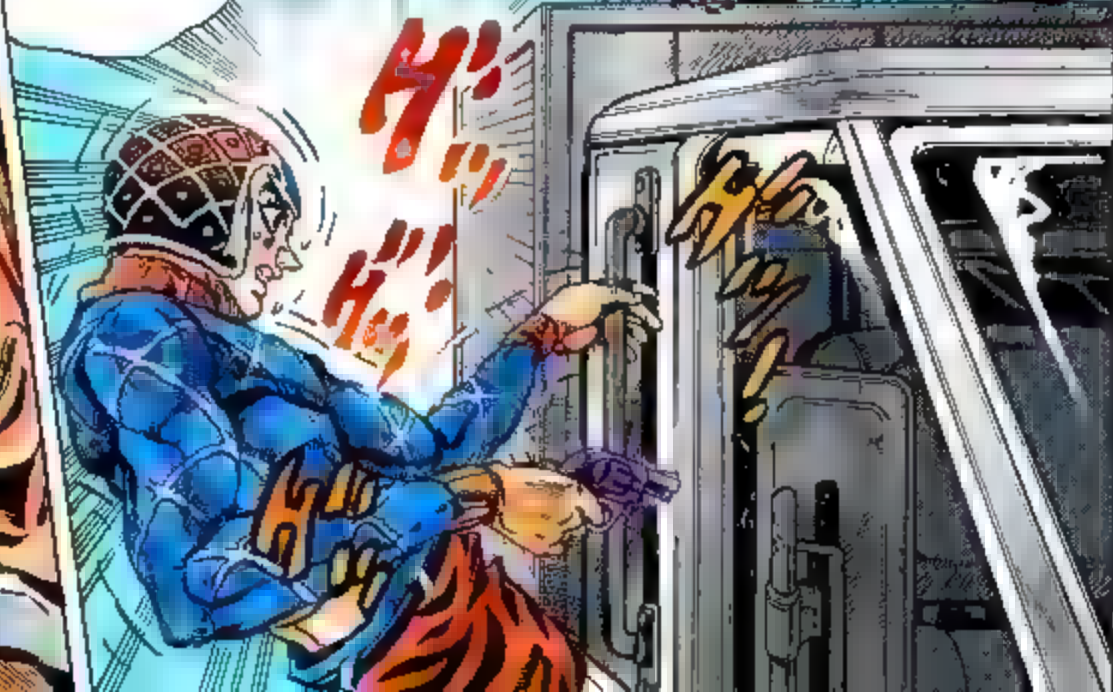
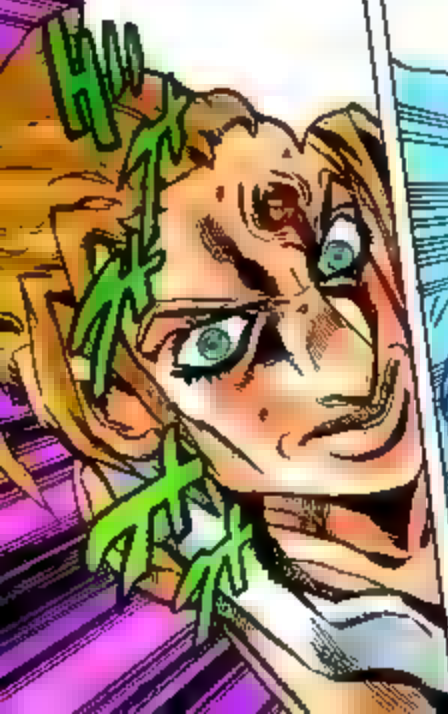
TO BE HONEST,  
~I'M REAL GLAD  
YOU'RE  
HERE TO  
KILL ME,  
MSTA.

YOU KNOW  
WHY? 'CAUSE NONE  
OF US KNOW FOR SURE  
THAT **POLPO'S SECRET  
STASH** REALLY EXISTS.  
IT'S JUST A RUMOR  
AMONG SMALL-TIME  
THUGS LIKE US.

SO GLAD  
IT MAKES  
ME FORGET  
YOU JUST  
SHOT ME...

BUT IF  
YOU'RE  
ATTACKING  
ME, THEN  
THAT MEANS  
IT'S REAL.

I CAN REALLY  
FEEL MY HOPE  
AND DRIVE  
WELLING UP  
INSIDE ME NOW,  
YA SEE!





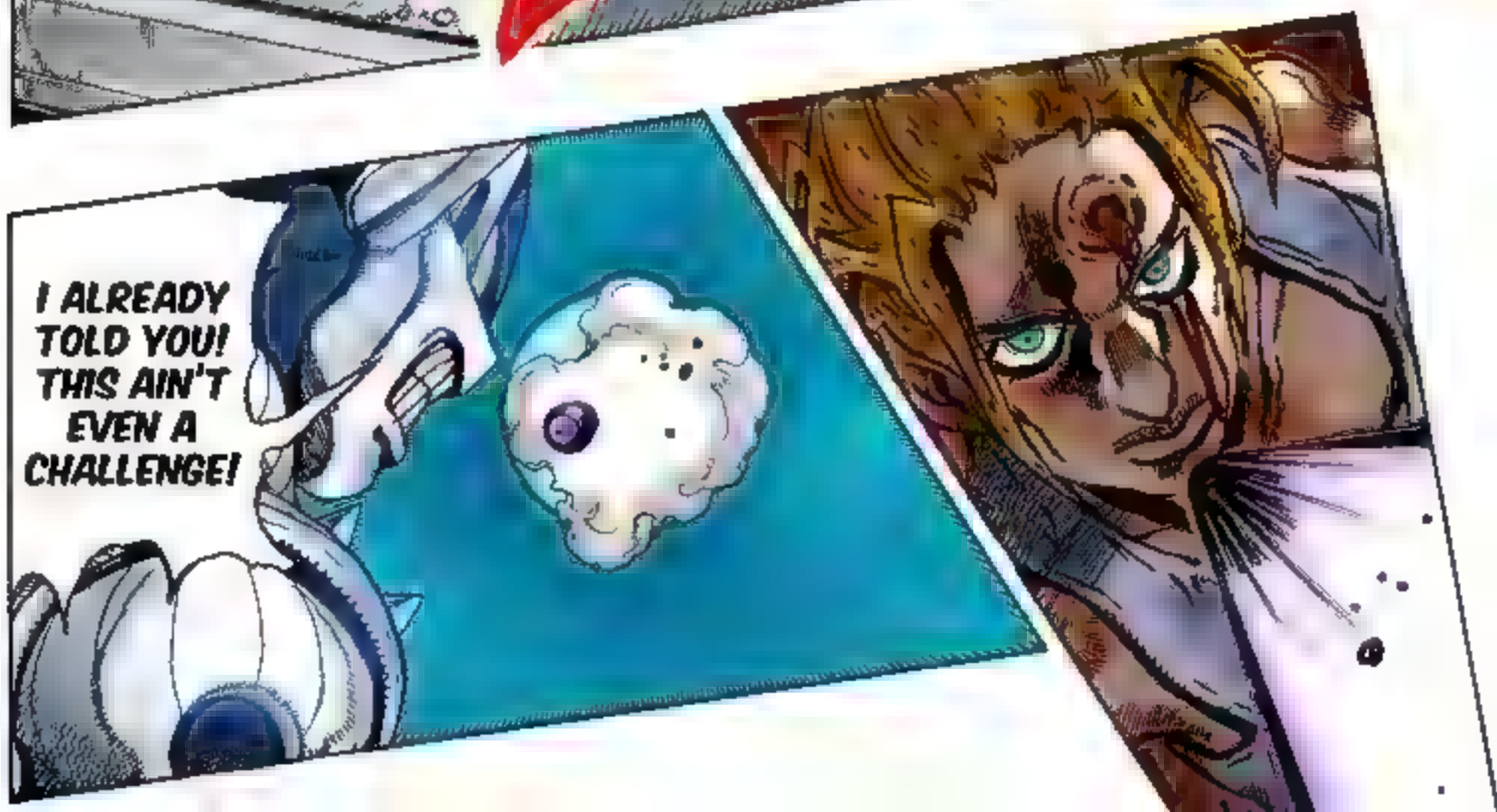
NOW I'VE GOT  
ALL THE IMPETUS  
I NEED TO STEAL  
THAT 600 MILLION  
YEN FROM  
BUCCELLATI!











I ALREADY  
TOLD YOU!  
THIS AIN'T  
EVEN A  
CHALLENGE!

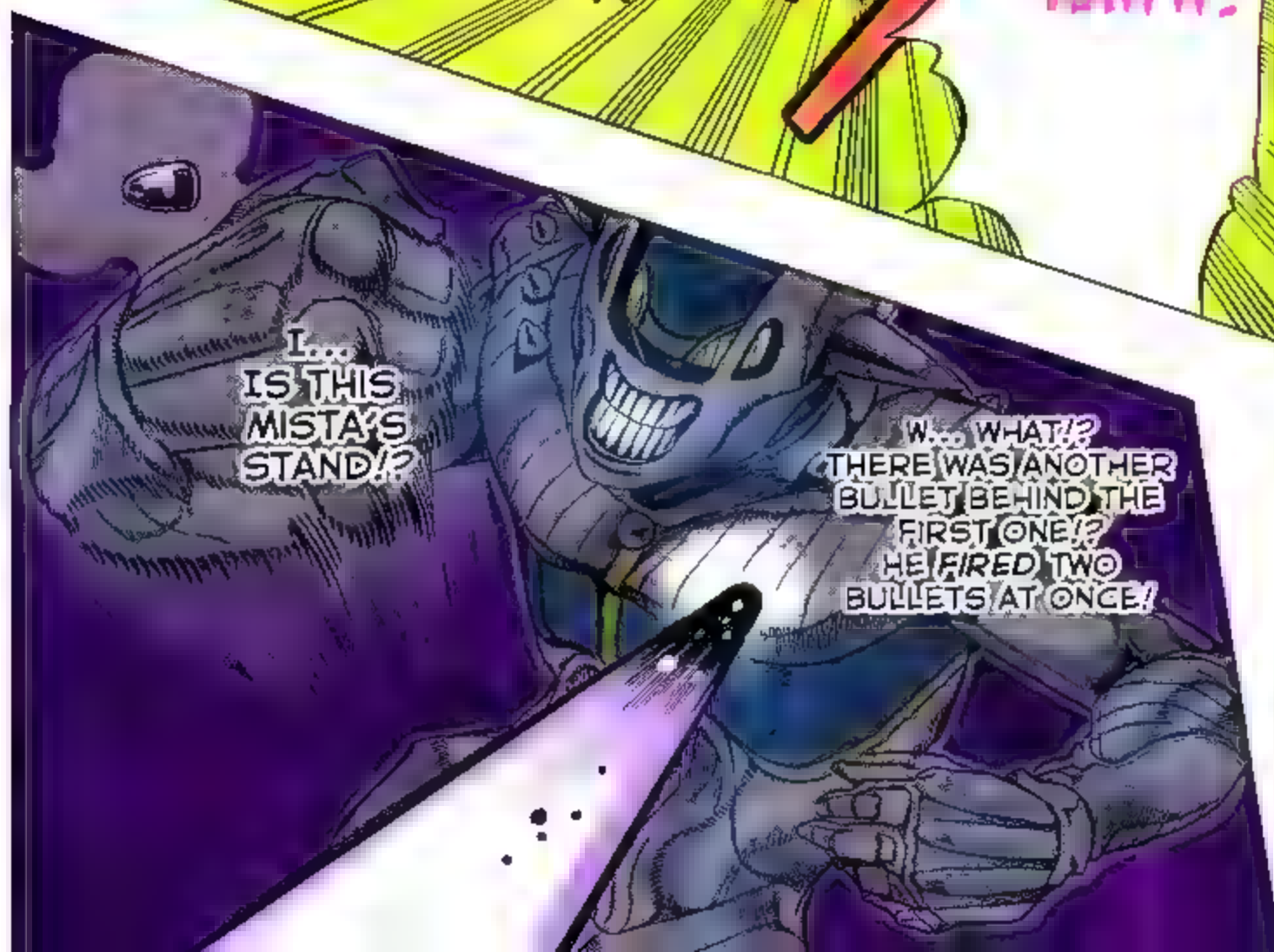








YEEEEEE  
EEEEEEEE  
IIAAAAA  
AAWW!



I...  
IS THIS  
MISTAY'S  
STAND!?

W... WHAT!?  
THERE WAS ANOTHER  
BULLET BEHIND THE  
FIRST ONE!?  
HE FIRED TWO  
BULLETS AT ONCE!



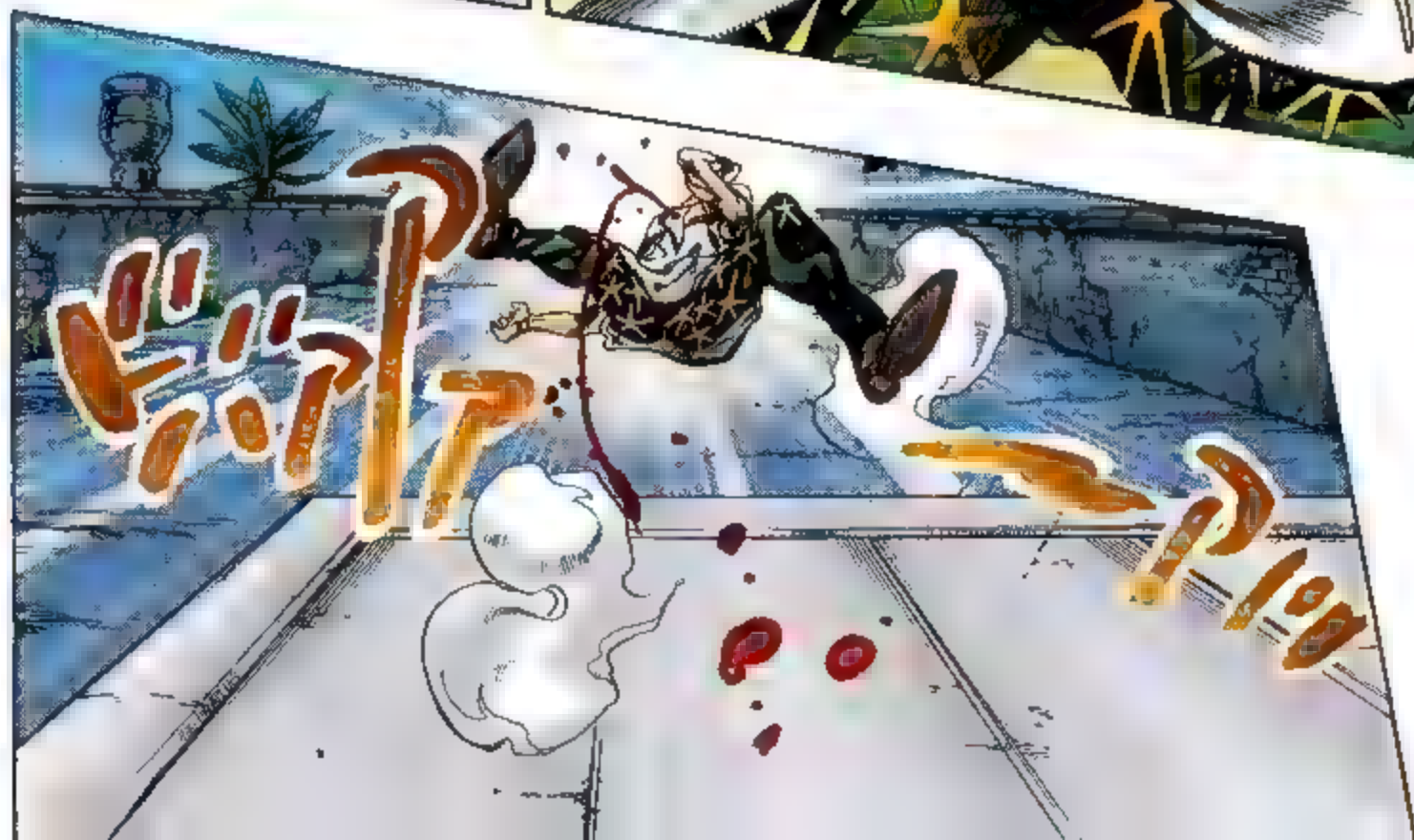
USHAAA!

BUT...  
I CAN  
STILL  
BARELY  
MAKE IT!

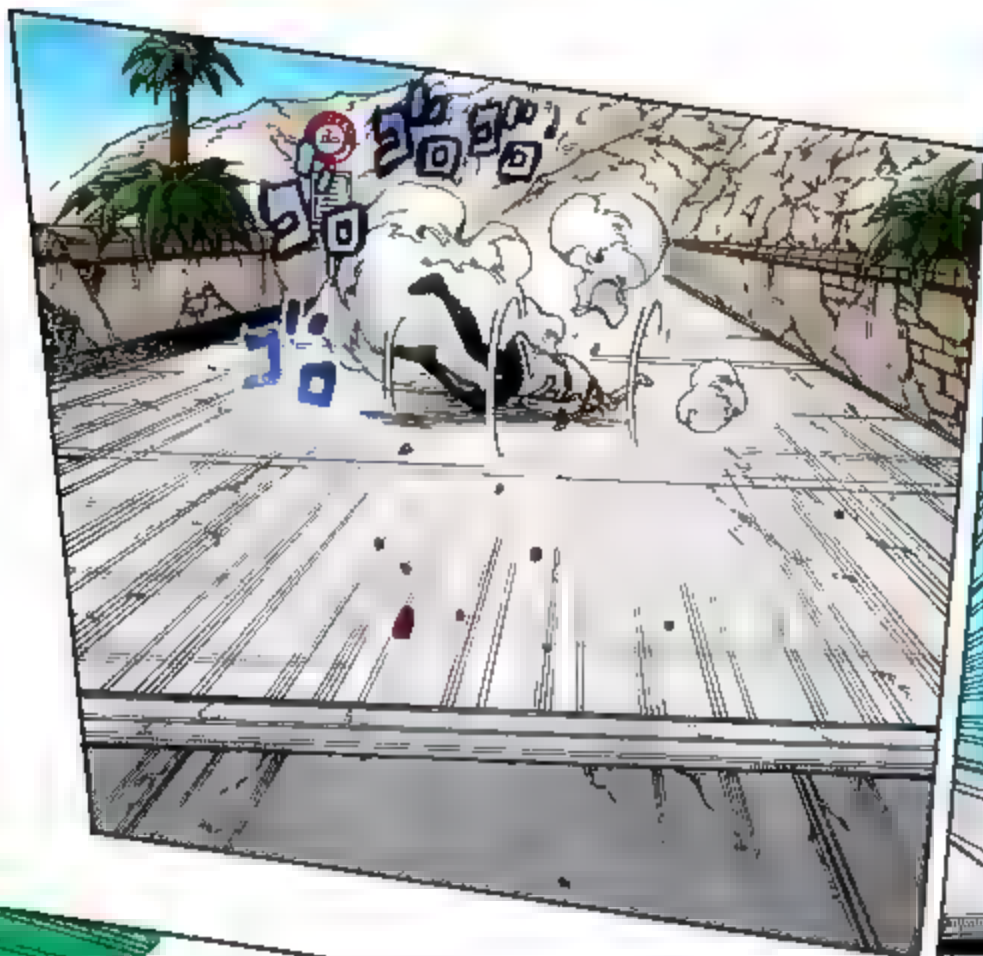
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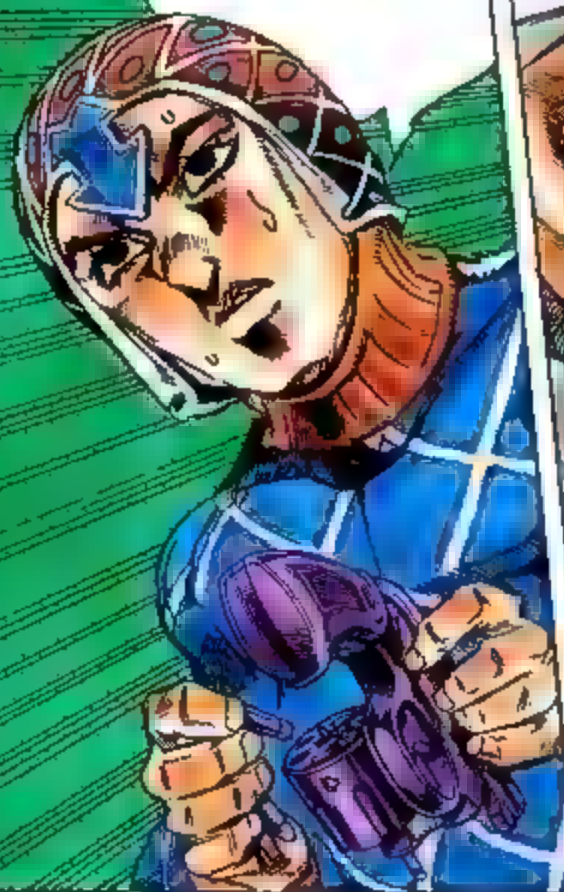








THERE IS A  
WAY TO *BEAT* HIM...  
BUT HE'S *STRONG*,  
I'LL GIVE HIM THAT.  
CAN I REALLY PULL  
THIS ONE OFF?



O...  
**OWWWW!**

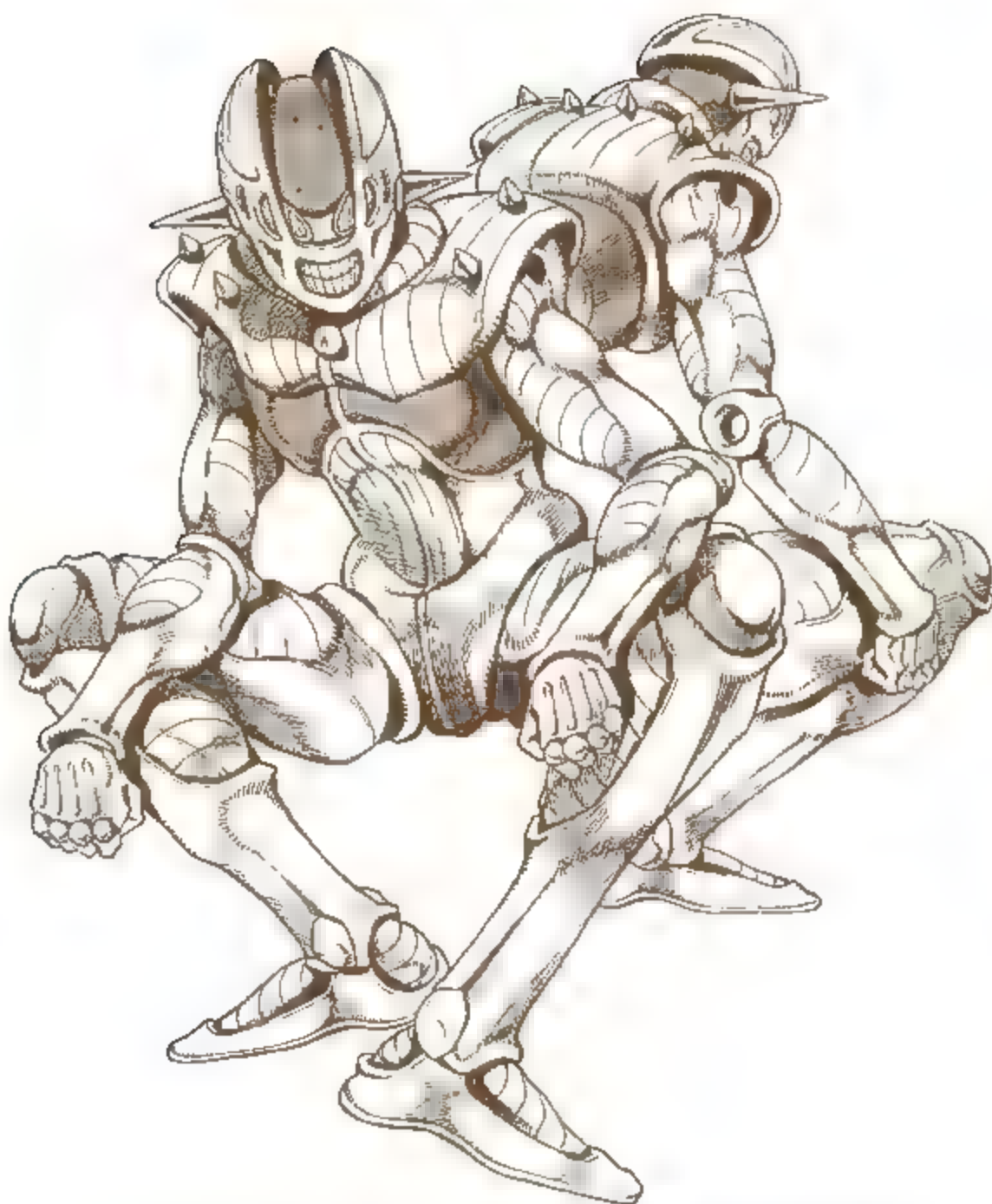


**GURKI!**  
**GRAHHH**  
**GURRGH**  
**GURRGH!**

BUT HE'S  
NOT GETTING  
AWAY... THE  
600 MILLION IS  
MINE... I WON'T  
LET YOU ESCAPE!

**THE**  
**BASTARD**  
**DID IT**  
**AGAIN!**  
**GURG!**





Stand Name: ***Kraft Work***

Host: Sale

Power: A	Speed: B	Range: E
Permanence: C	Precision: E	Growth: E

**Ability:** Can instantaneously lock objects at any desired location  
Can lock as many objects as the user wishes.

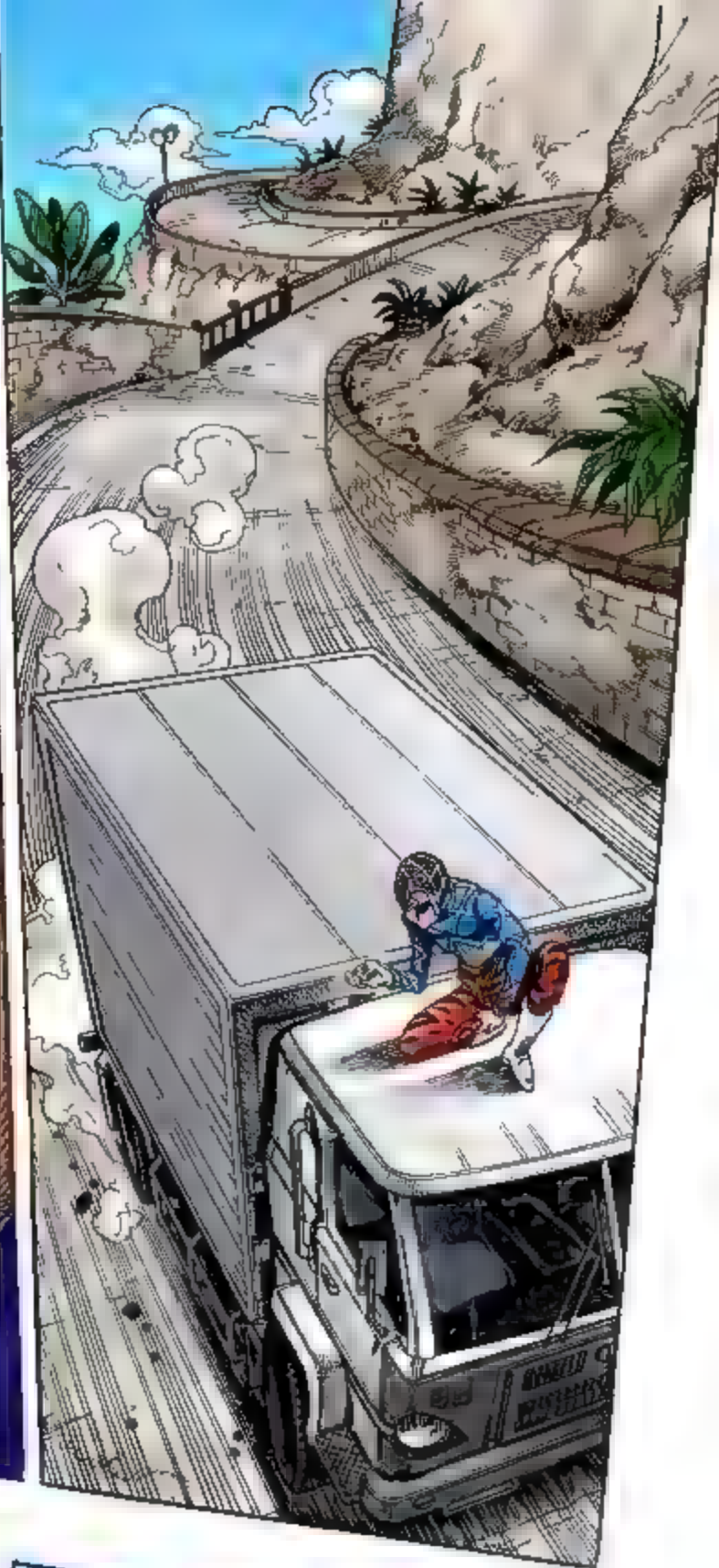
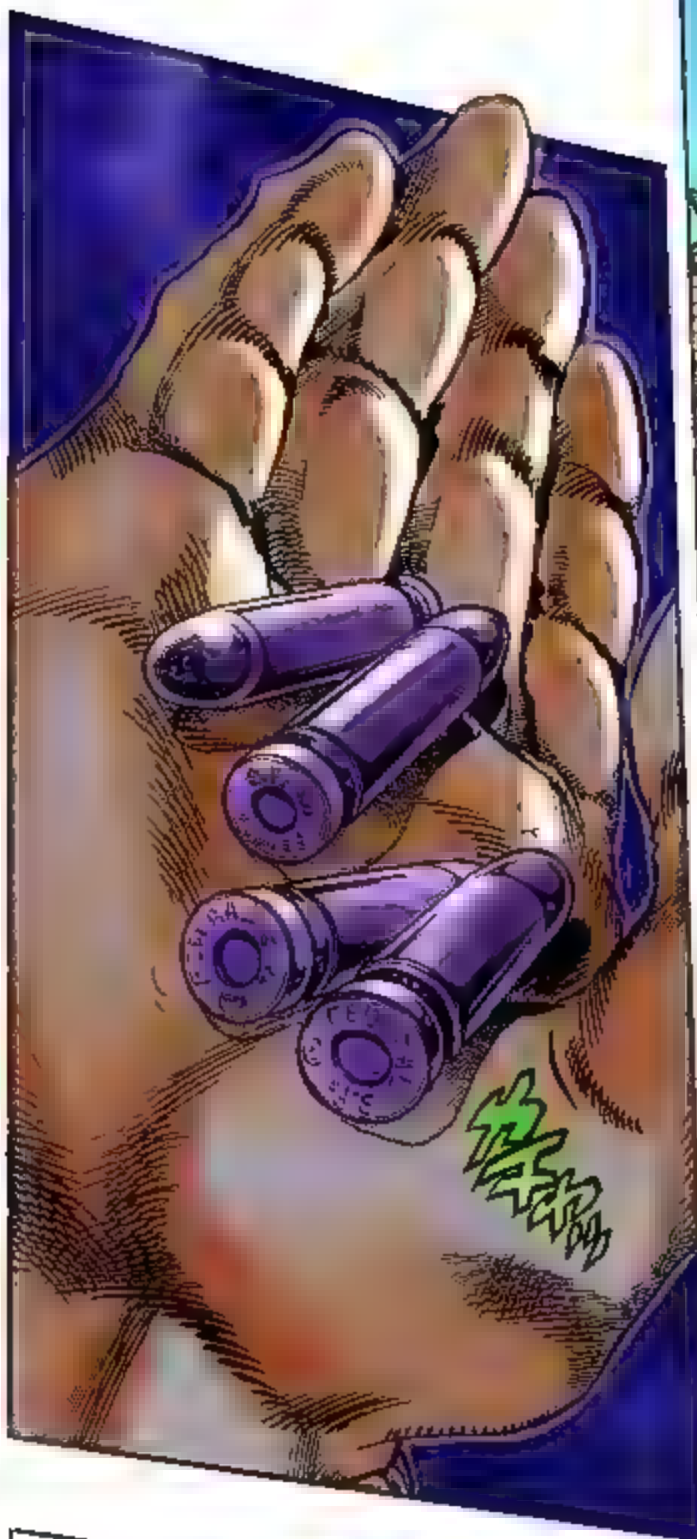


# ***SEX PISTOLS APPEAR!***



***PART*** ⑤





I'VE ONLY  
GOT FOUR  
SHOTS,  
MAN!

THE HELL  
IS GOING  
ON!?

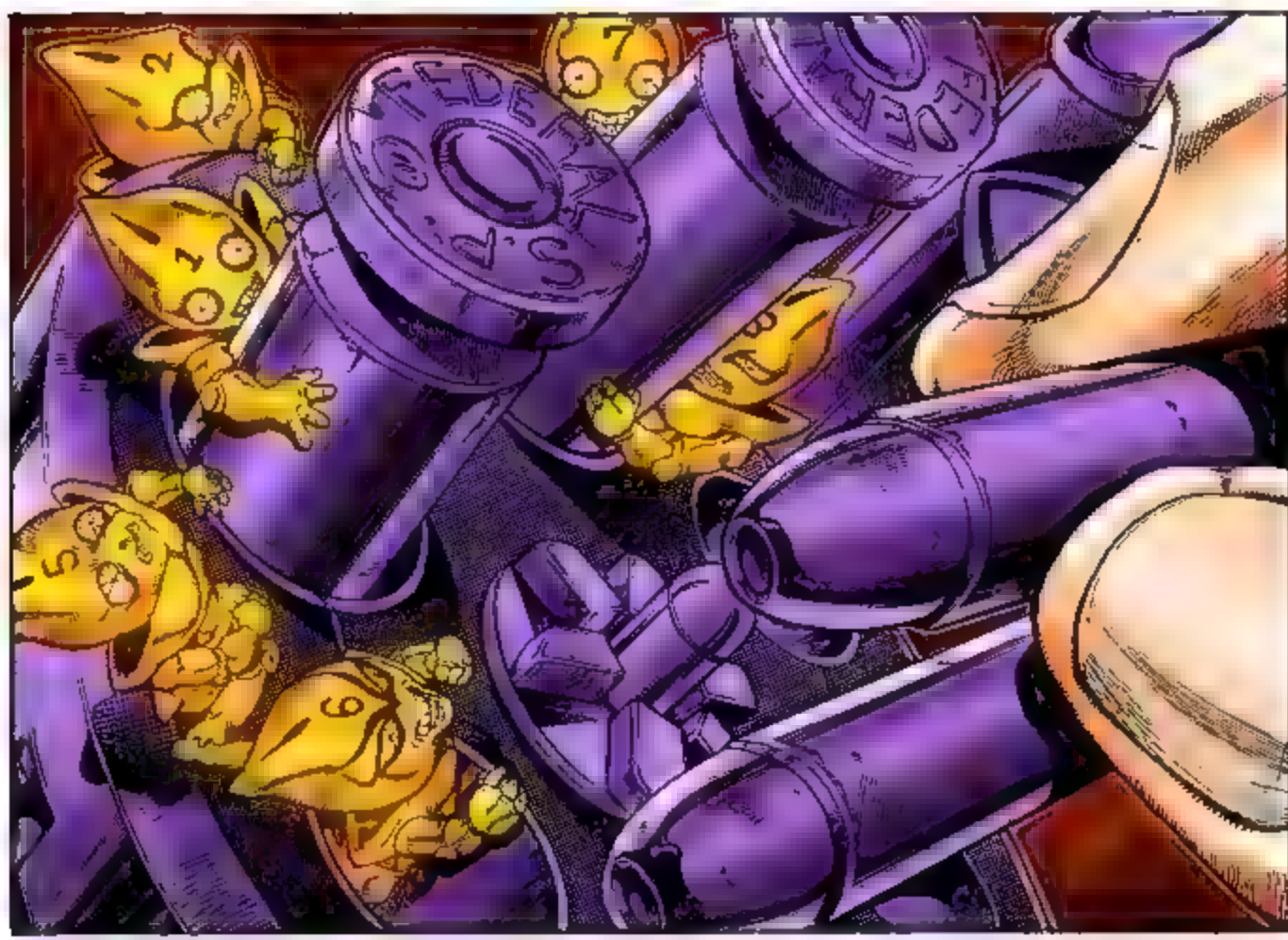
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PAT

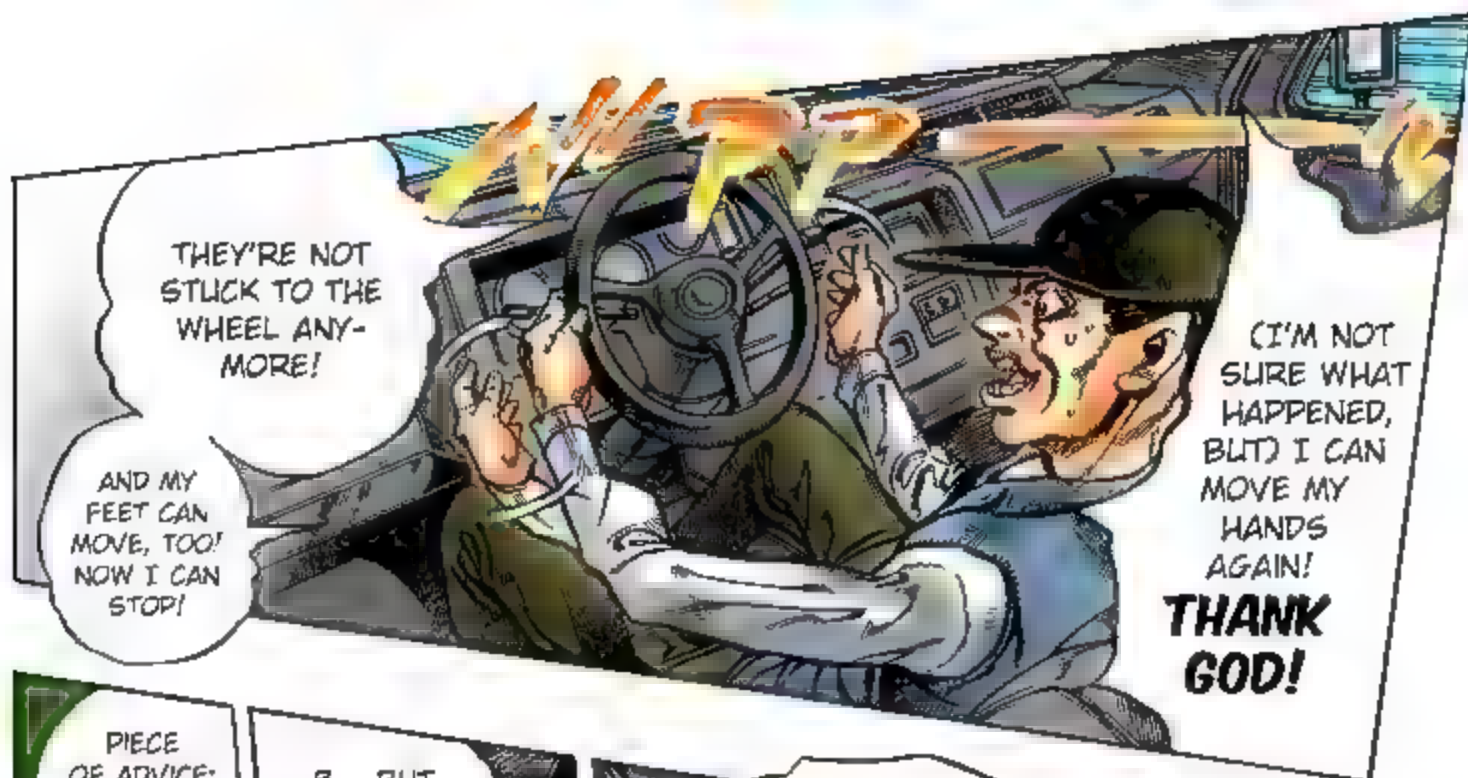


FOUR  
SHOTS...







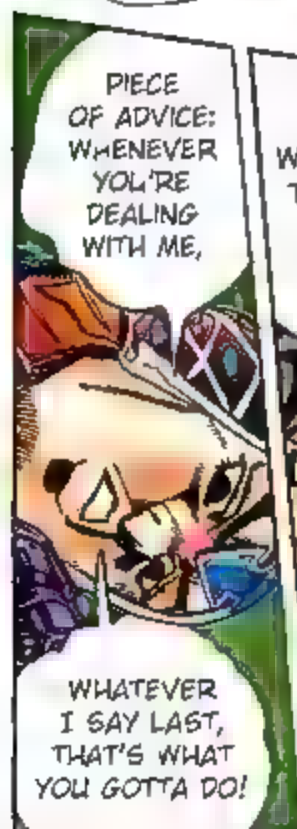


THEY'RE NOT  
STUCK TO THE  
WHEEL ANY-  
MORE!

AND MY  
FEET CAN  
MOVE, TOO!  
NOW I CAN  
STOP!

(I'M NOT  
SURE WHAT  
HAPPENED,  
BUT) I CAN  
MOVE MY  
HANDS  
AGAIN!

**THANK  
GOD!**



PIECE  
OF ADVICE:  
WHENEVER  
YOU'RE  
DEALING  
WITH ME,

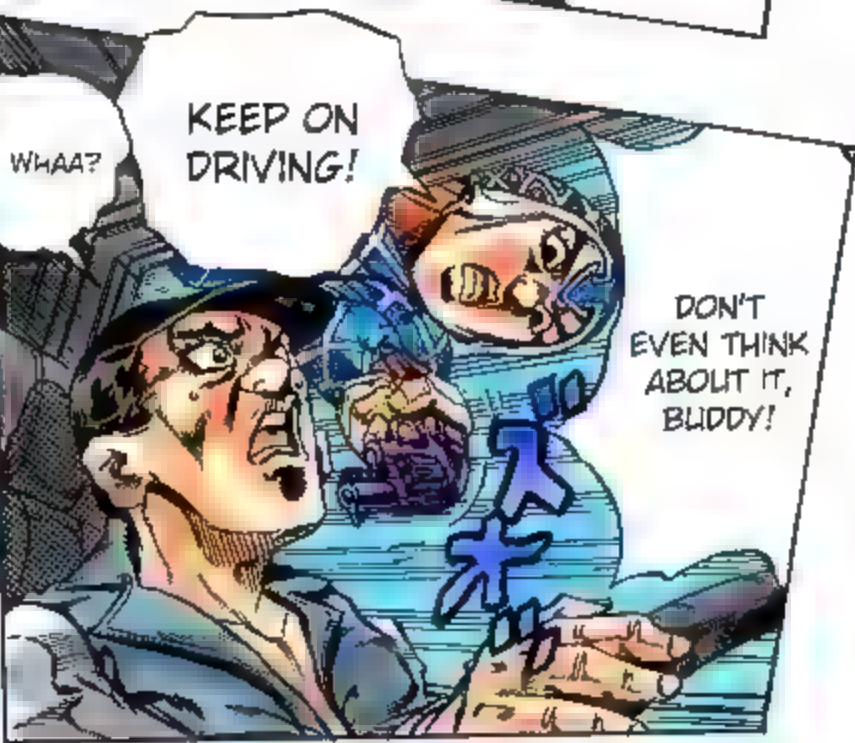
WHATEVER  
I SAY LAST,  
THAT'S WHAT  
YOU GOTTA DO!

B... BUT  
WEREN'T YOU  
TELLING ME  
TO STOP  
BEFORE!?

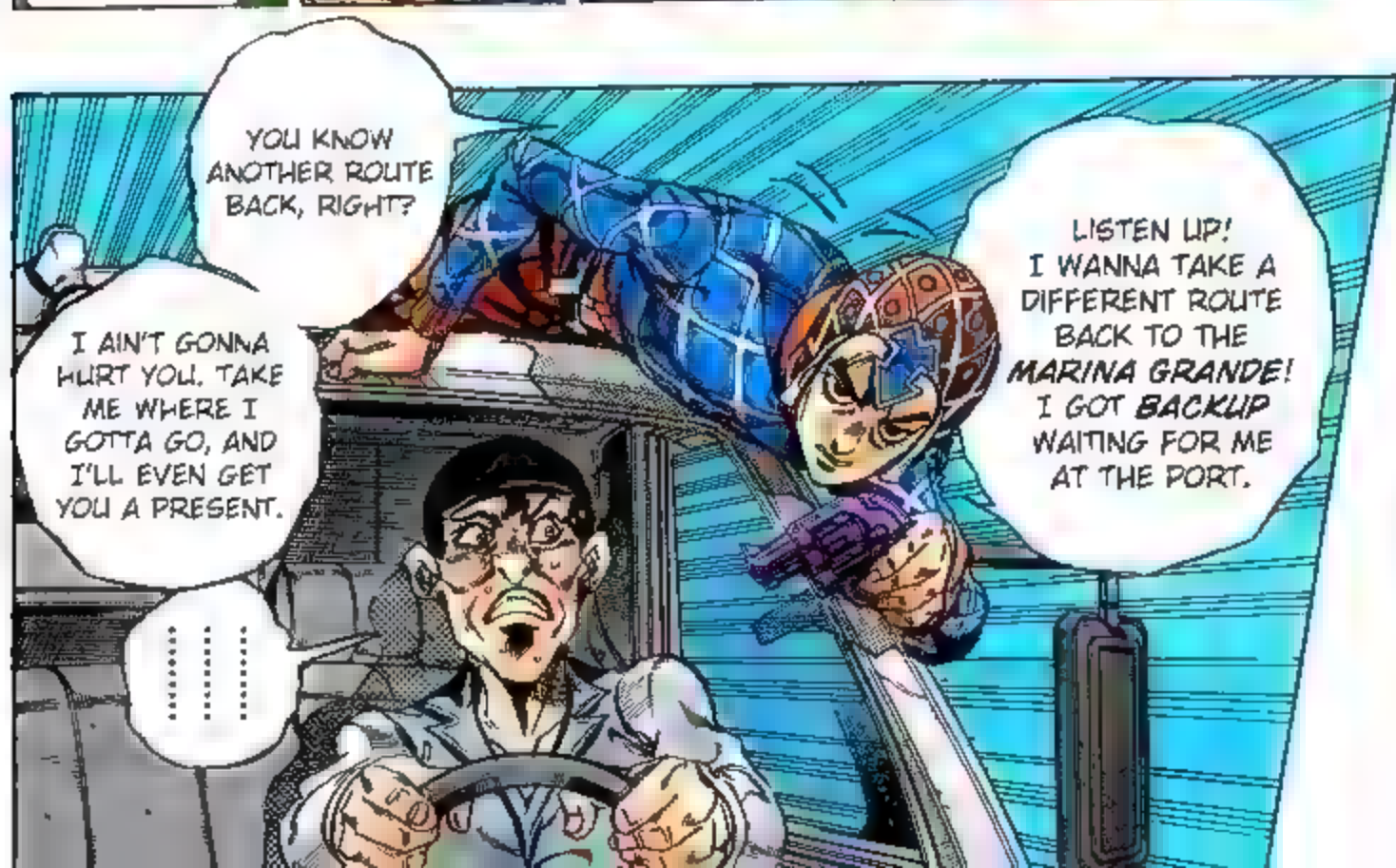


WHAA?

**KEEP ON  
DRIVING!**



DON'T  
EVEN THINK  
ABOUT IT,  
BUDDY!




YOU KNOW  
ANOTHER ROUTE  
BACK, RIGHT?

I AIN'T GONNA  
HURT YOU. TAKE  
ME WHERE I  
GOTTA GO, AND  
I'LL EVEN GET  
YOU A PRESENT.

.....

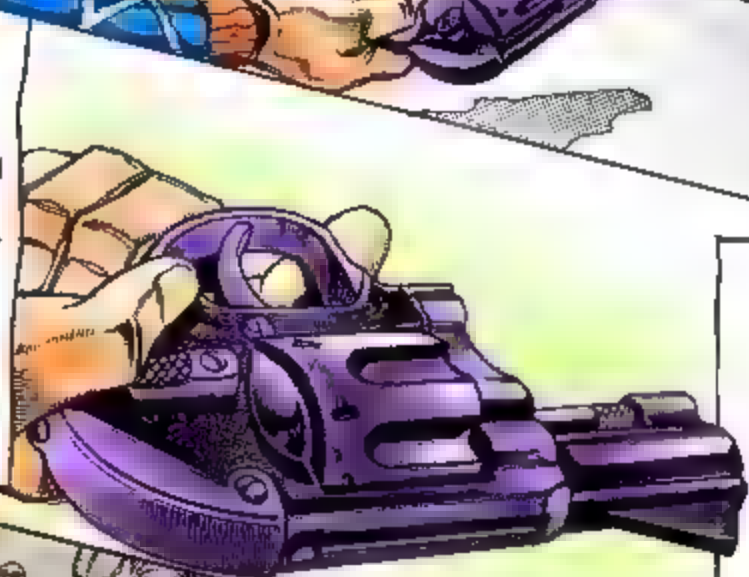
LISTEN UP!  
I WANNA TAKE A  
DIFFERENT ROUTE  
BACK TO THE  
MARINA GRANDE!  
I GOT **BACKUP**  
WAITING FOR ME  
AT THE PORT.





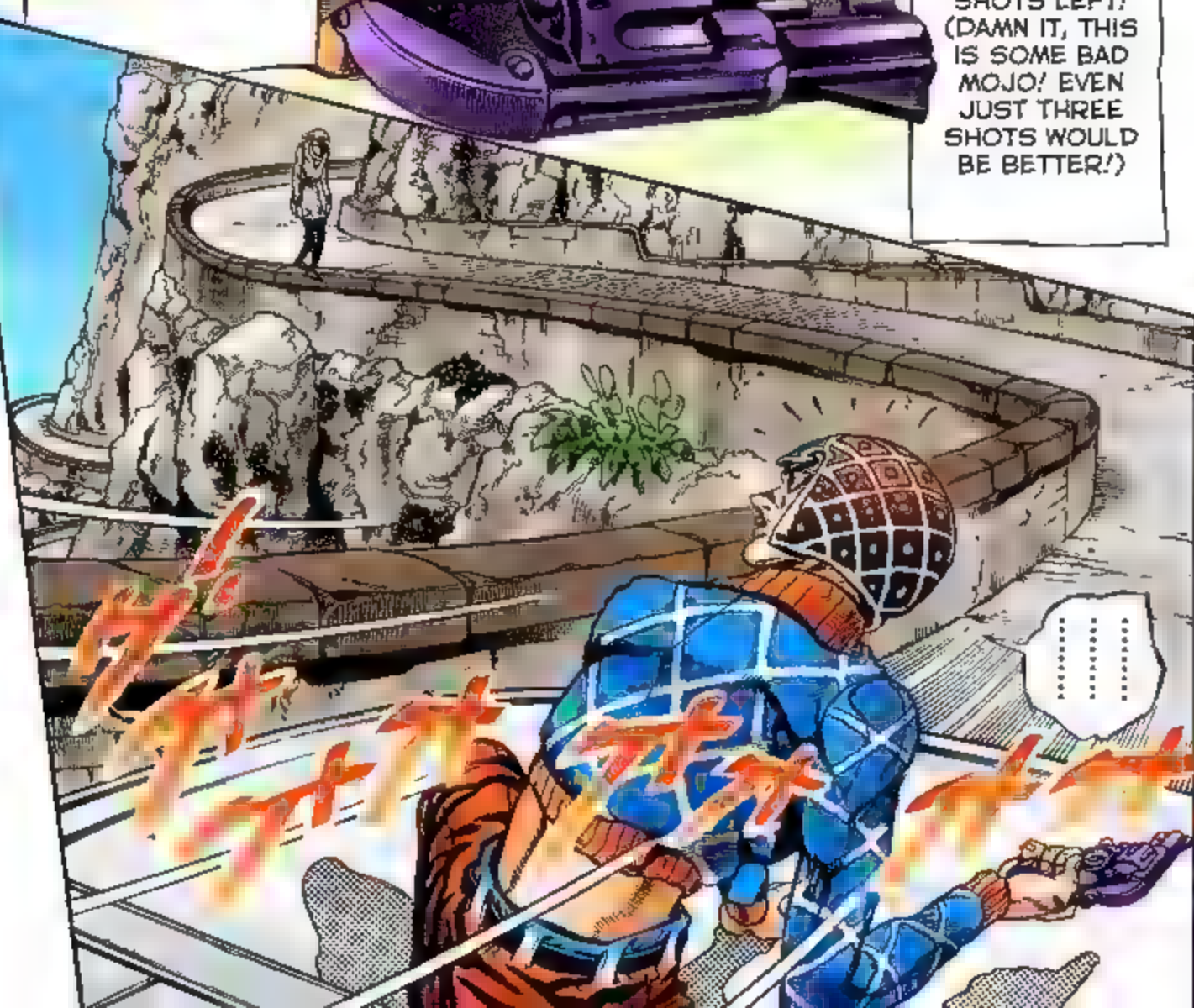
HOW CAN I  
BEAT HIM?  
IF I COULD  
JUST NAIL  
HIM IN THE  
MOUTH...  
HE'S GOTTA  
BE DEFENSE-  
LESS ON THE  
INSIDE/  
THAT MIGHT  
JUST KILL HIM!

THAT  
LOCKING  
ABILITY OF  
HIS STOPS  
MY SHOTS  
AT THE  
OUTERMOST  
LAYER OF  
SKIN.  
NOTHING  
CAN GET  
ANY DEEPER.

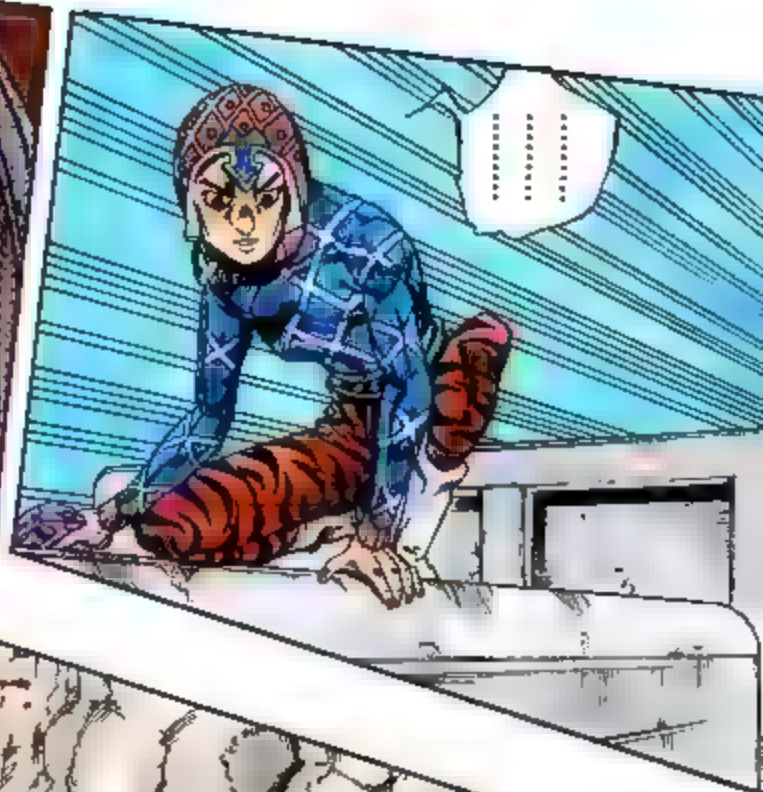


I'VE SEEN HIS FACE,  
I KNOW WHAT HE CAN  
DO... THERE'S NO  
NEED TO TAKE RISKS.  
IT'D BE SAFER TO  
REGROUP WITH  
GIORNO... I LEFT  
SOME SPARE AMMO  
IN MY BAG, TOO.

BUT I'VE ONLY  
GOT FOUR  
SHOTS LEFT/  
(DAMN IT, THIS  
IS SOME BAD  
MOJO! EVEN  
JUST THREE  
SHOTS WOULD  
BE BETTER!)







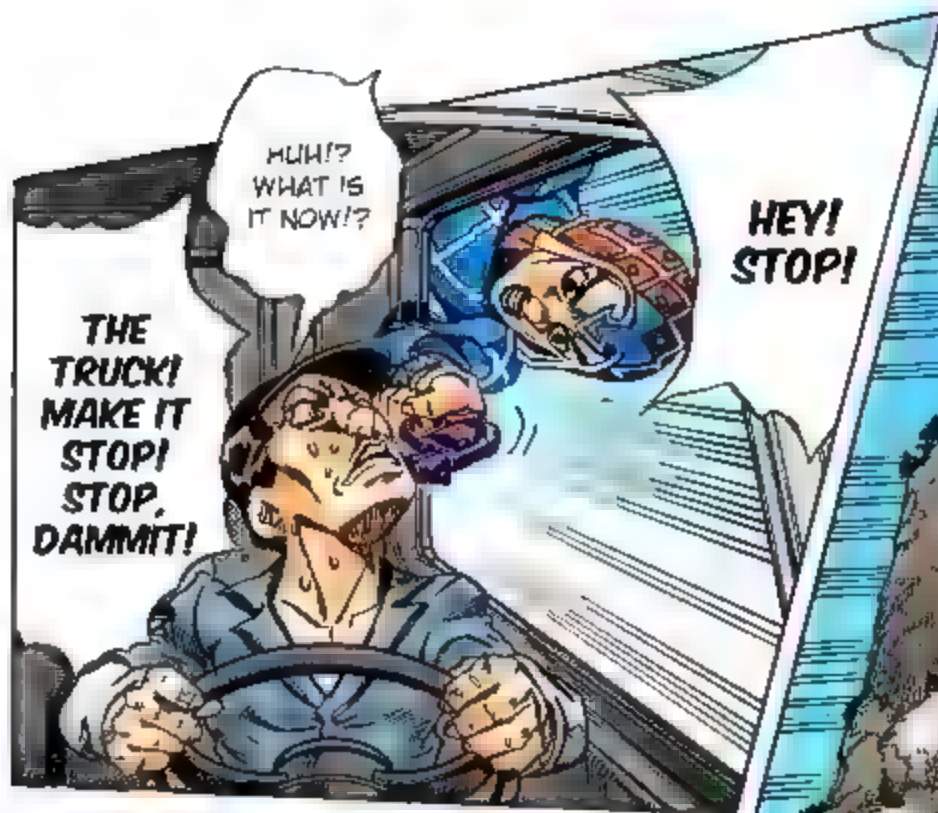
H...



**HOW THE  
FUCK IS HE  
IN FRONT  
OF US  
NOW!?**



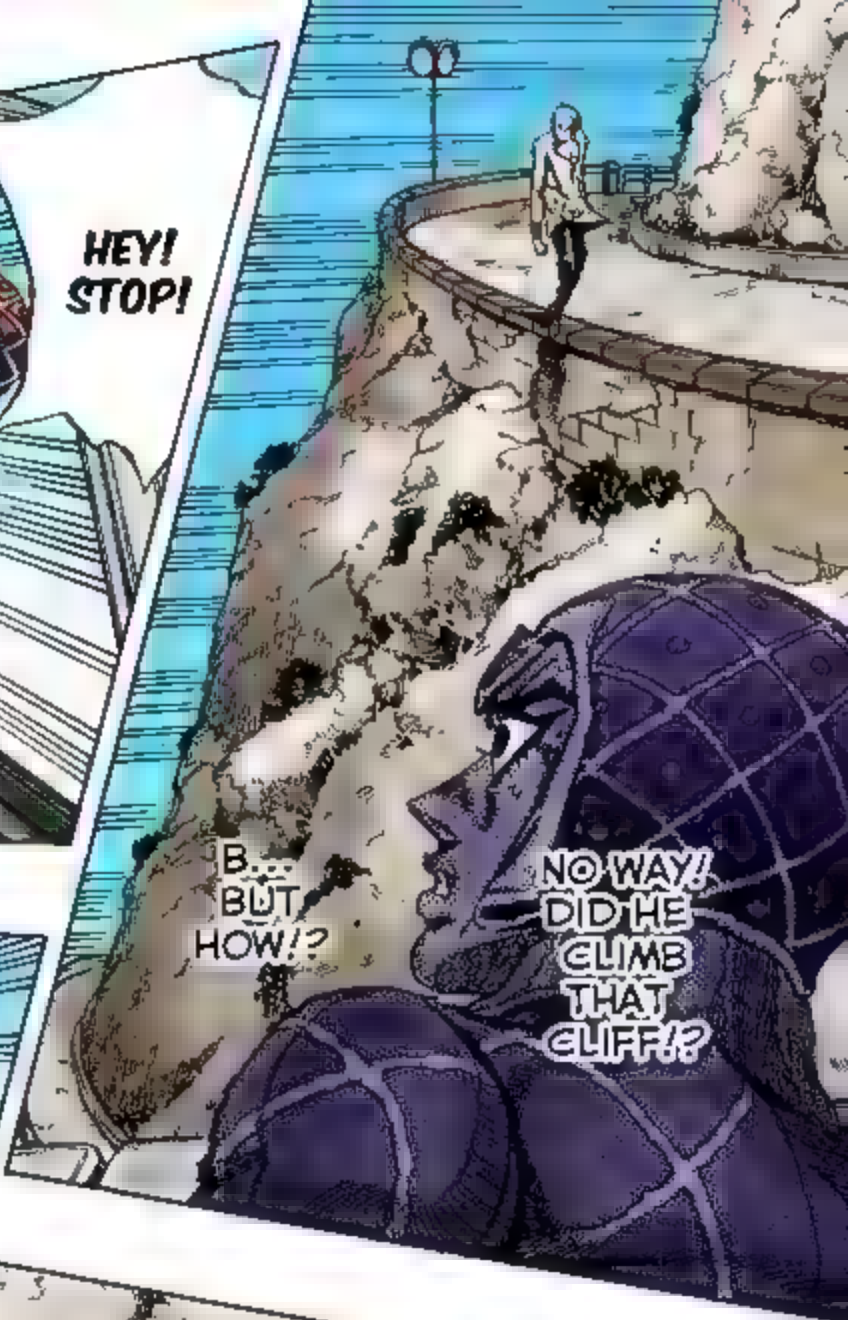




THE  
TRUCK!  
MAKE IT  
STOP!  
STOP,  
DAMMIT!

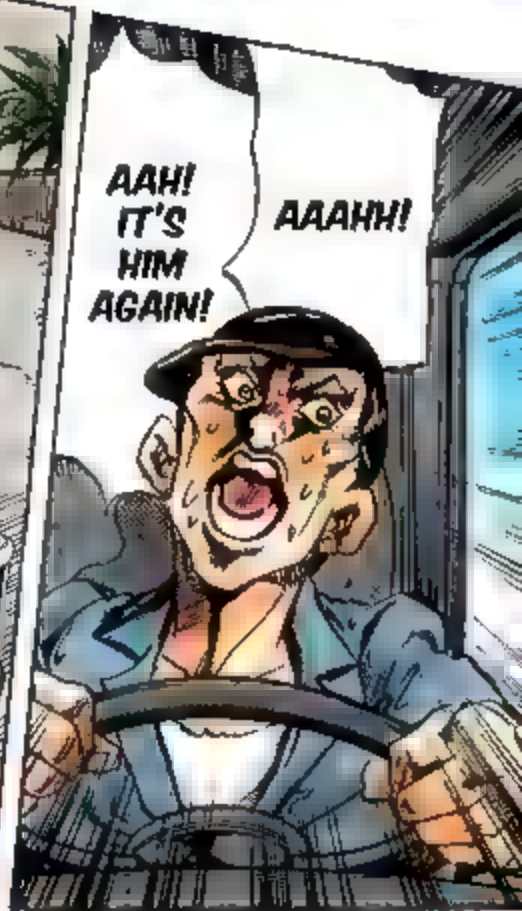
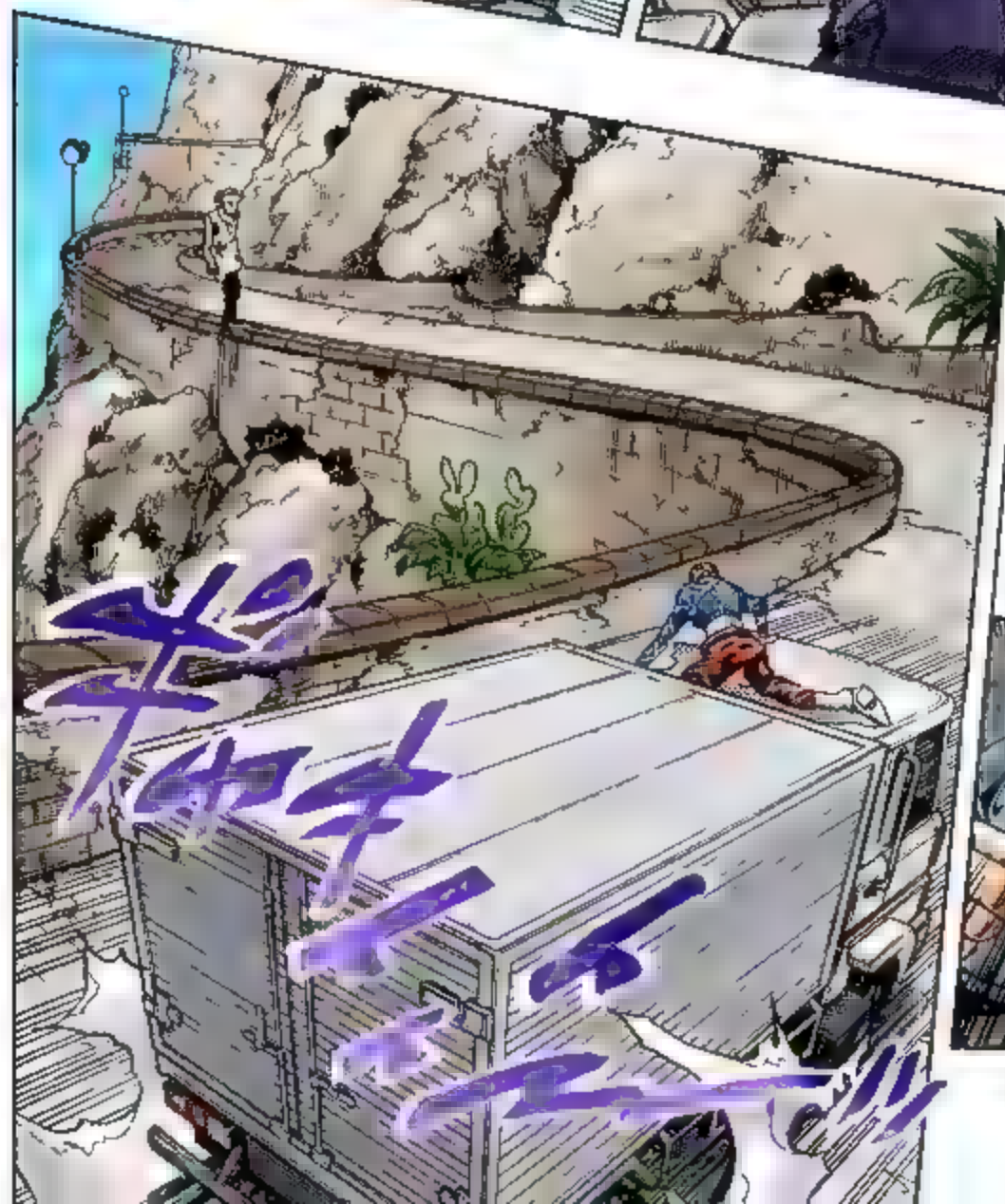
HUH!?  
WHAT IS  
IT NOW!?

HEY!  
STOP!



B...  
BUT  
HOW!?

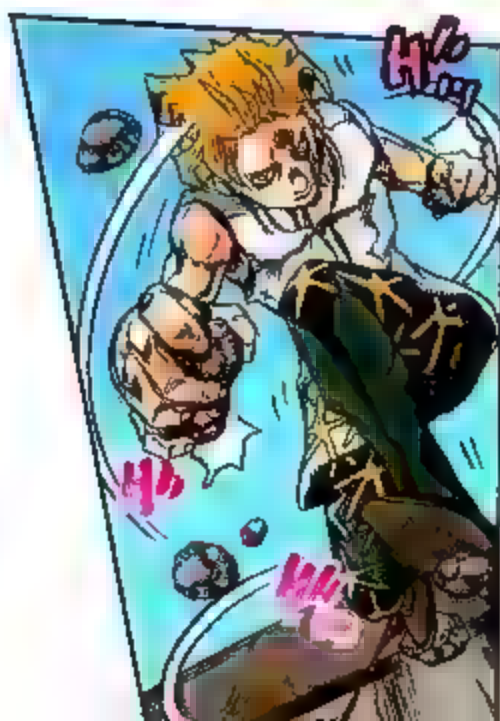
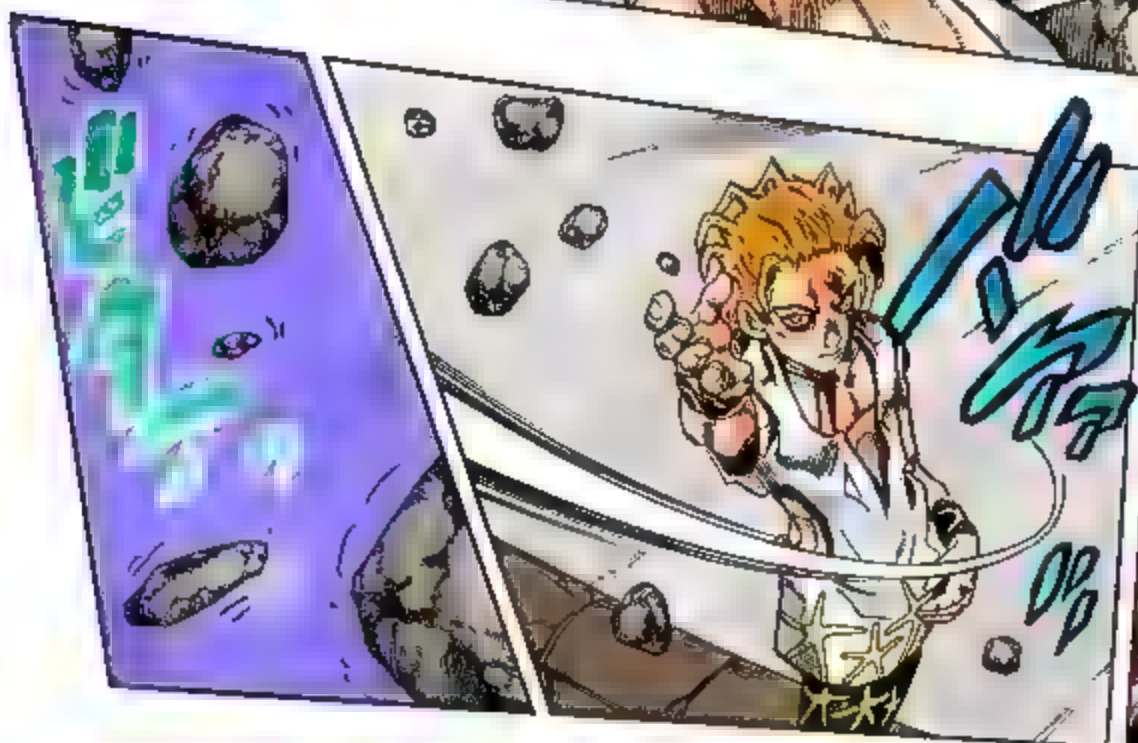
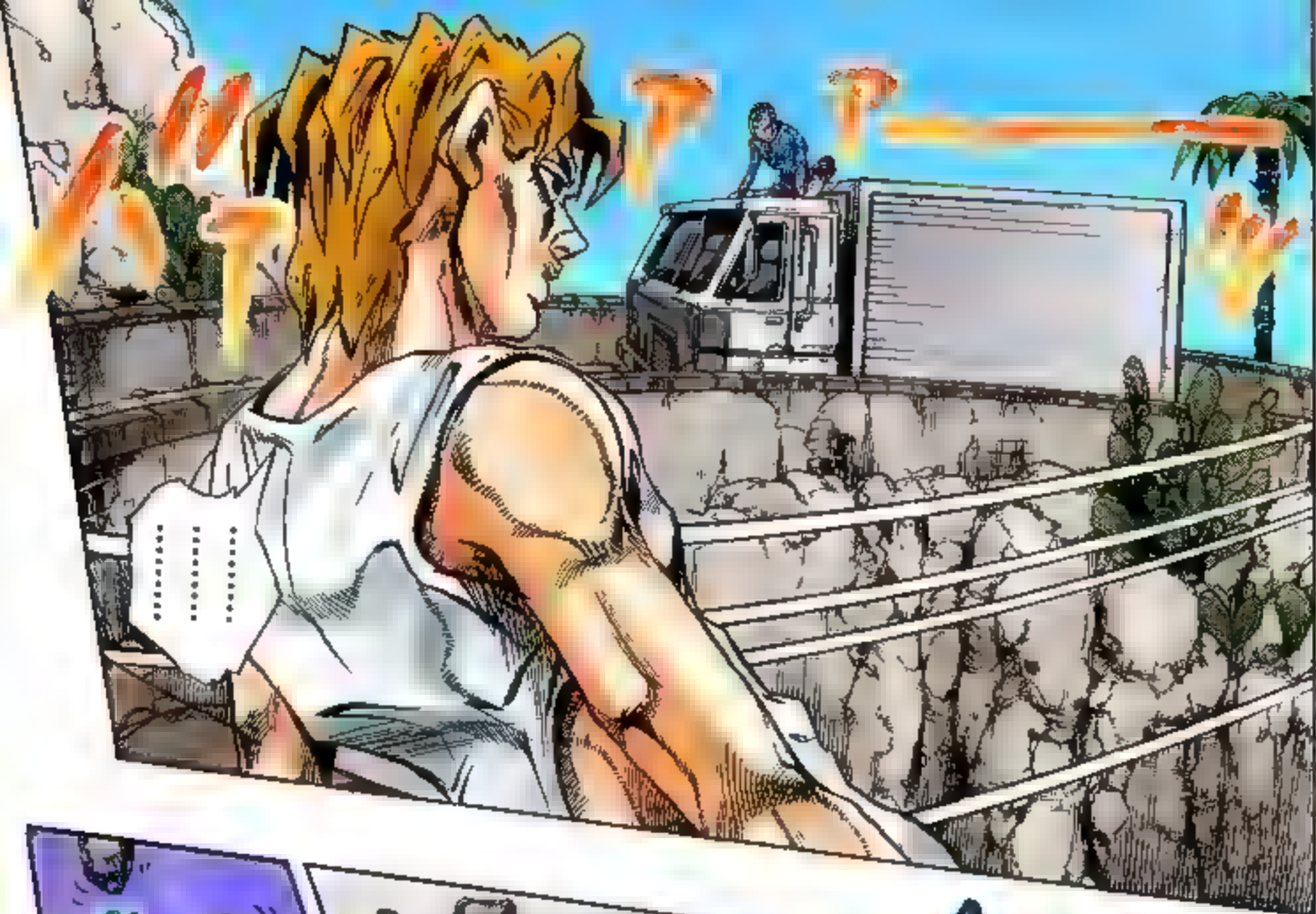
NO WAY!  
DID HE  
CLIMB  
THAT  
CLIFF?



AAH!  
IT'S  
HIM  
AGAIN!

AAHH!



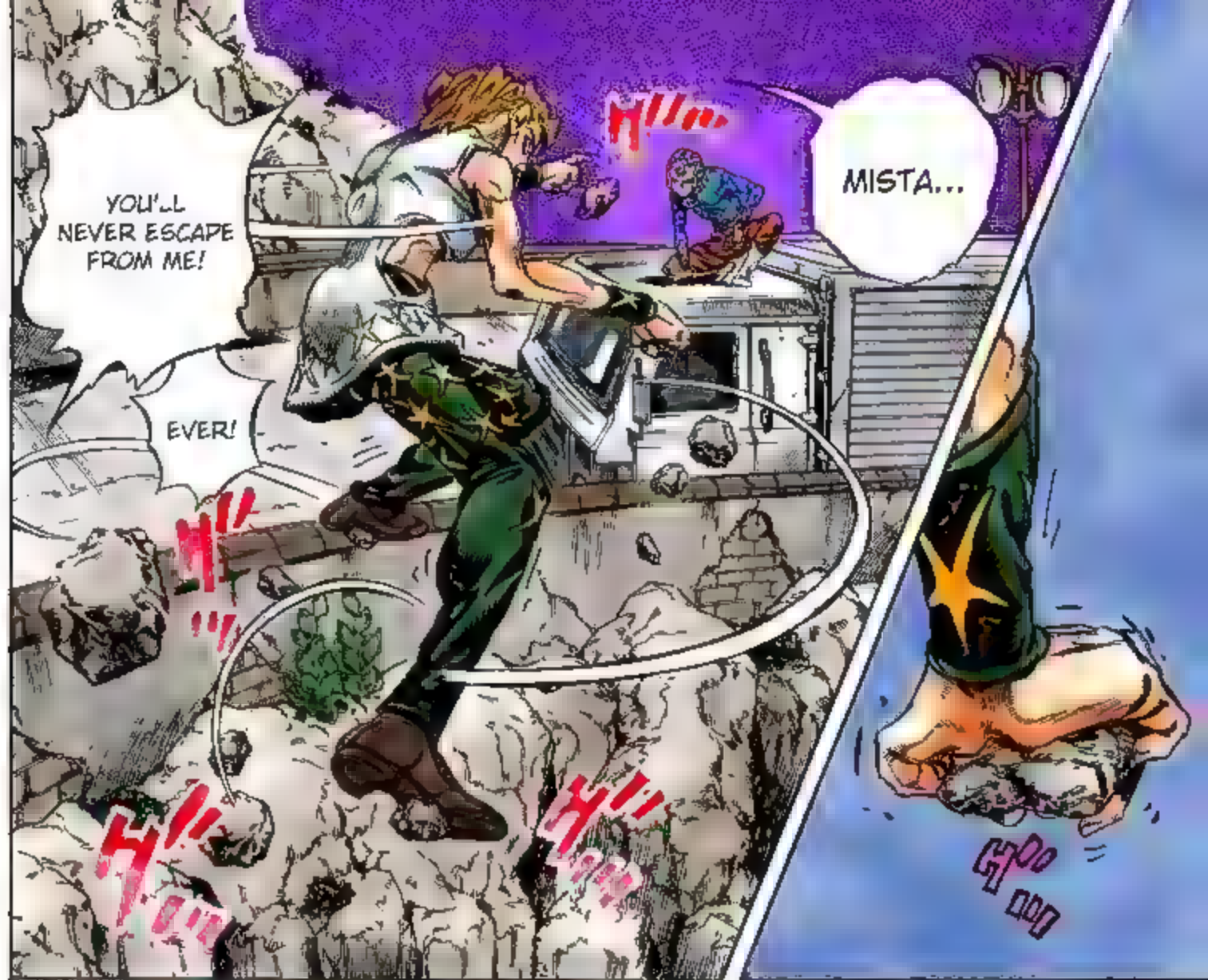


MISTA...

YOU  
WON'T GET  
AWAY...

I WON'T LET  
YOU TELL YOUR  
FRIENDS ABOUT  
ME..





YOU'LL  
NEVER ESCAPE  
FROM ME!

MISTA...

EVER!

HE'S USING THEM  
LIKE A LADDER...  
IS THAT HOW HE  
GOT UP HERE!?!  
SHIT, HE'S COMING  
AT US!



FIRST HE LOCKED MY  
BULLETS, AND NOW  
HE'S LOCKING THOSE  
PEBBLES IN THE AIR...



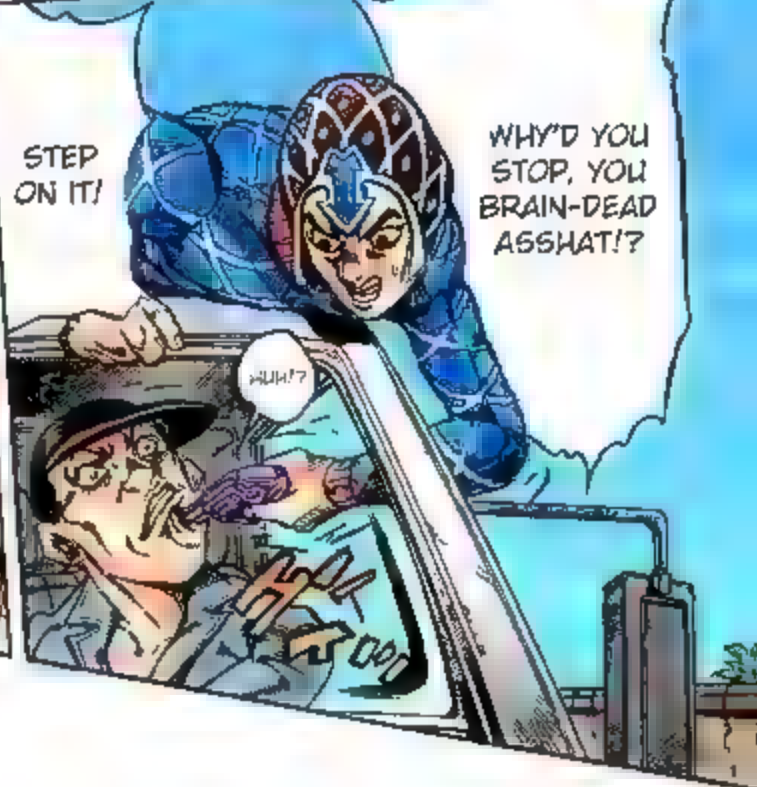
DO IT.  
IF YOU KNOW  
WHAT'S GOOD  
FOR YA!

**FUCKIN'  
FLOOR IT!**



HUH?  
HUH'?

HUH'?

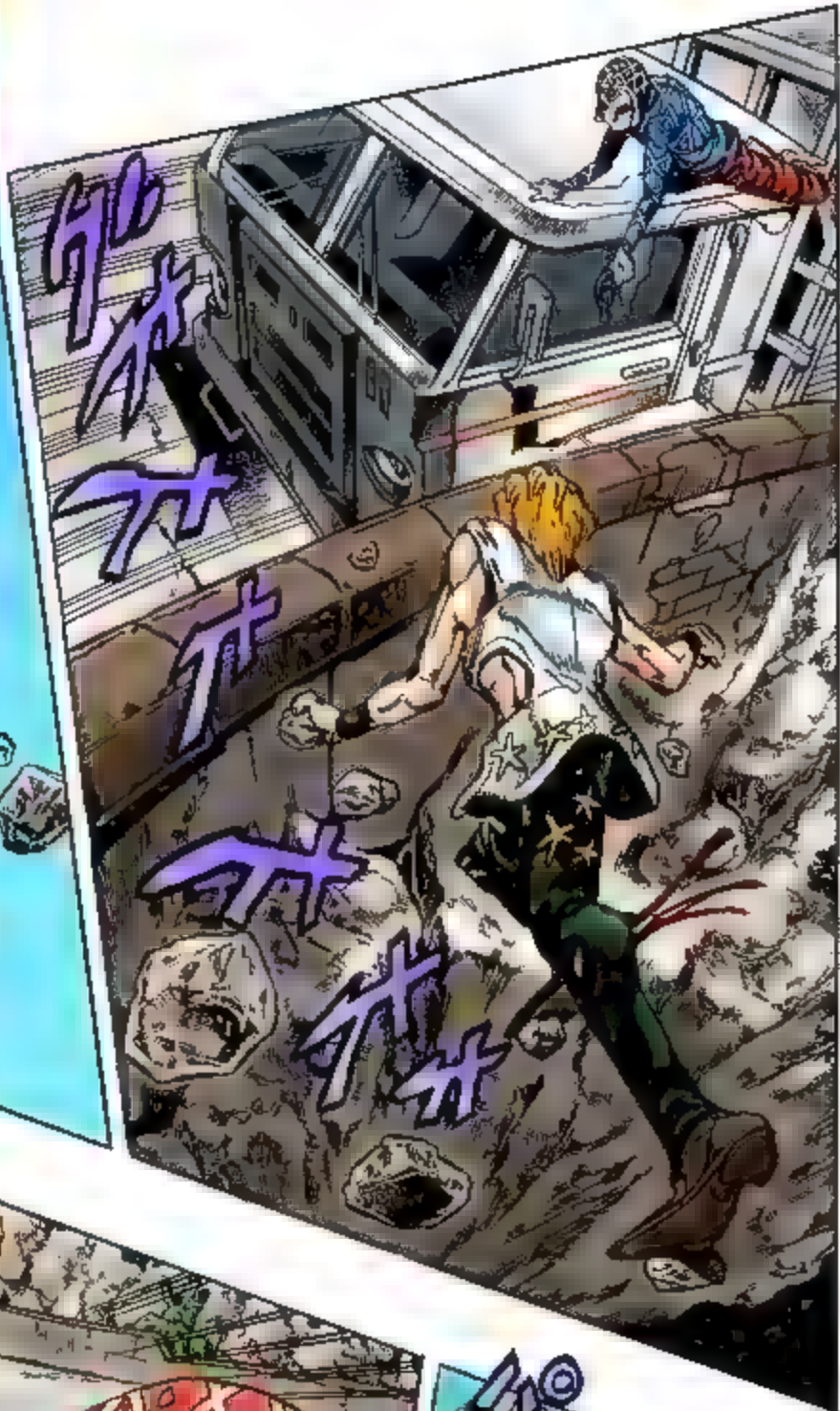


STEP  
ON IT!

WHY'D YOU  
STOP, YOU  
BRAIN-DEAD  
ASSHAT!?

HUH'?









WE'LL END IT  
RIGHT HERE,  
RIGHT NOW.  
TIME TO BUST  
A CAP IN HIS  
MOUTH!

THERE'S  
ONLY  
ONE WAY  
OUT!

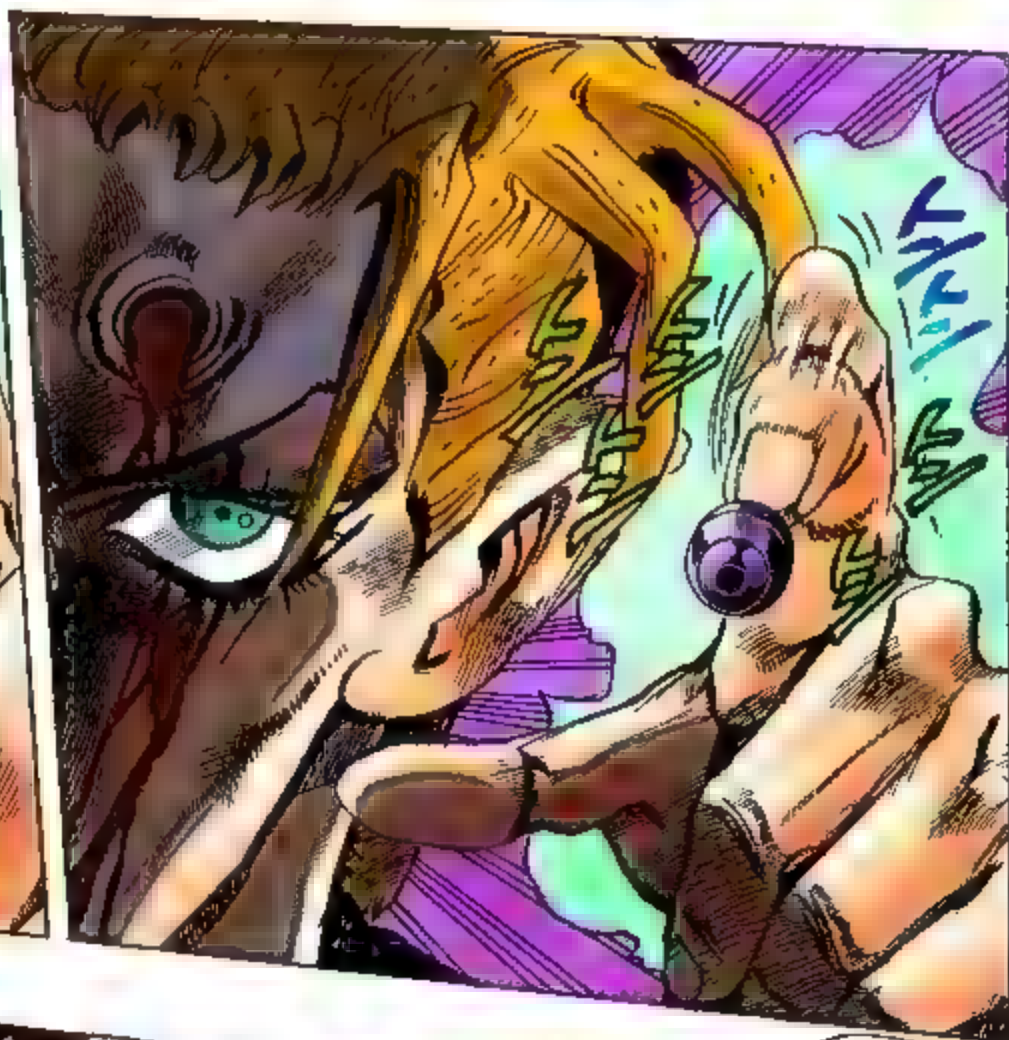
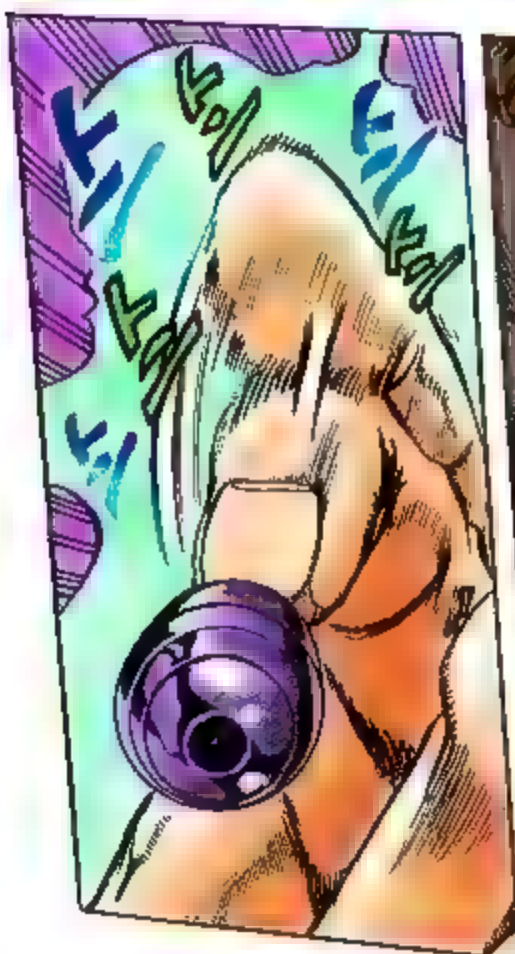
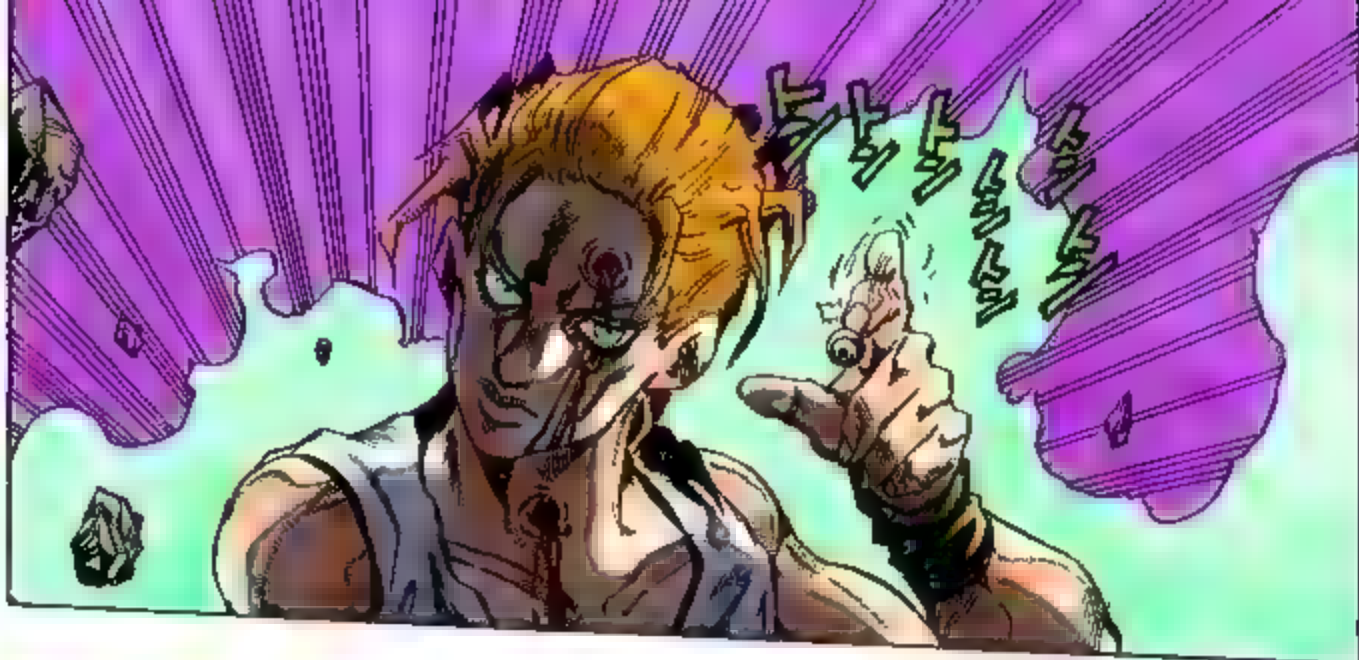


DON'T YOU  
DARE STOP,  
DRIVER!

HE'S GONNA  
KILL YOU TOO,  
NOW THAT  
YOU'VE SEEN  
HIS FACE!

IF YOU  
DO...



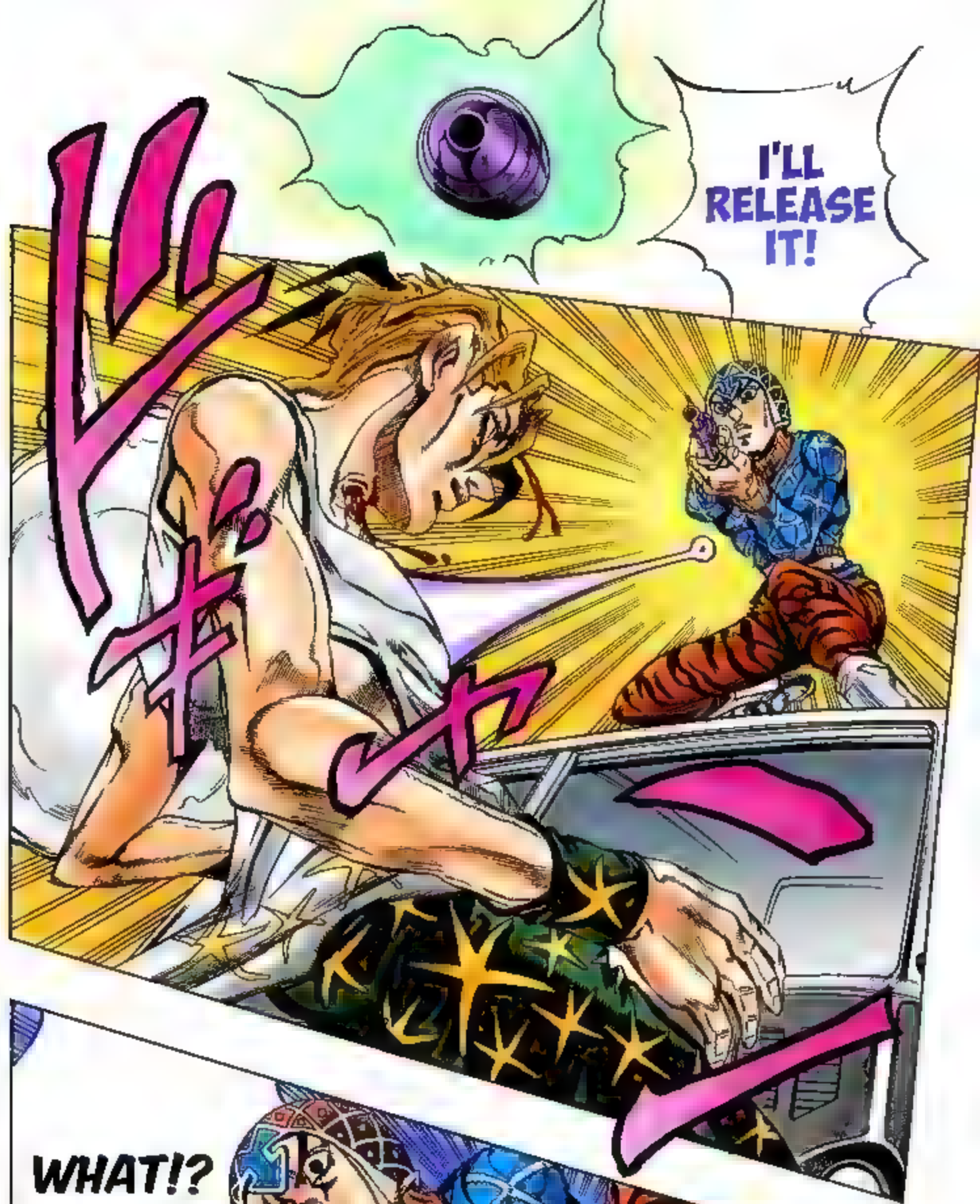


I CAN'T  
JUST SWING  
FULL-FORCE  
AT IT, 'CAUSE  
THEN IT'LL GO  
OFF-COURSE,  
AND IT'S TOO  
OBVIOUS WHERE  
I'M AIMING.  
**AND NOW...!**

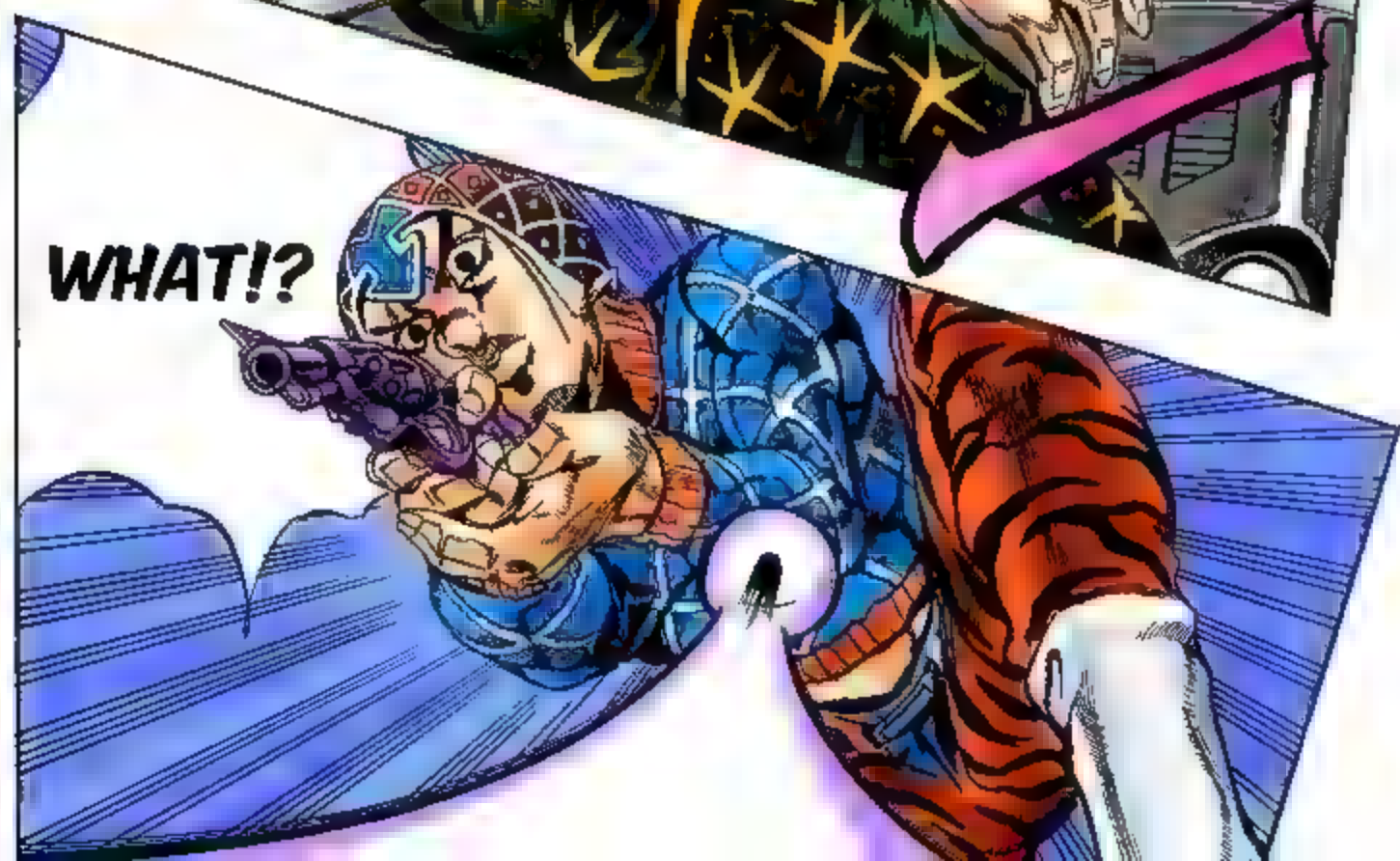
I'LL TAP IT  
WITH MY  
FINGER,  
LITTLE BY  
LITTLE.

IT'S ONLY A  
LITTLE BIT AT A  
TIME, BUT I JUST  
GOTTA KEEP TAPPING  
AND THE **FORCE**  
WILL BUILD UP IN  
WHAT I'VE LOCKED.



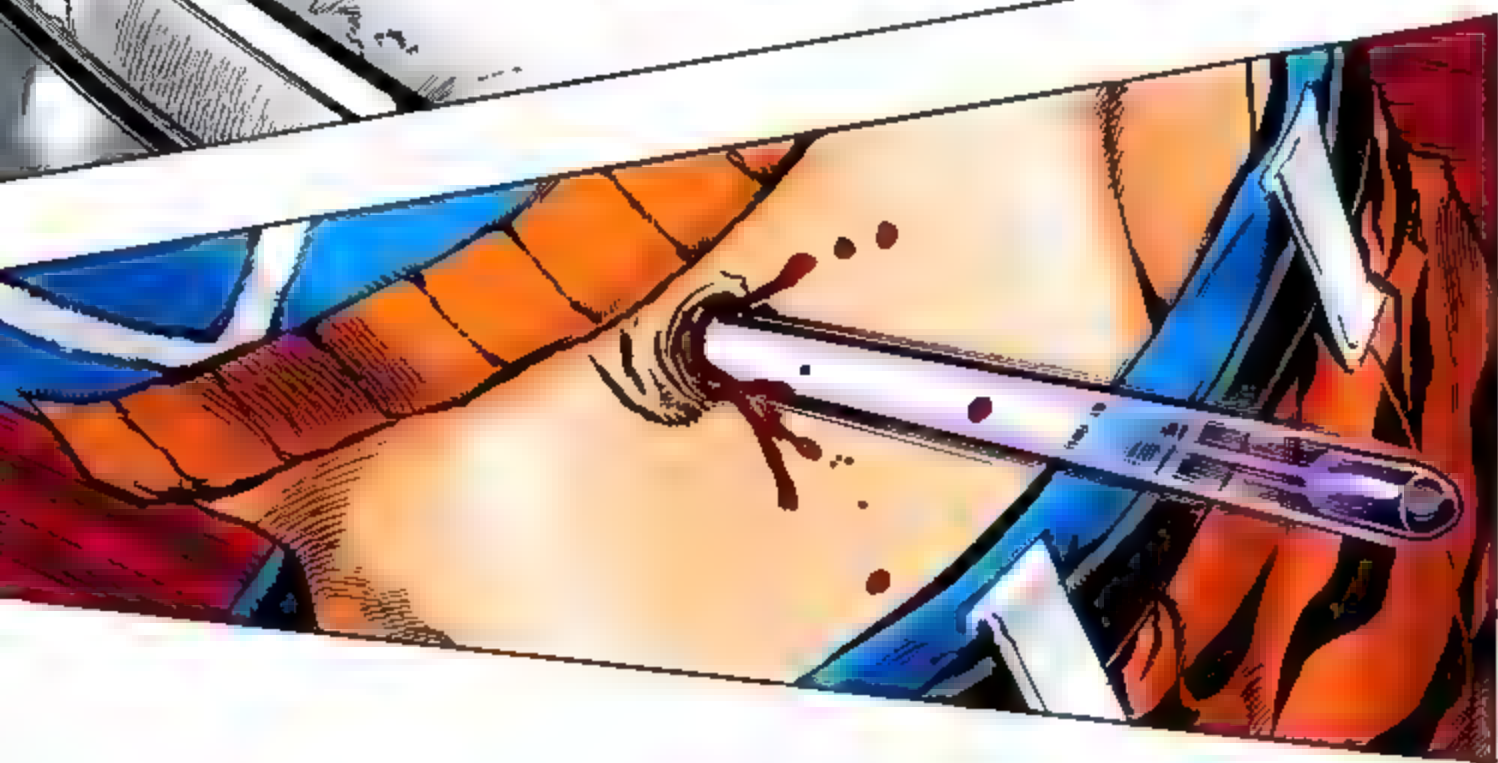


I'LL  
RELEASE  
IT!

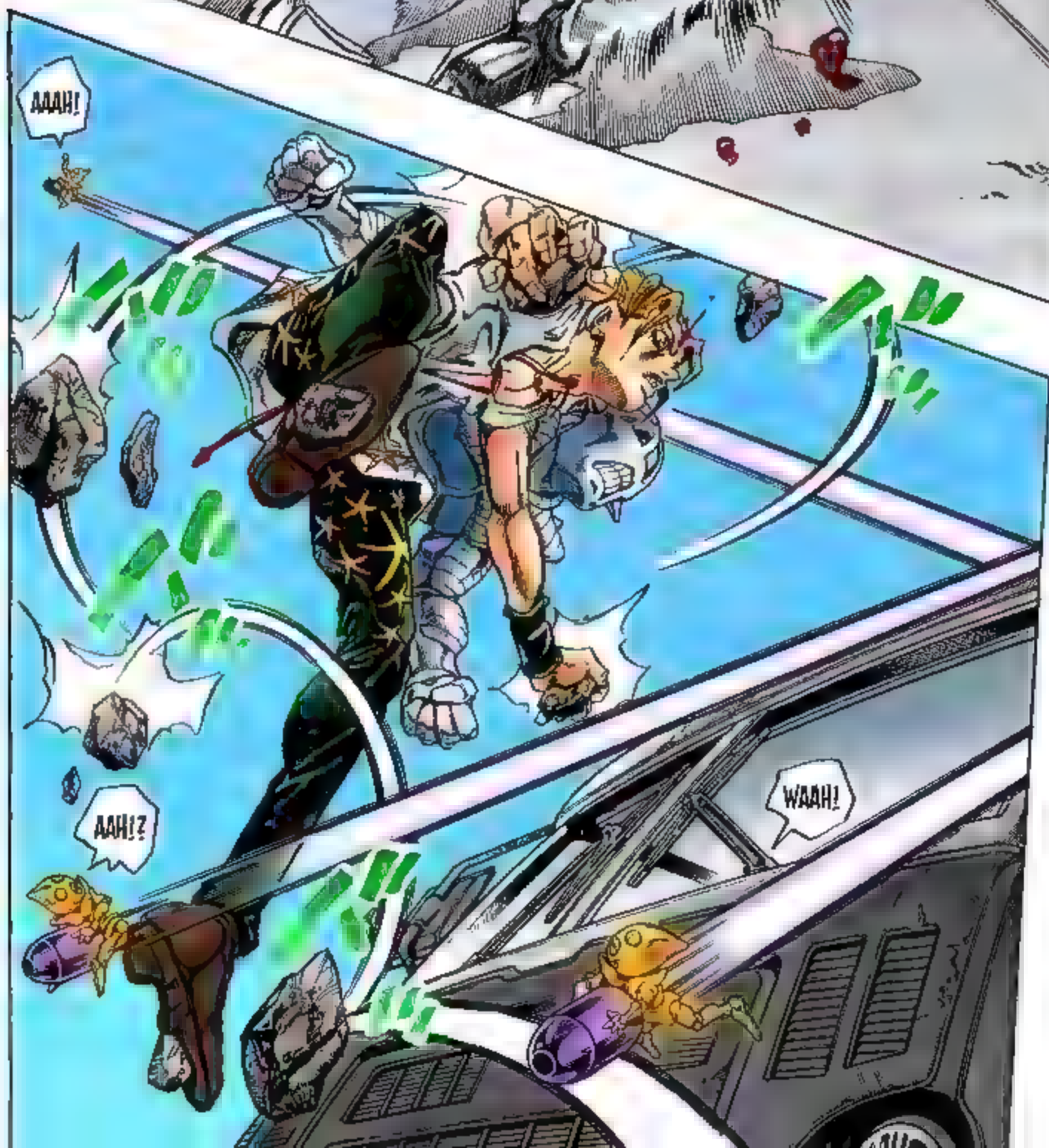


WHAT!?

















LOOKS  
LIKE YOUR  
STAND  
LOST  
CONTROL AND  
LET **THREE**  
**SHOTS**  
FLY OFF TO  
NOWHERE!

I'M BACK,  
MISTA.

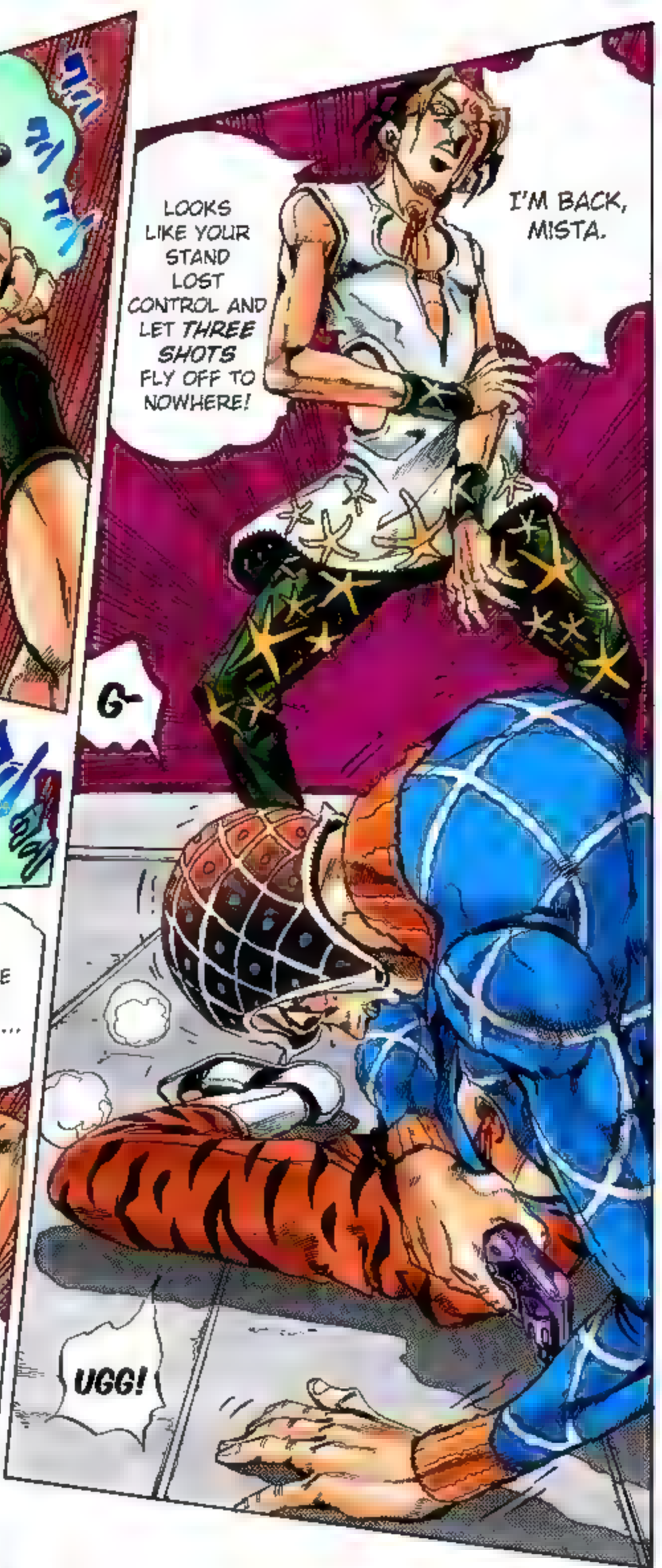


G-




LITTLE  
BY  
LITTLE...

TAP EVER  
SO LIGHTLY,  
AGAIN AND  
AGAIN...



UGG!






IT'S TOO  
INACCLRATE  
TO USE AGAINST  
SOMEONE WHO'S  
RUNNING  
AROUND...


LIKE YOU'RE  
SENDING OUT AN  
S.O.S. IN MORSE  
CODE...

BUT IT'S A  
PERFECT TOOL  
TO FINISH YOU  
OFF!



THERE'S NOTHING  
WORSE THAN THE  
NUMBER FOUR...  
IT'S BEEN TH'S WAY  
EVER SINCE I WAS  
A KID... GUESS IT'S  
THE INVISIBLE HAND  
OF FATE OR  
SOMETHING....

FRICKIN'  
CALLED IT...  
THAT WAS  
SERIOUSLY  
UNLUCKY...

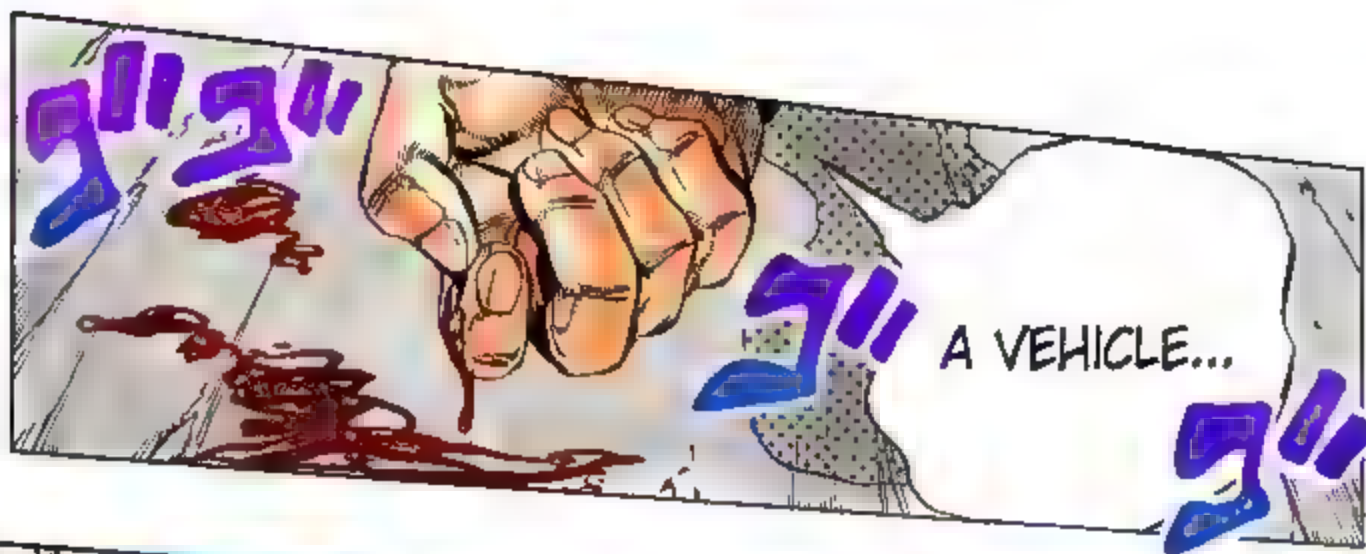


NOW IT'S  
ONLY ONE!  
NOW YOU'RE  
GONNA GET IT!

I'VE  
GOT ONLY  
ONE SHOT  
LEFT, BUT  
I'M OUTTA  
THE WOODS  
NOW!

BUT...  
ANY OTHER  
NUMBER  
IS FINE!





A VEHICLE...

I DON'T  
KNOW WHAT'S  
GOING ON,  
BUT BOTH THE  
ENEMY AND  
MISTA GOT  
IN A CAR

AND  
THEY'RE  
NOW HEADING  
UP THE  
ISLAND!


**SEX PISTOLS APPEAR!**

**PART ⑥**

HAS  
THE FIGHT  
ALREADY  
FINISHED!?  
OR HAS  
THE ENEMY  
ESCAPED!?

I WANT TO  
FOLLOW  
THEM, BUT...  
WILL I  
MAKE IT  
IN TIME!?



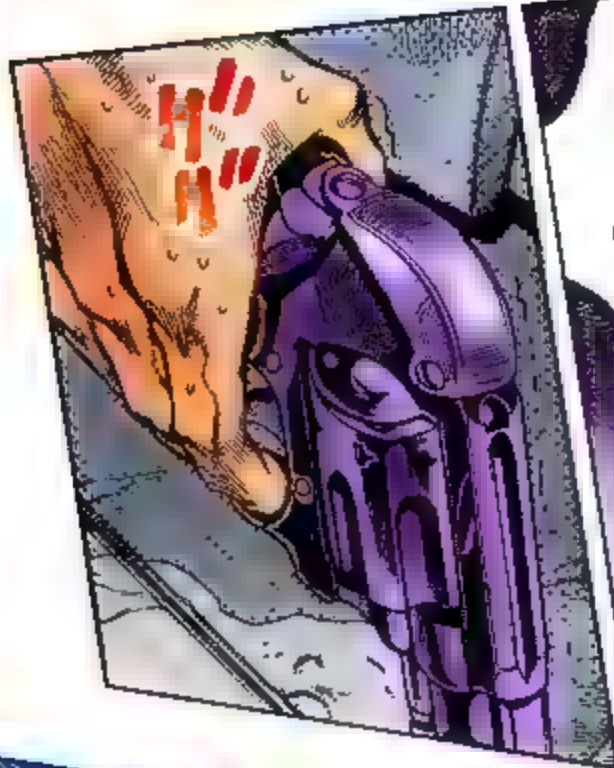


NO 5!  
NO. 6! GATHER  
'ROUND!  
GET ON THIS  
ONE BULLET!

THERE'S  
ONLY ONE  
SHOT LEFT!

# SEXPISTOLS APPEAR! PART 6



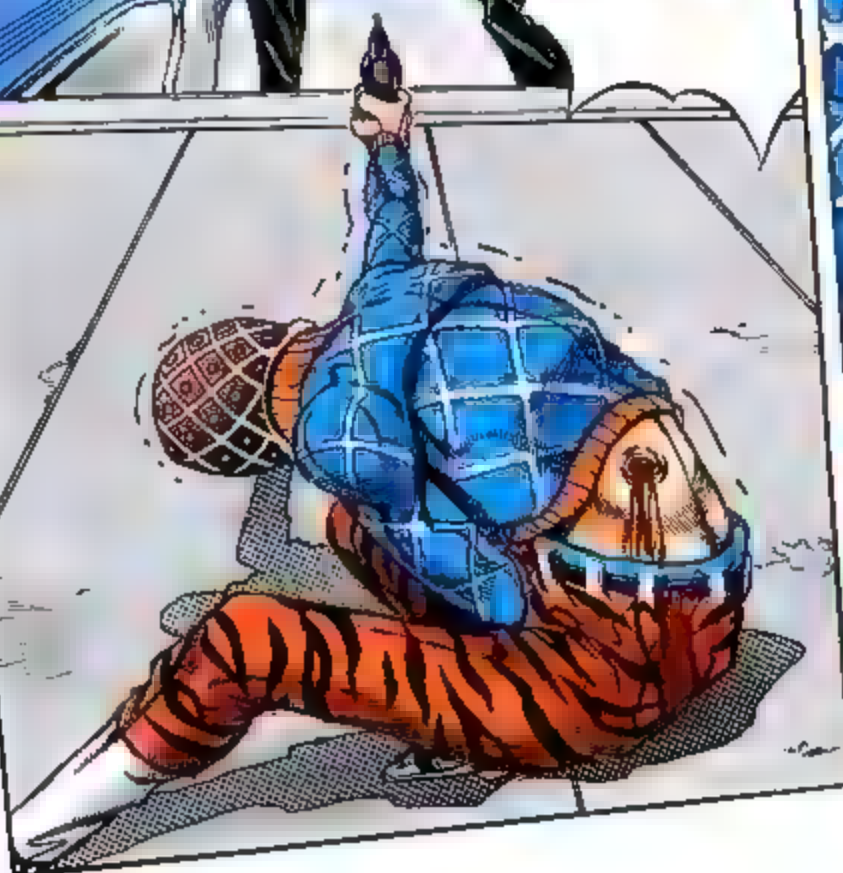


WE'VE ONLY  
GOT ONE SHOT AT  
THIS, SO WE'VE  
GOTTA MAKE IT  
COUNT! HEAD INTO  
HIS MOUTH!

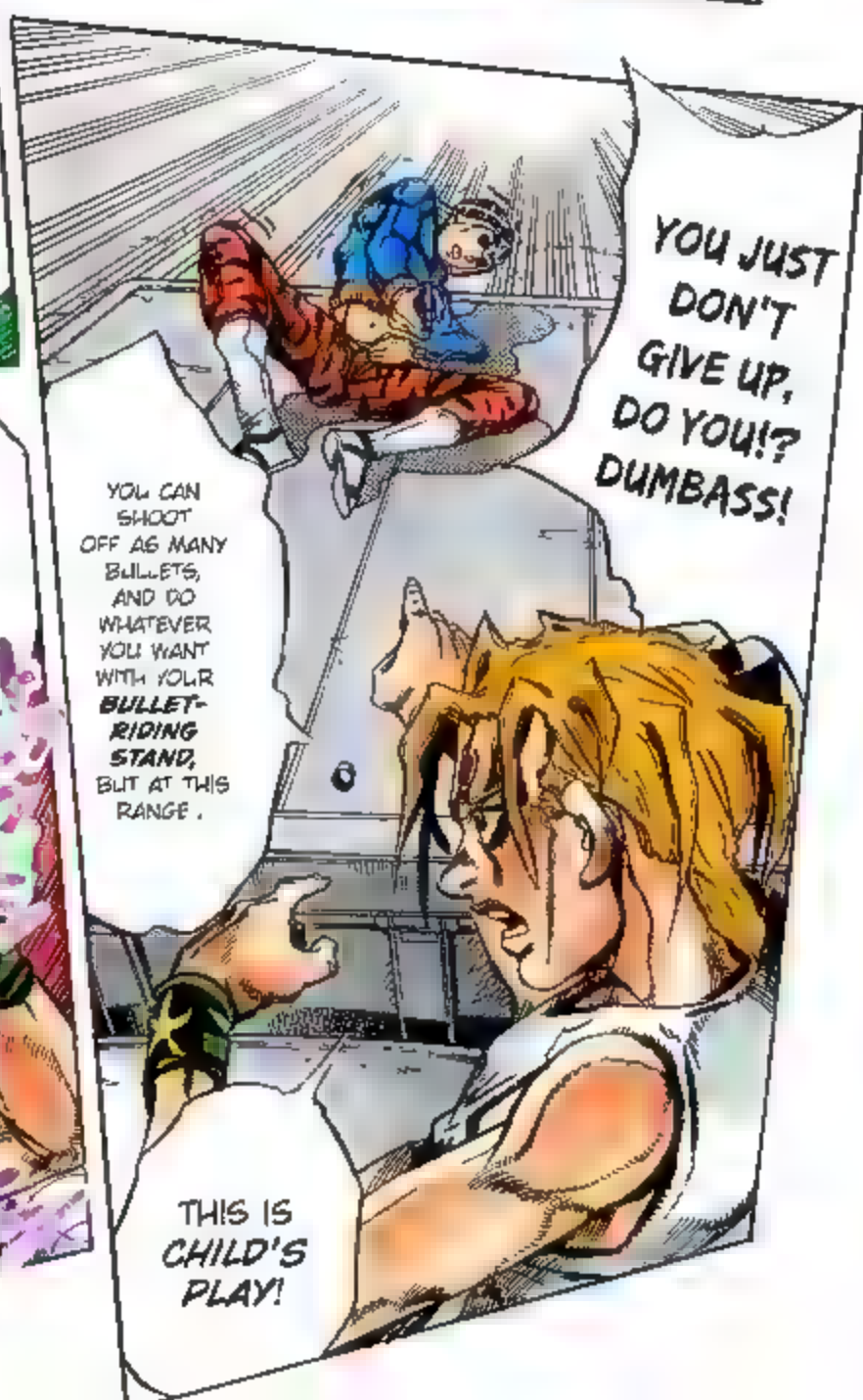
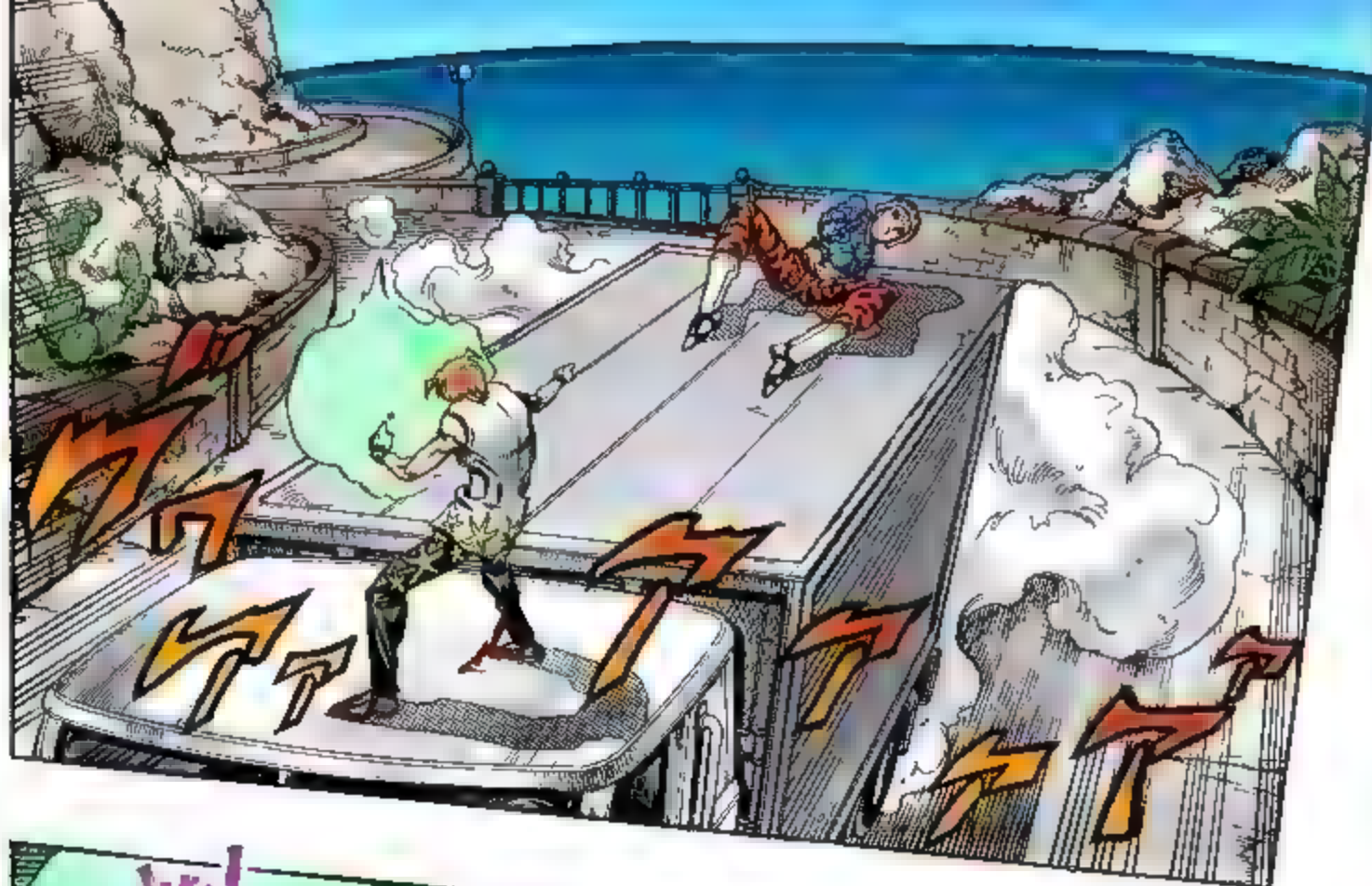
GOTCHA!

OUR  
TARGET IS  
THE INSIDE  
OF HIS MOUTH!

STAY  
RIGHT  
THERE,  
MISTA!











WOULD  
YOU  
BELIEVE  
ME?

IF I  
ADMITTED  
THAT I'VE  
ONLY GOT  
ONE SHOT  
LEFT IN THE  
CYLINDER,

YOU'D FIND OUT  
SOONER OR LATER, SO  
I FIGURED I MIGHT  
AS WELL TELL YOU  
RIGHT NOW. IF I MISS  
THIS LAST SHOT,  
YOU'D REALIZE,  
"YOU'RE ALL  
OUTTA BULLETS  
NOW, MISTA!"

.. IF I SHOOT,  
AND YOU BLOCK IT,  
THEN THAT LAST ONE  
GOES DOWN THE  
SHITTER, TOO.

IT'S THE  
TRUTH.  
I'VE GOT  
ONE SHOT  
LEFT. .

YOU'RE  
NEVER  
GONNA  
BEAT ME!

ARE YOU STILL  
TALKING  
ABOUT THAT  
MEANINGLESS  
CRAP, MISTA...?

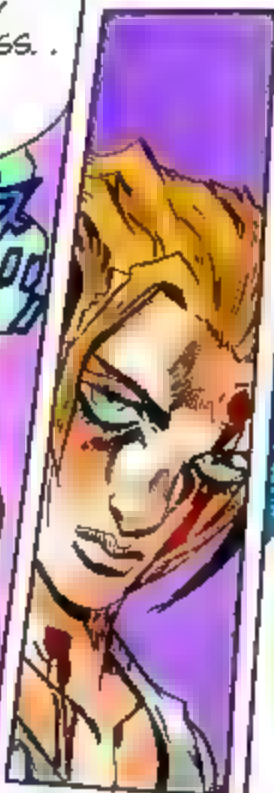
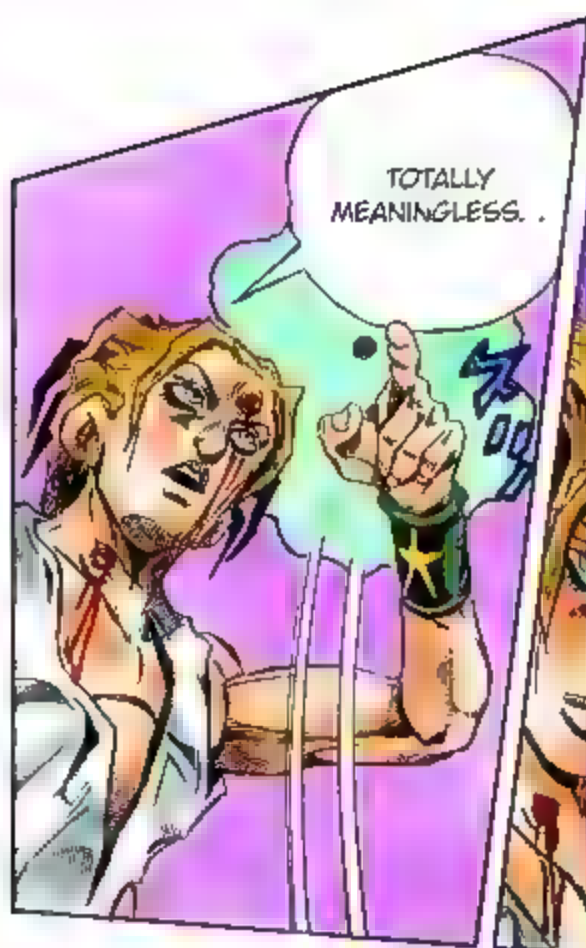
YOU CAN  
SHOOT ONCE,  
OR YOU CAN  
SHOOT 100 TIMES  
FOR ALL I CARE.

IS  
GOING  
RIGHT UP  
YOUR  
SORRY  
ASS!

BUT THAT TALK  
ABOUT MISSING  
IS JUST A  
HYPOTHETICAL...

'CAUSE  
THIS ONE  
SHOT...







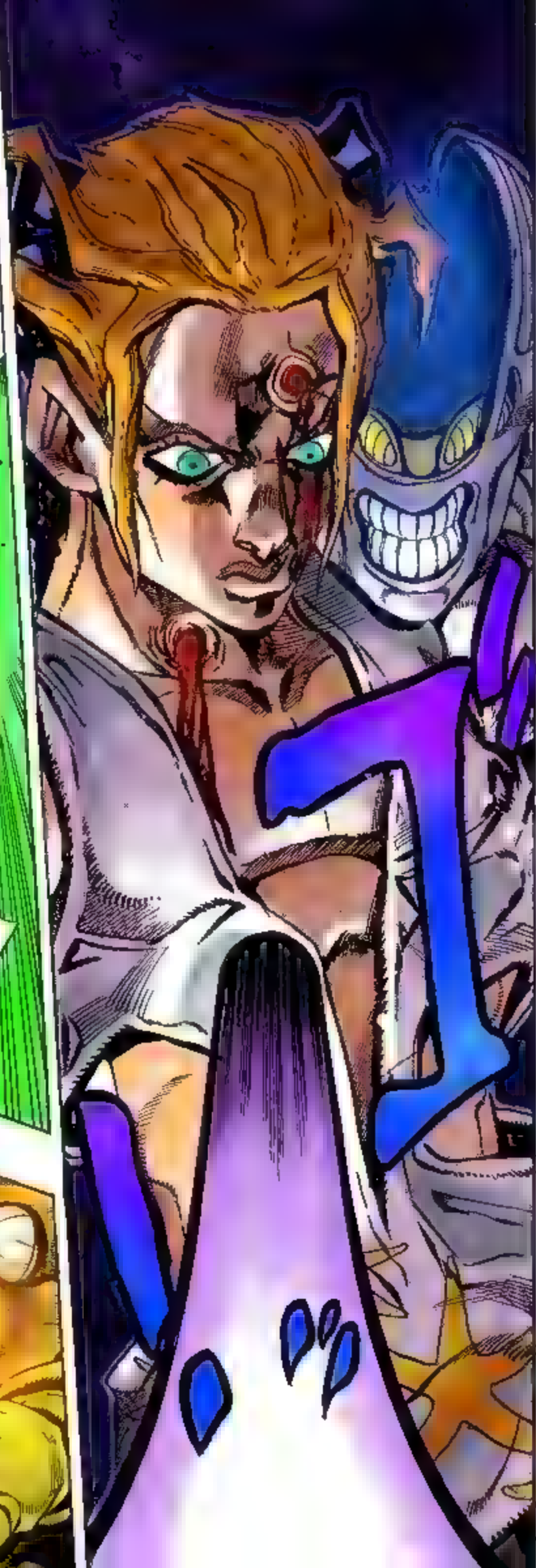
HOW CAN  
WE GET PAST IT  
AND INTO HIS  
MOUTH!?

HE BUSTED  
OUT HIS  
*STAND!*

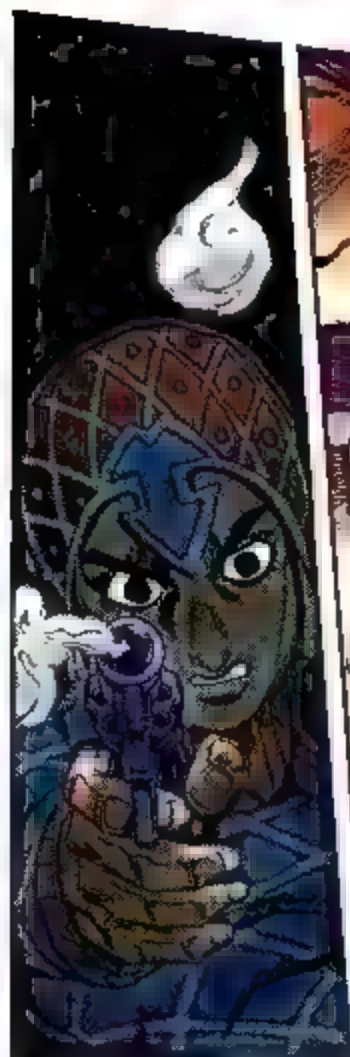
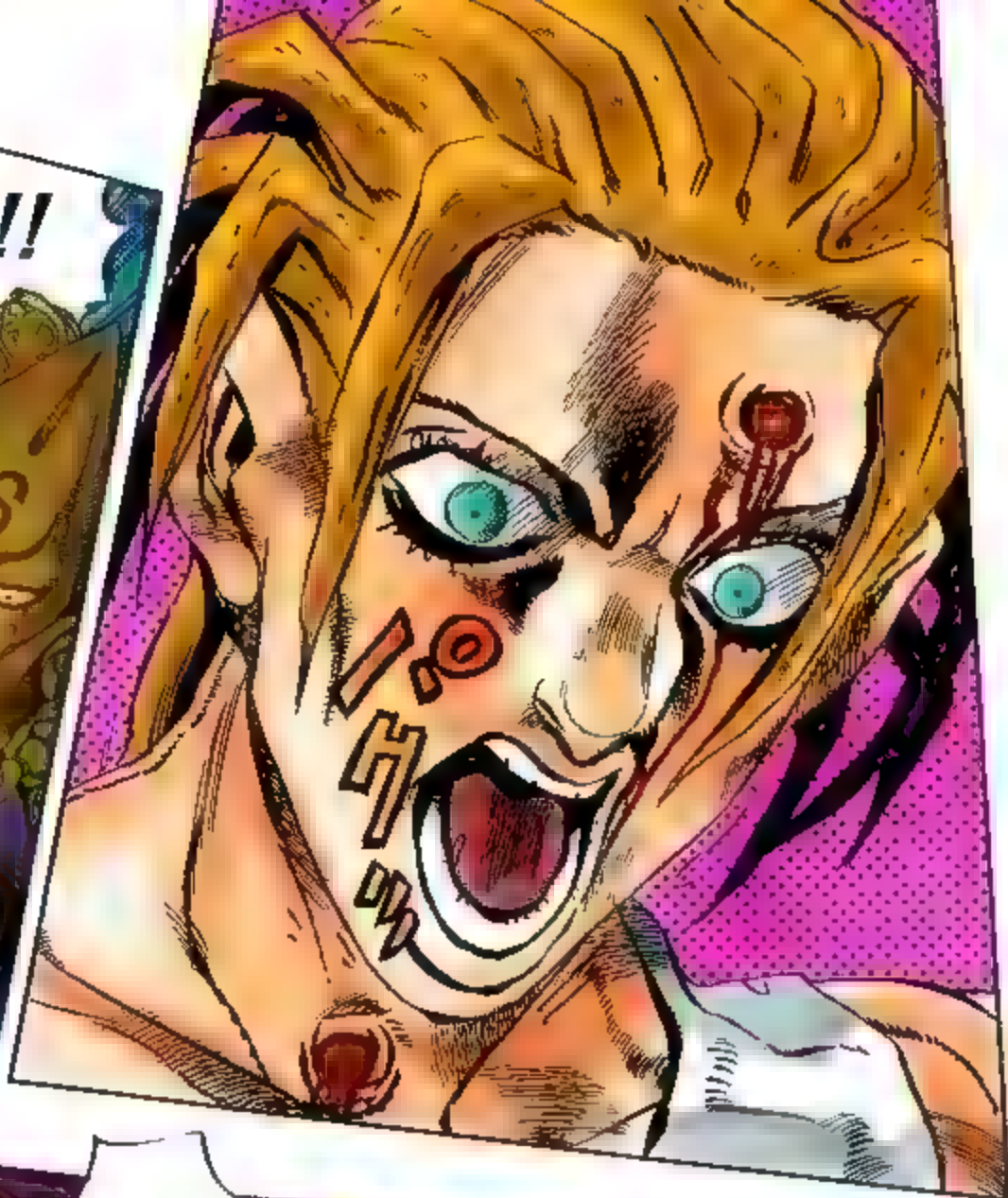
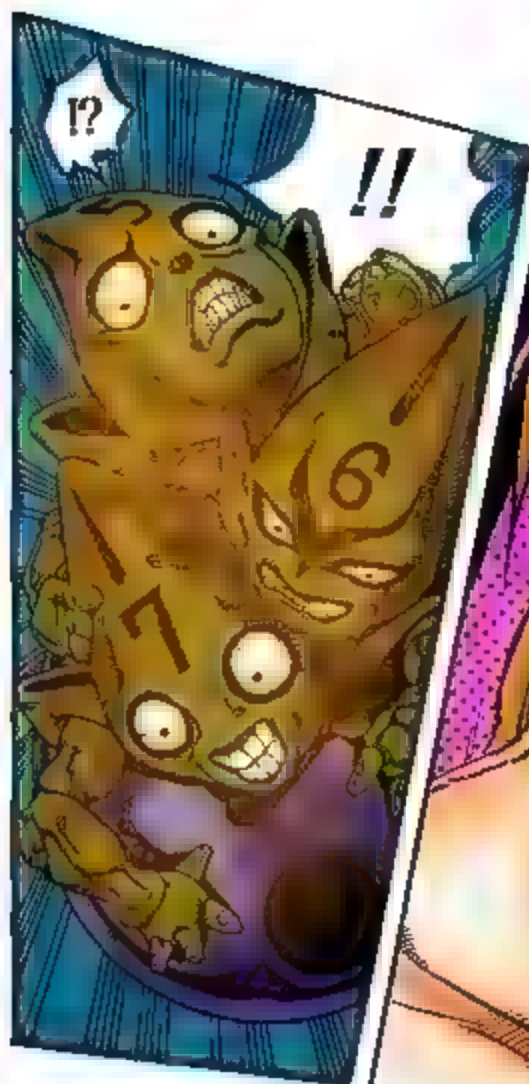


LEAVE IT  
TO ME!

PUT YOUR  
BACKS INTO  
IT, BOYS!  
HERE WE  
GOOOO!!







INSIDE  
MY MOUTH,  
RIGHT?

OR AM I  
WRONG?

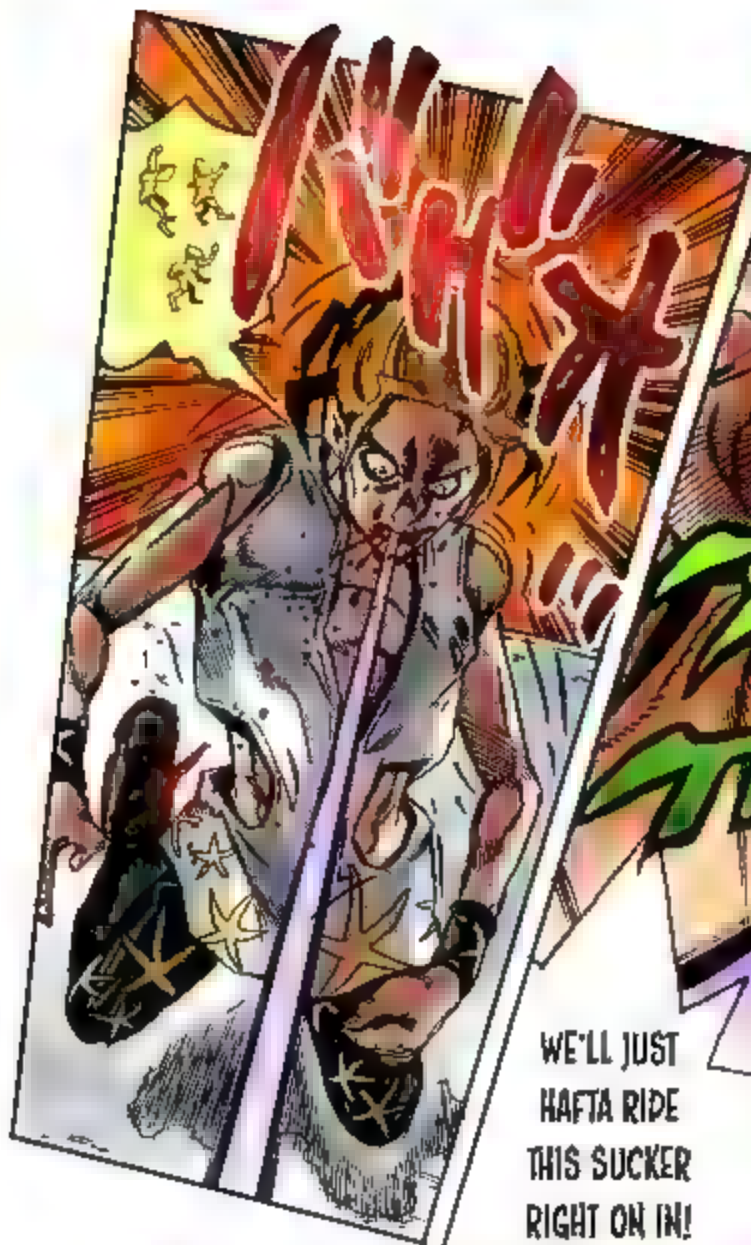
YOU'RE  
AIMING

HUH?!

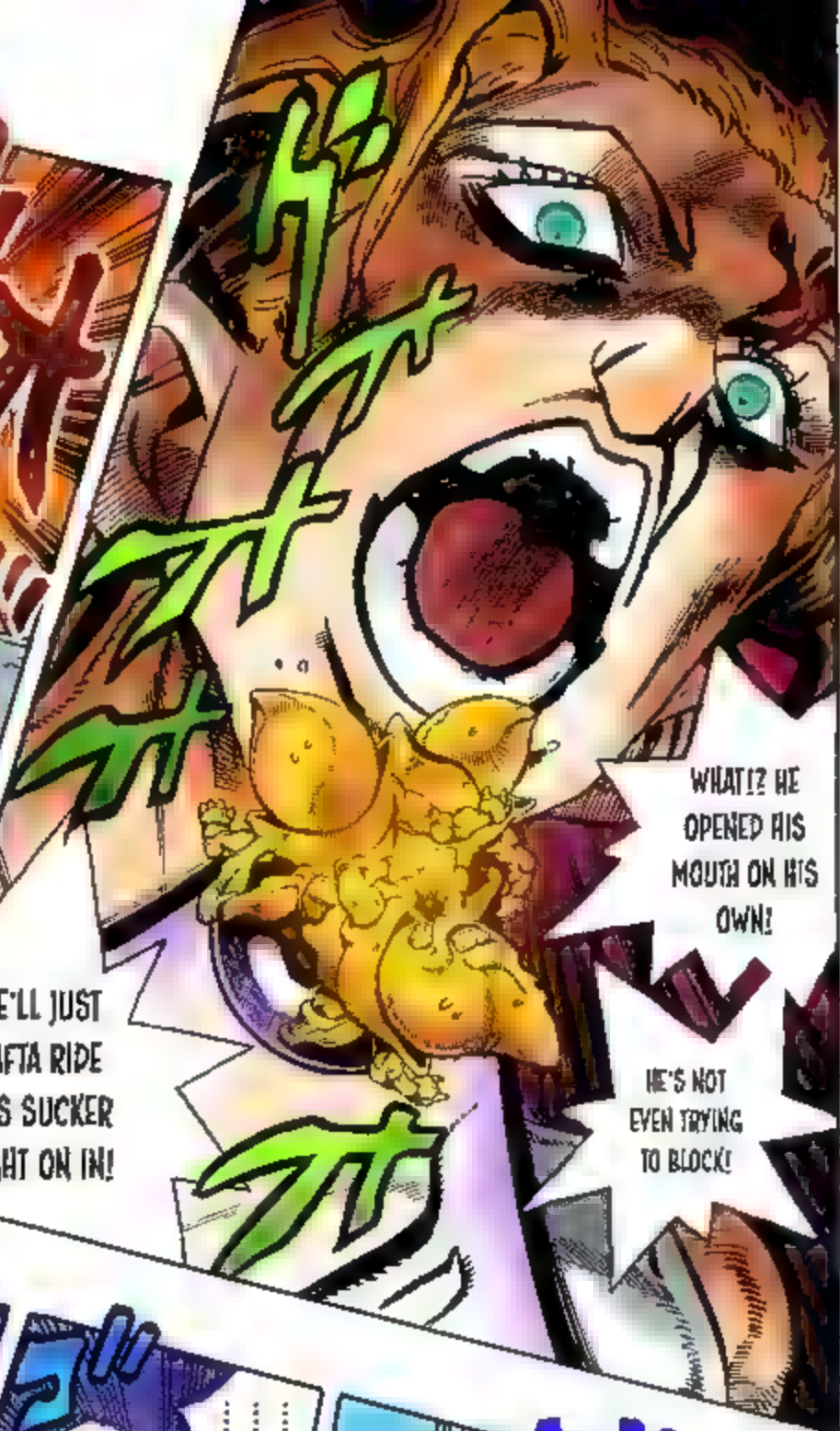
HUH?!

HUH?!



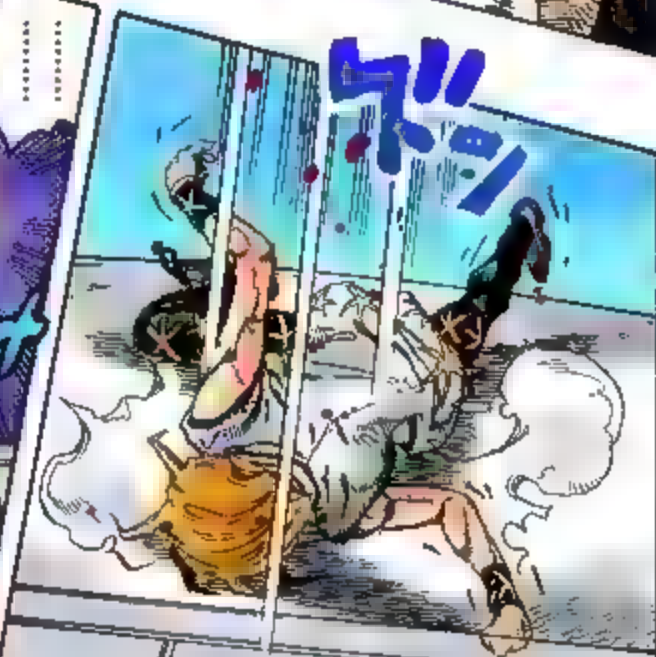


WE'LL JUST  
HAFTA RIDE  
THIS SUCKER  
RIGHT ON IN!

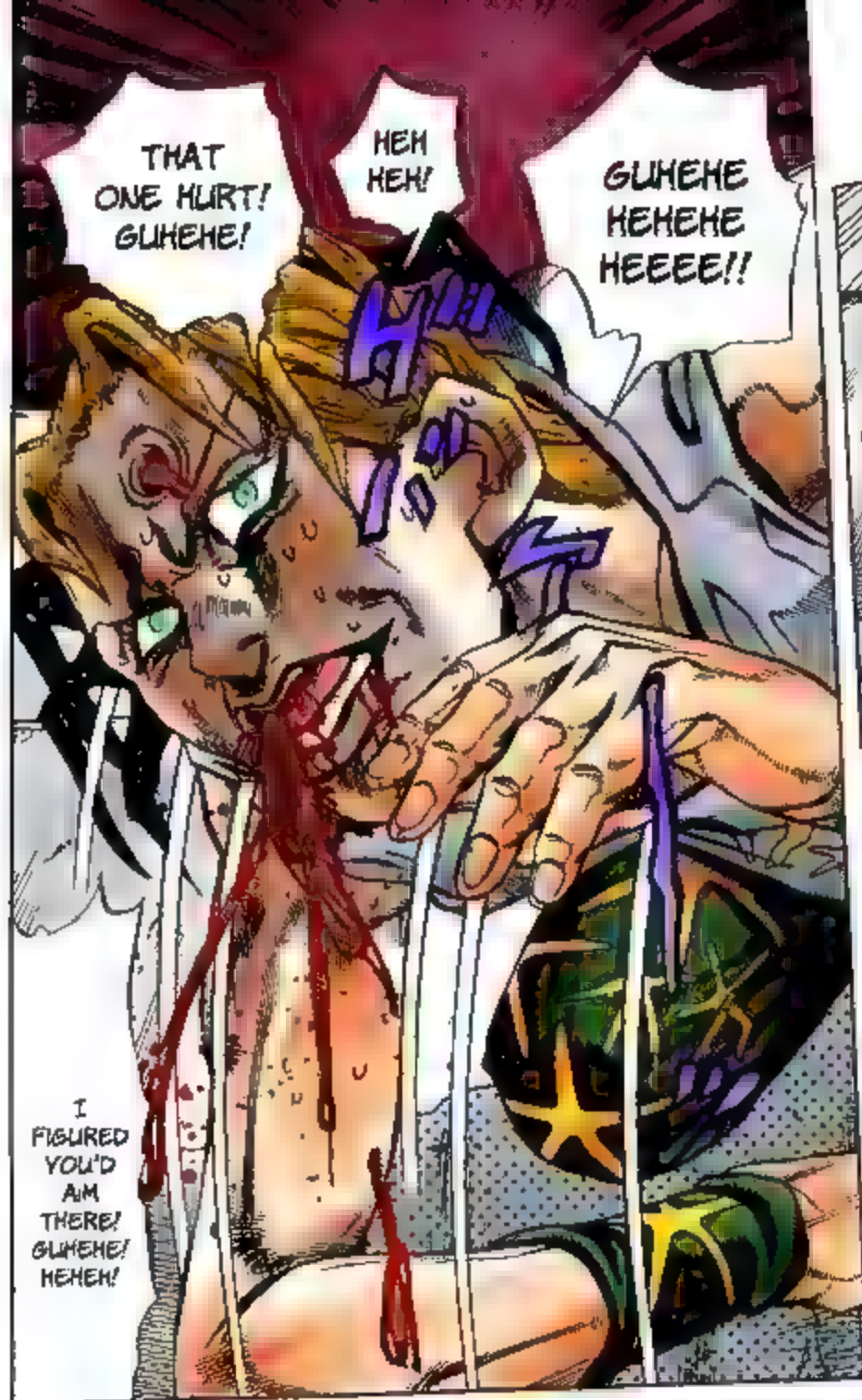


WHAT!? HE  
OPENED HIS  
MOUTH ON HIS  
OWN!

HE'S NOT  
EVEN TRYING  
TO BLOCK!





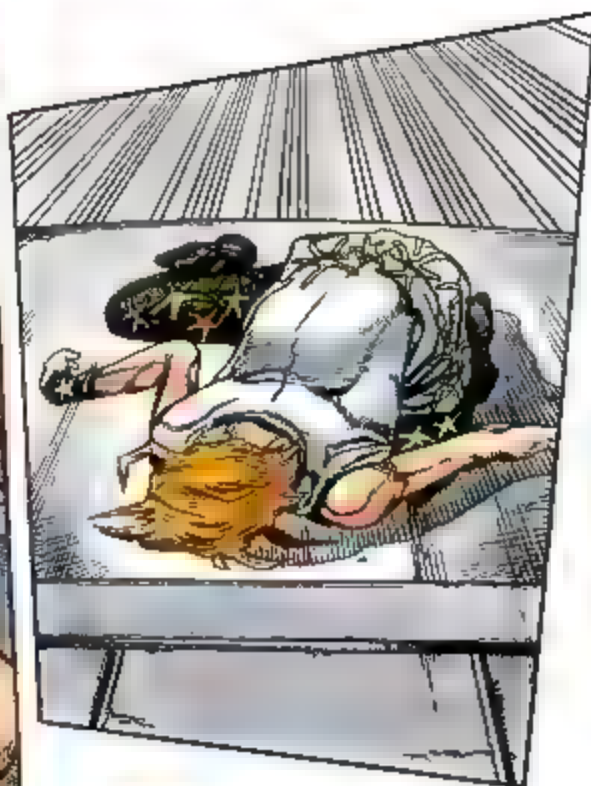


THAT  
ONE HURT!  
GLUHEHE!

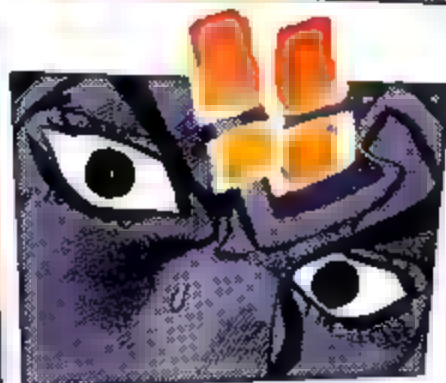
HEH  
HEH!

GLUHEHE  
HEHEHE  
HEEEEE!!

I  
FIGURED  
YOU'D  
AM  
THERE!  
GLUHEHE!  
HEHEH!



I KNEW  
IT.



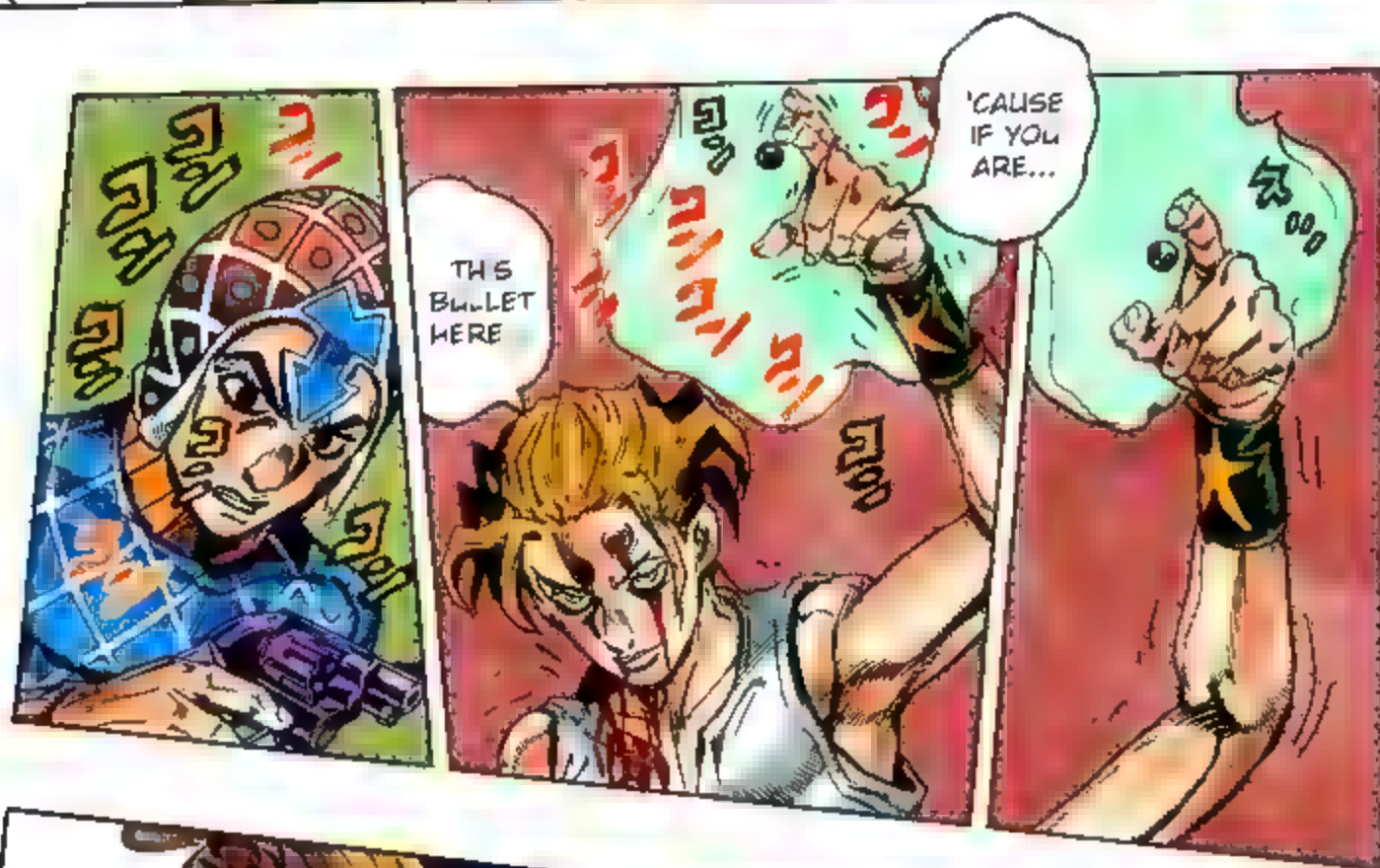
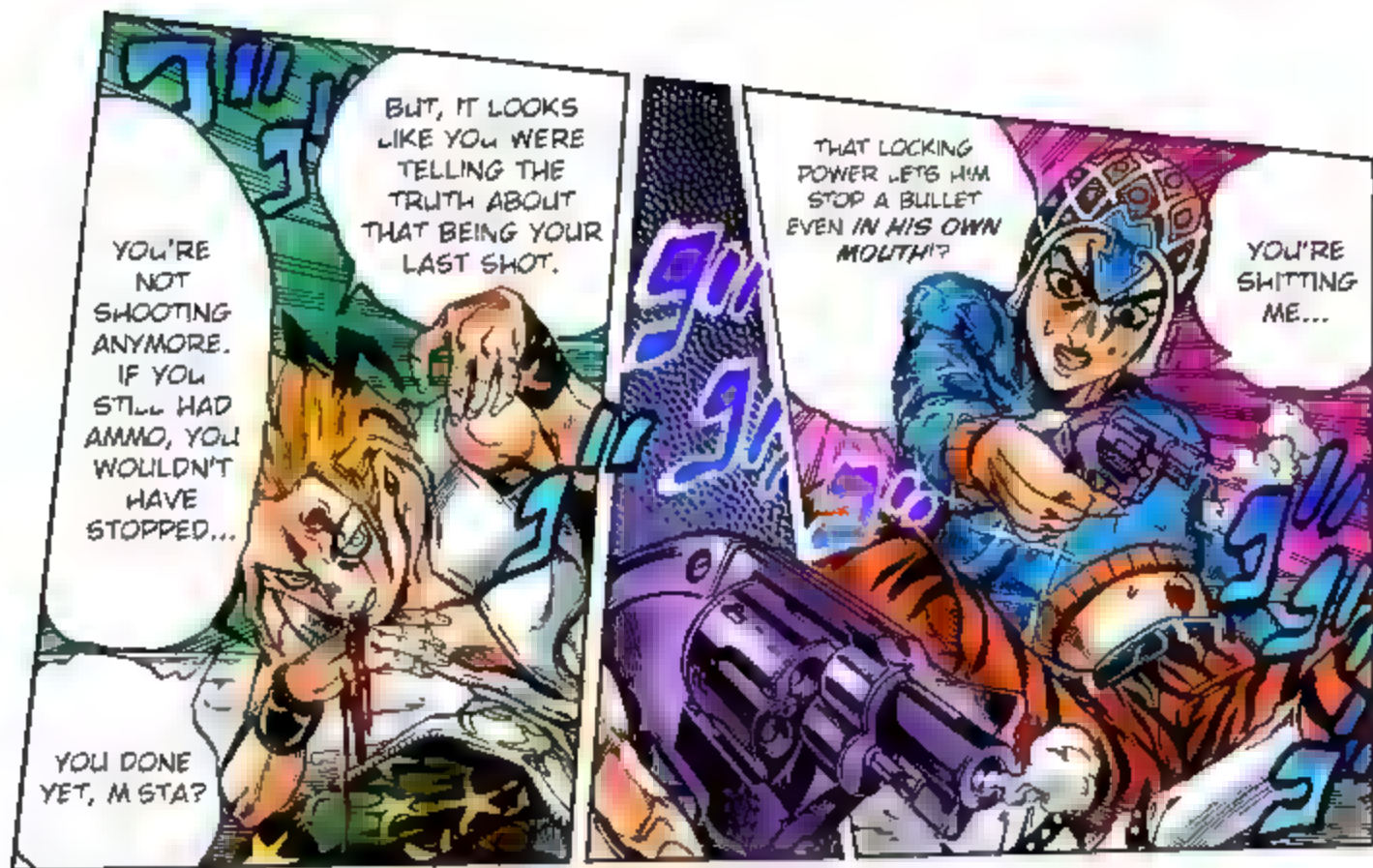
I DIDN'T WANNA  
BOTHER BLOCKING,  
SO I JUST OPENED  
MY MOUTH ON MY  
OWN, AND LET YOU  
INSIDE!

GLUHEHE!  
GLUHEHE!

NORMALLY,  
YOU MIGHT GUESS...  
GURGH-  
THAT I CAN'T  
LOCK ANYTHING  
INSIDE MY MOUTH!

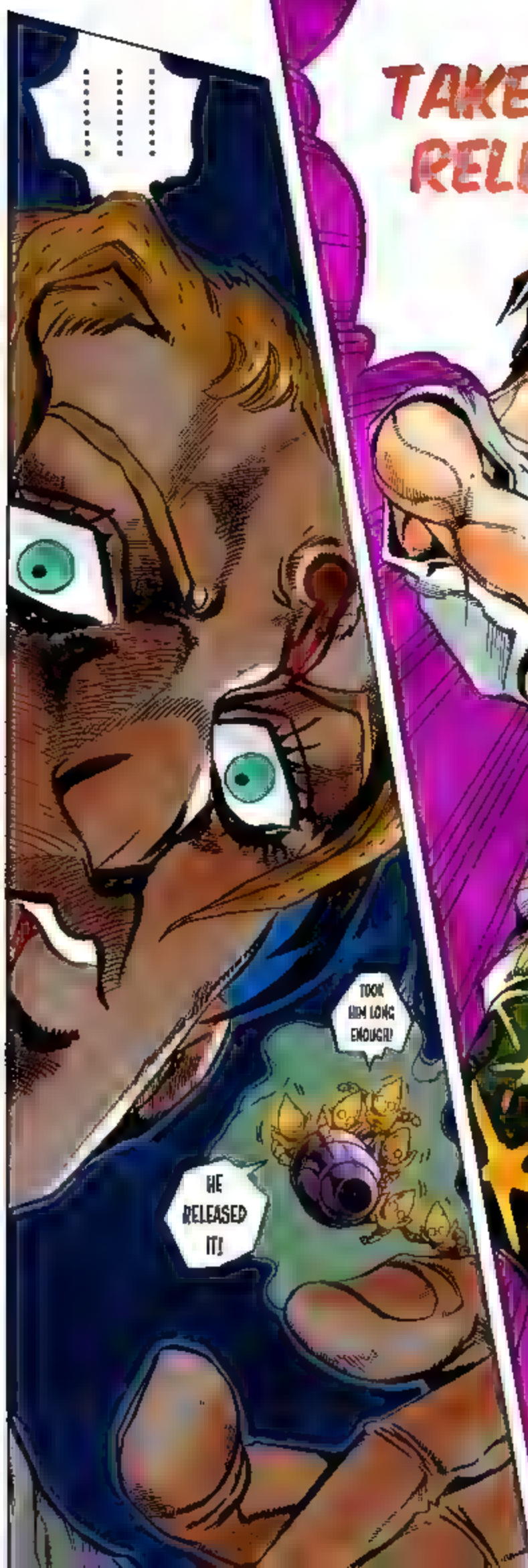
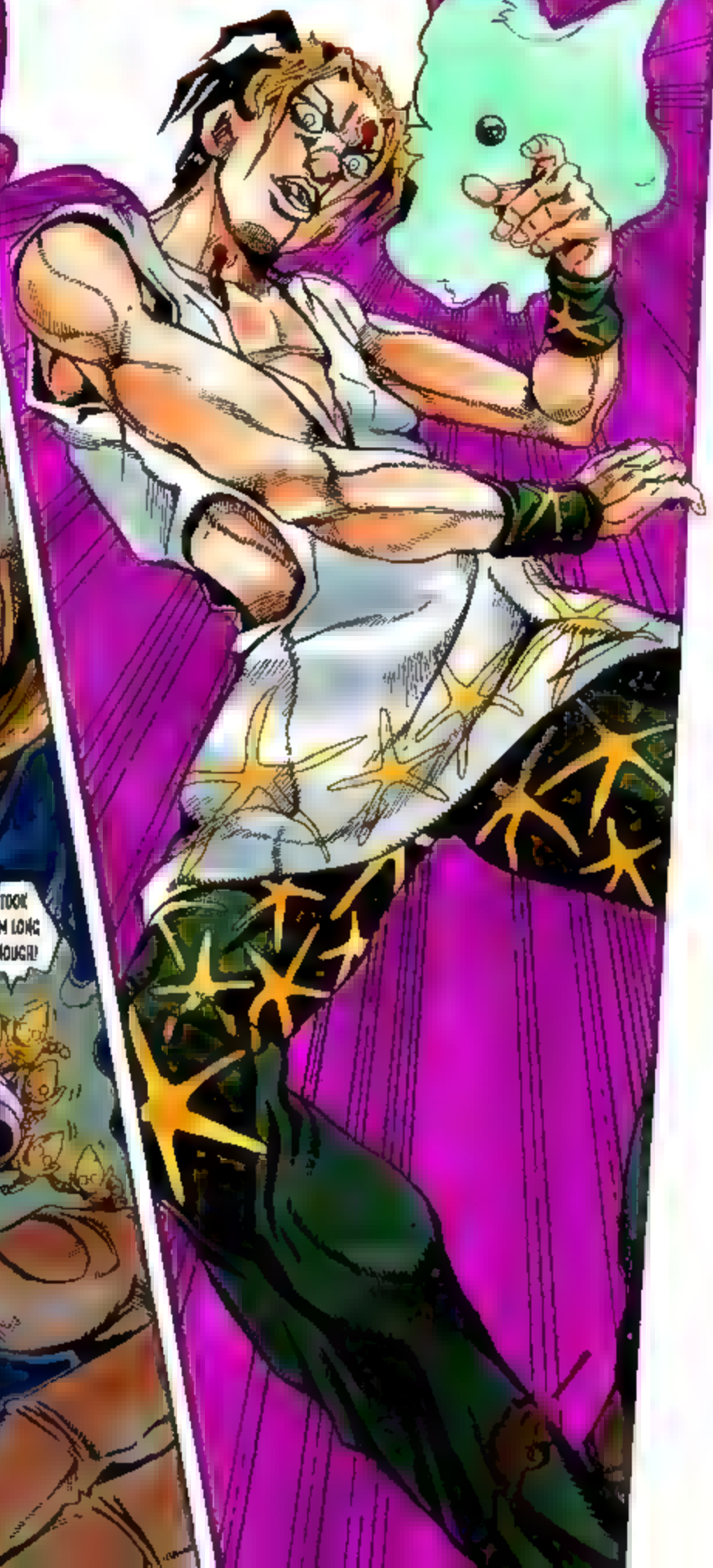
THIS SHIT  
HURTS  
LIKE HELL,  
THOUGH!  
UERGH!  
GAACK!







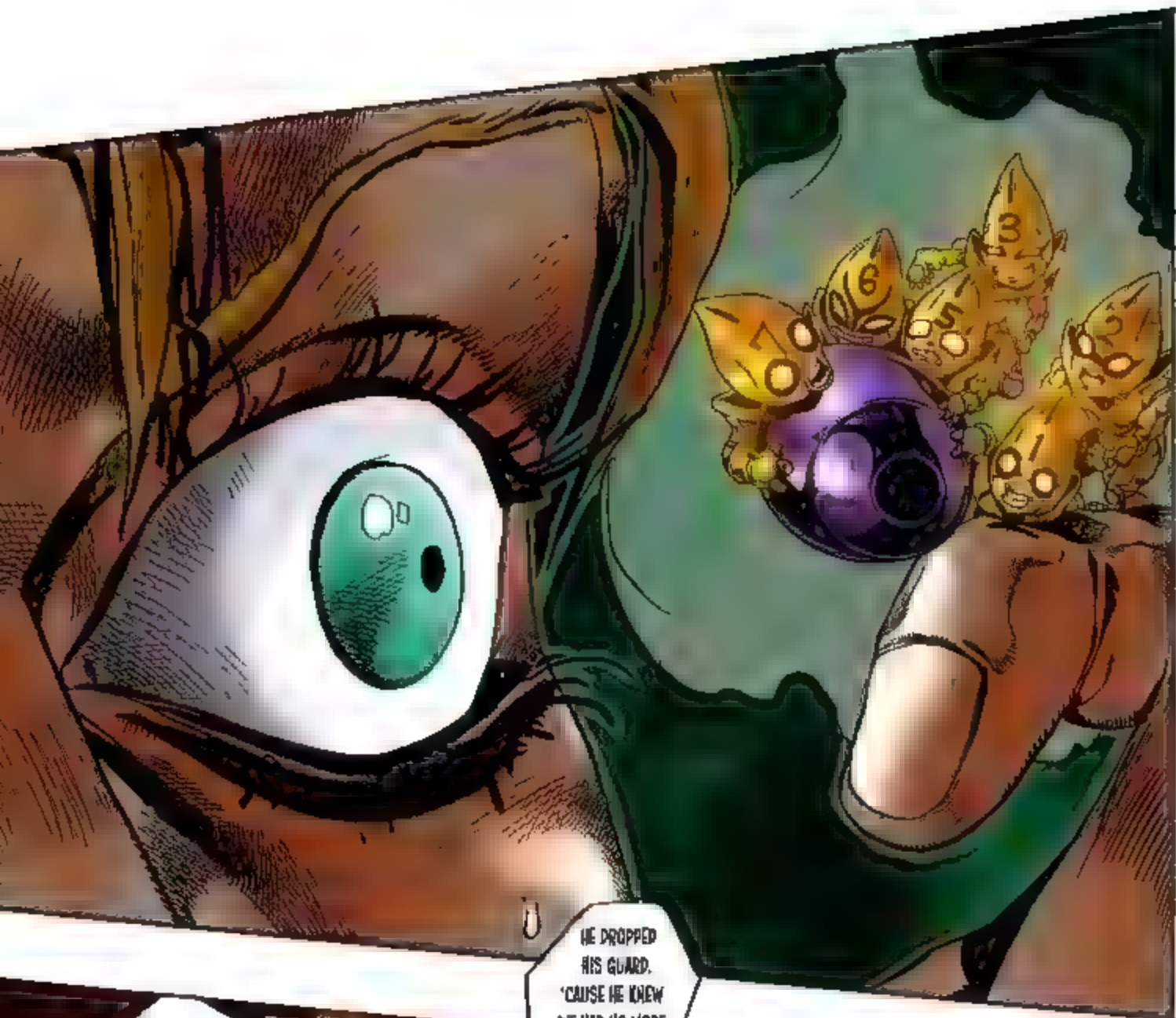
**TAKE THIS!  
RELEASE!**



TOOK  
HIM LONG  
ENOUGH!

HE  
RELEASED  
IT!

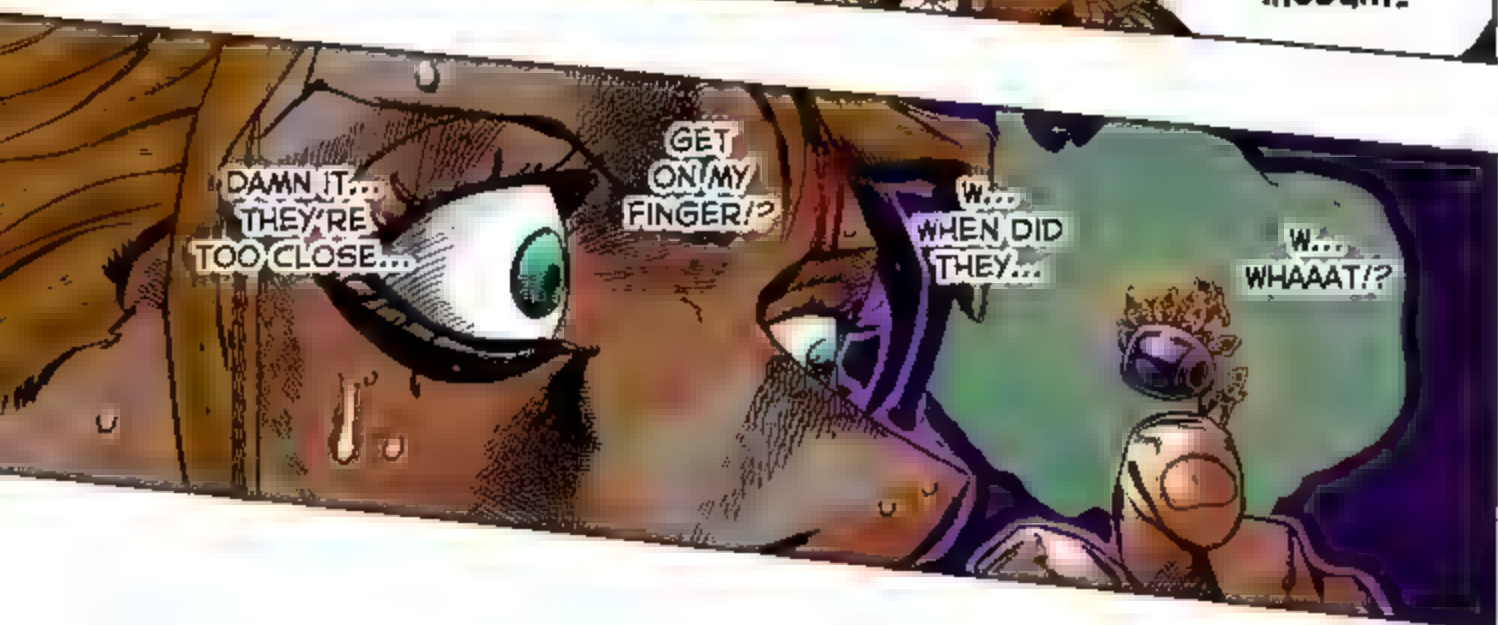




HE DROPPED  
HIS GUARD.  
'CAUSE HE KNEW  
WE HAD NO MORE  
SHOTS!

WE WERE TRYING  
TO GET CLOSER!  
THAT'D MAKE IT EASIER  
TO HIT OUR TARGET!

HE DROPPED  
HIS GUARD,  
JUST LIKE WE  
THOUGHT!



DAMN IT...  
THEY'RE  
TOO CLOSE...

GET  
ON MY  
FINGER!/?

W...  
WHEN DID  
THEY...

W...  
WHAAAT!/?





LINE  
'EM UP,  
BITCHES!  
IT'S GO  
TIME!

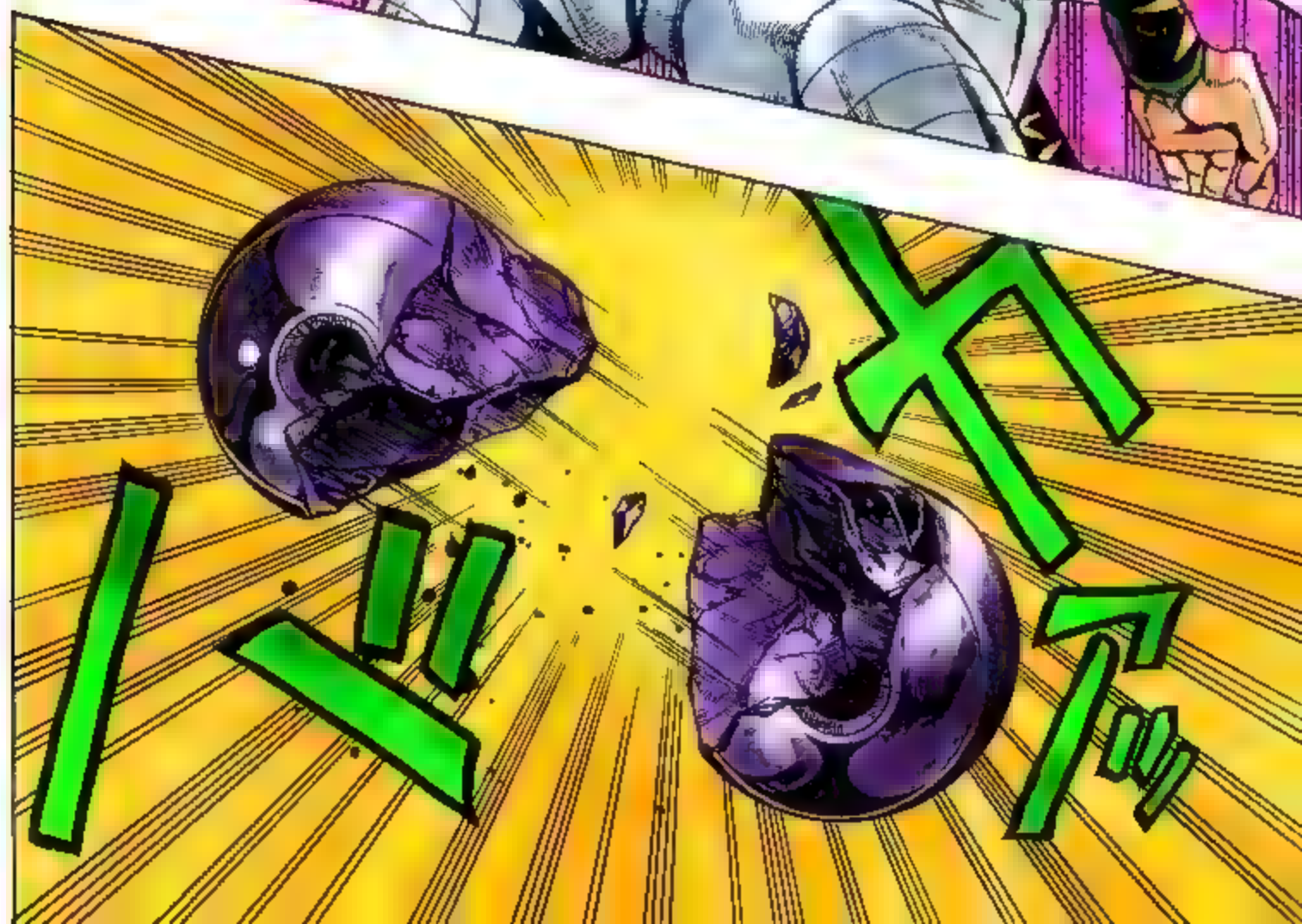




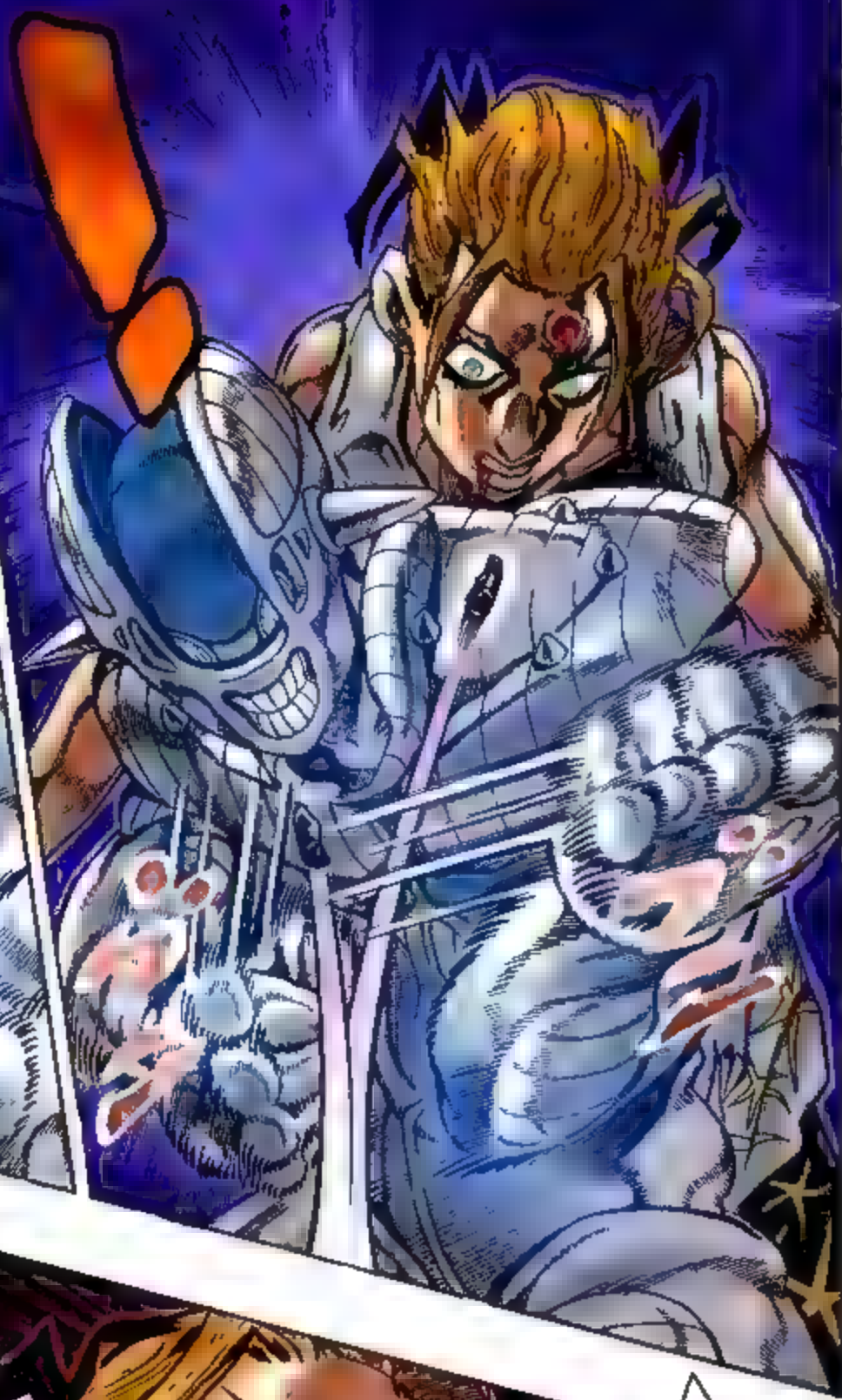




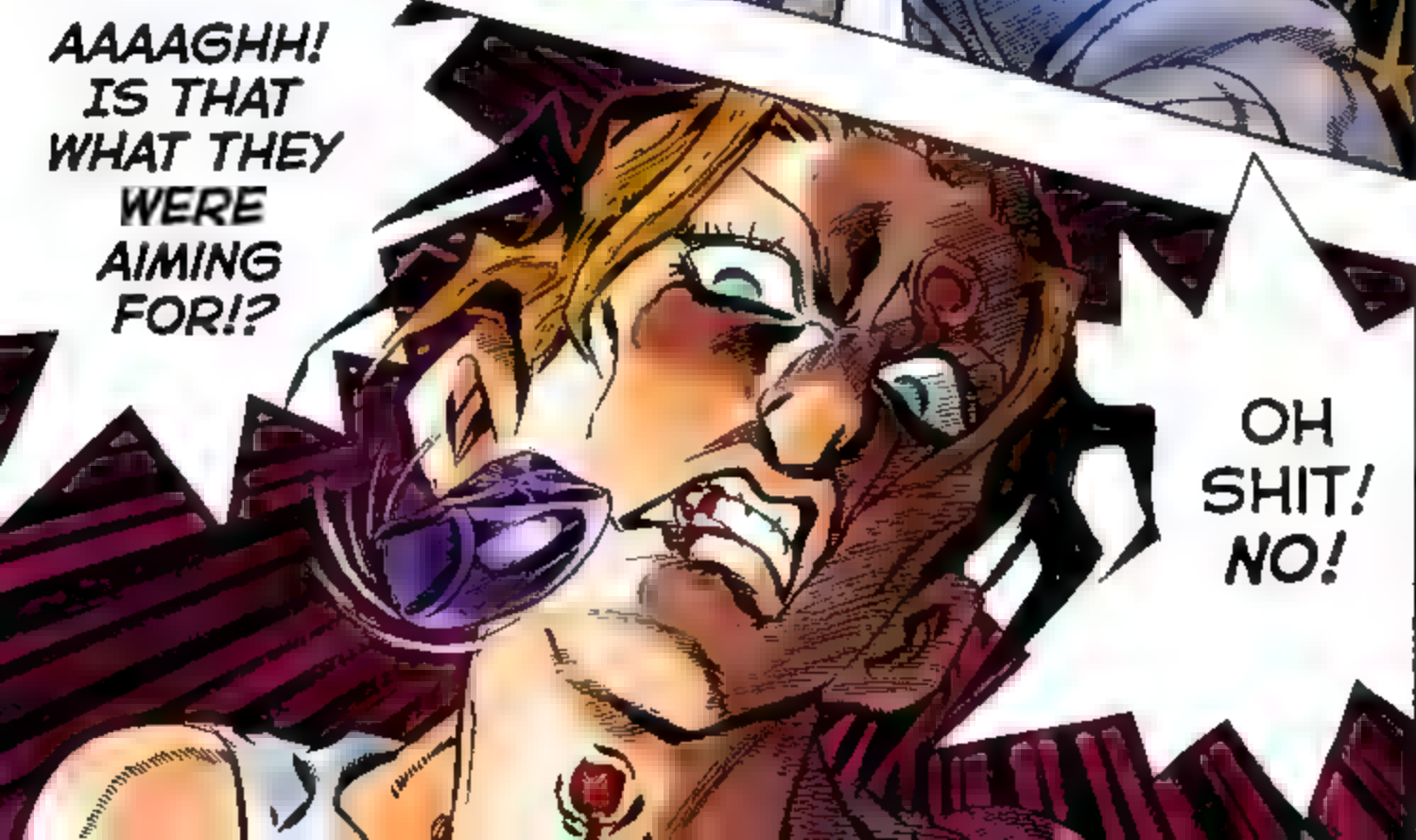
**BLOCK  
IT,  
KRAFT  
WORK!**







WHAT!?  
THE BULLET  
SPLIT IN  
HALF...

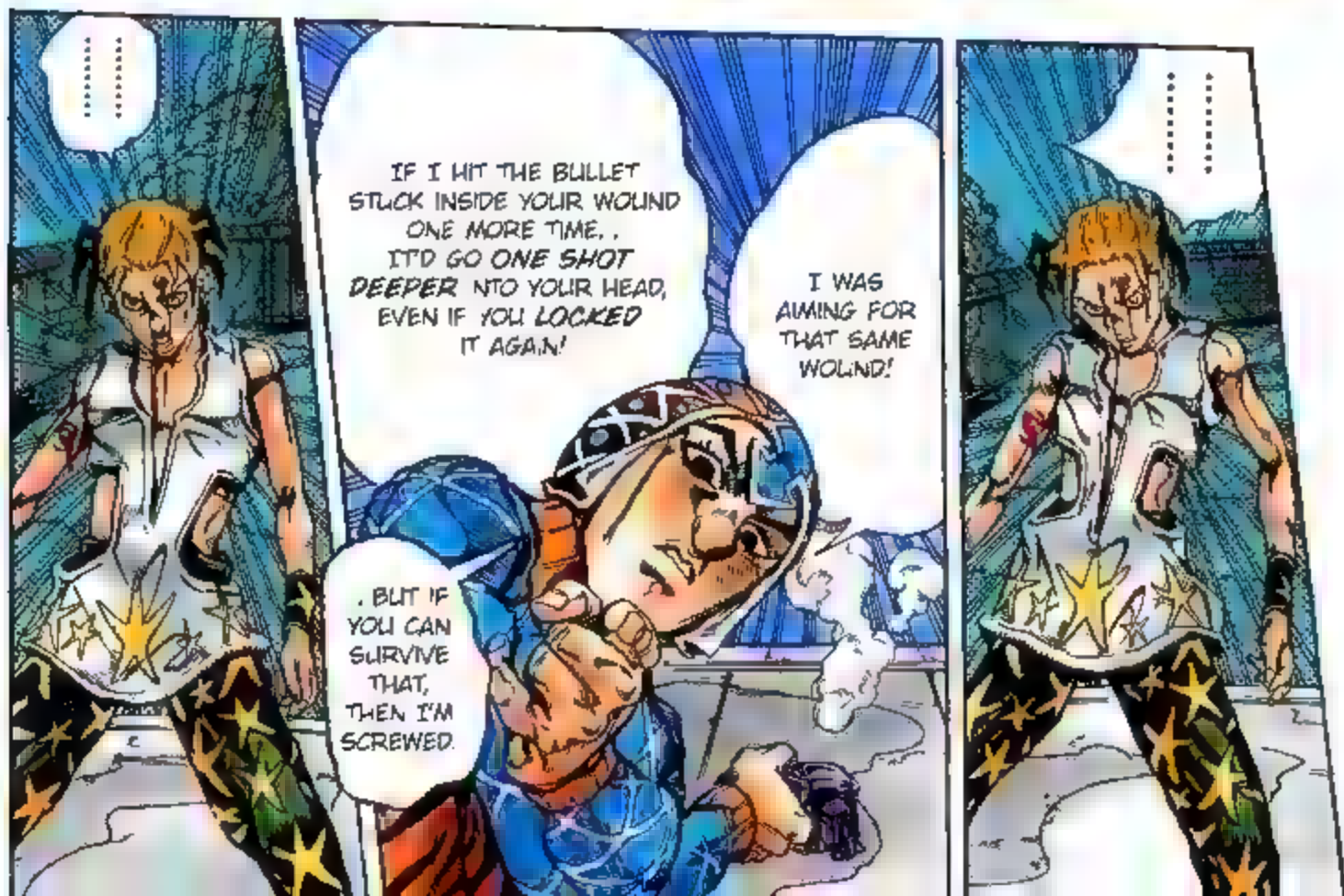
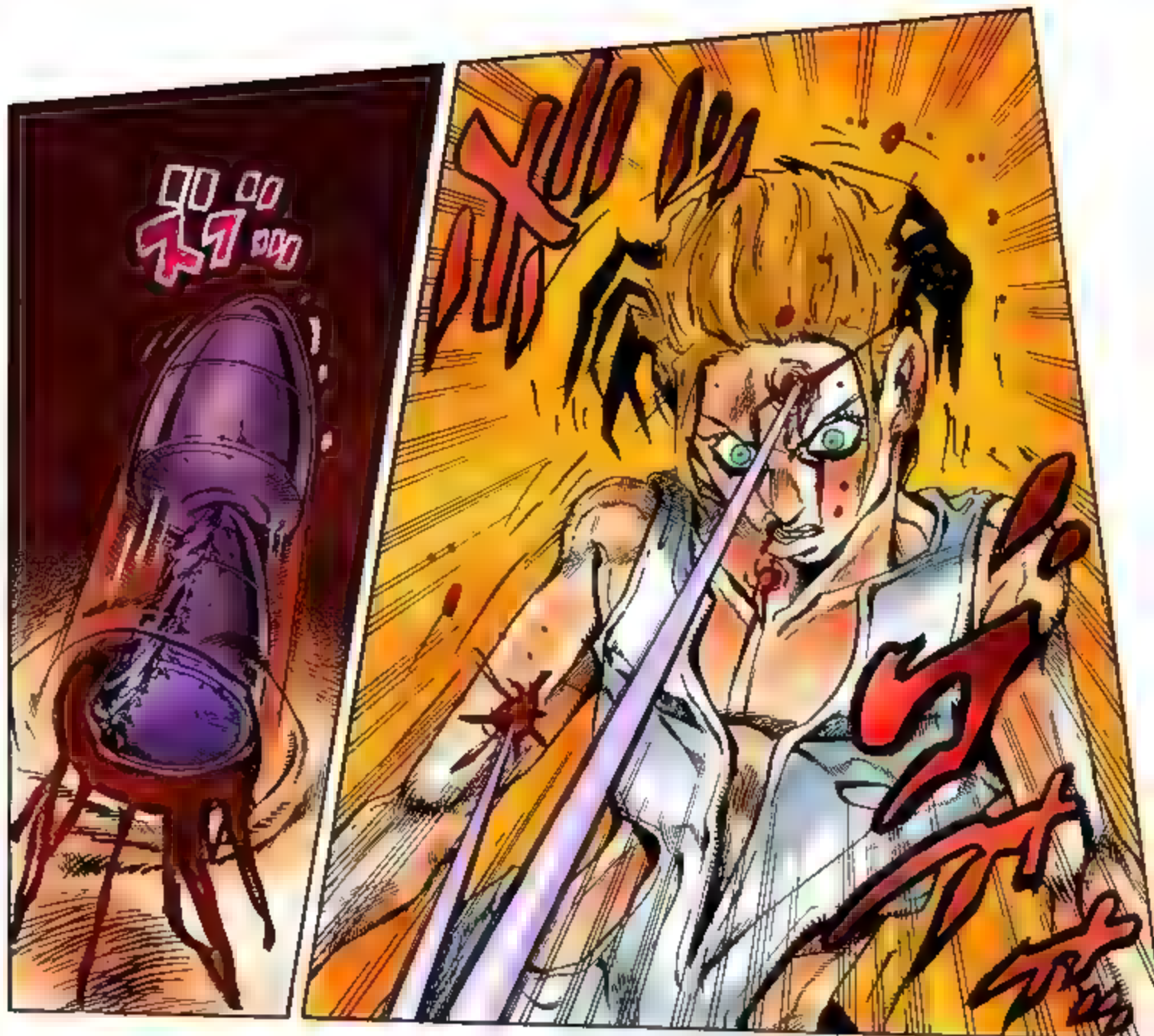


ONE MORE  
SHOT WON'T  
KILL ME, BUT  
DID THEY  
GET CLOSER  
TO... OH SHIT!  
THEY CAN'T  
BE AIMING  
THERE,  
CAN THEY!?

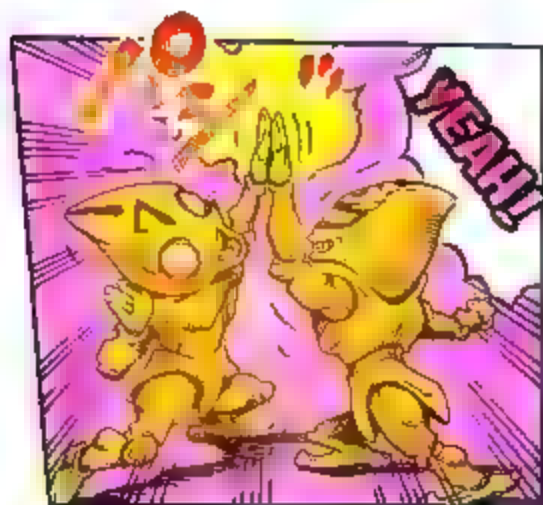
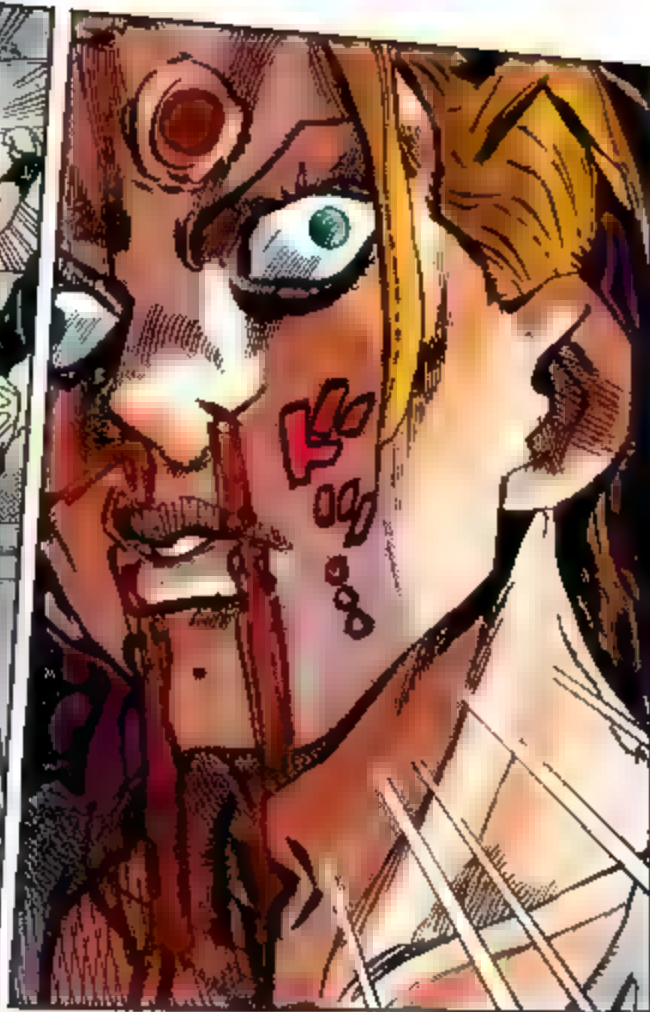
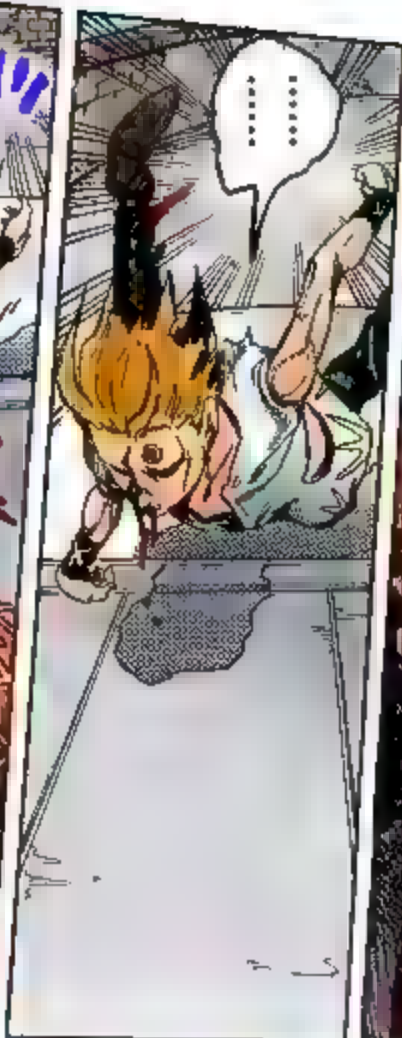
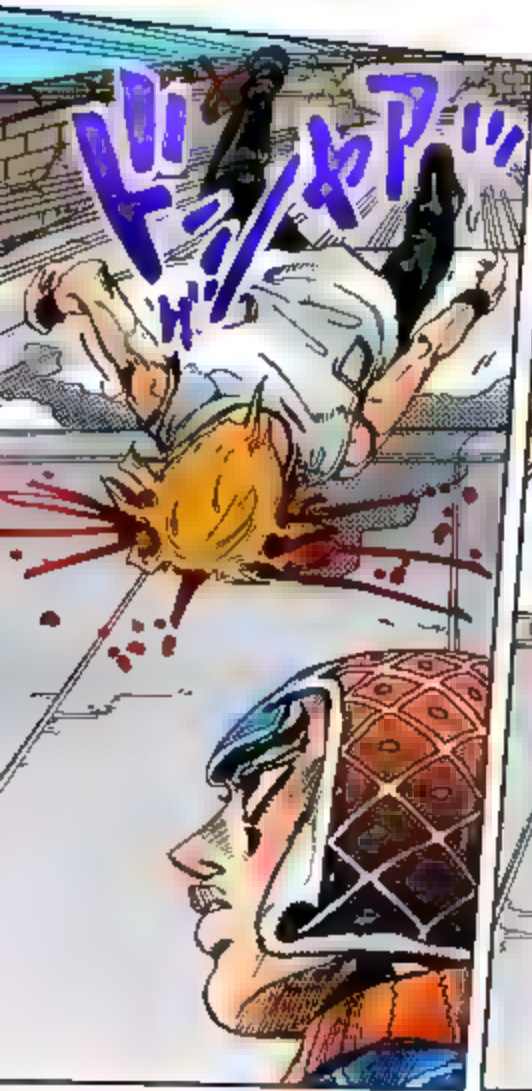
AAAAGHH!  
IS THAT  
WHAT THEY  
WERE  
AIMING  
FOR!?

OH  
SHIT!  
NO!

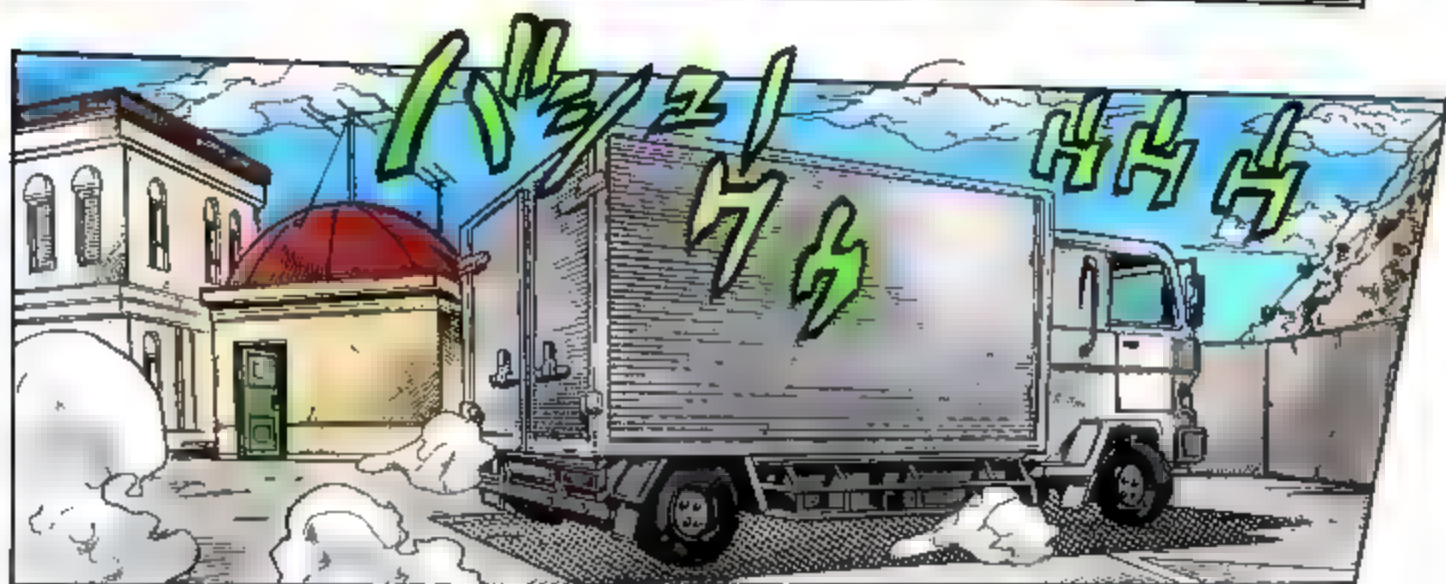
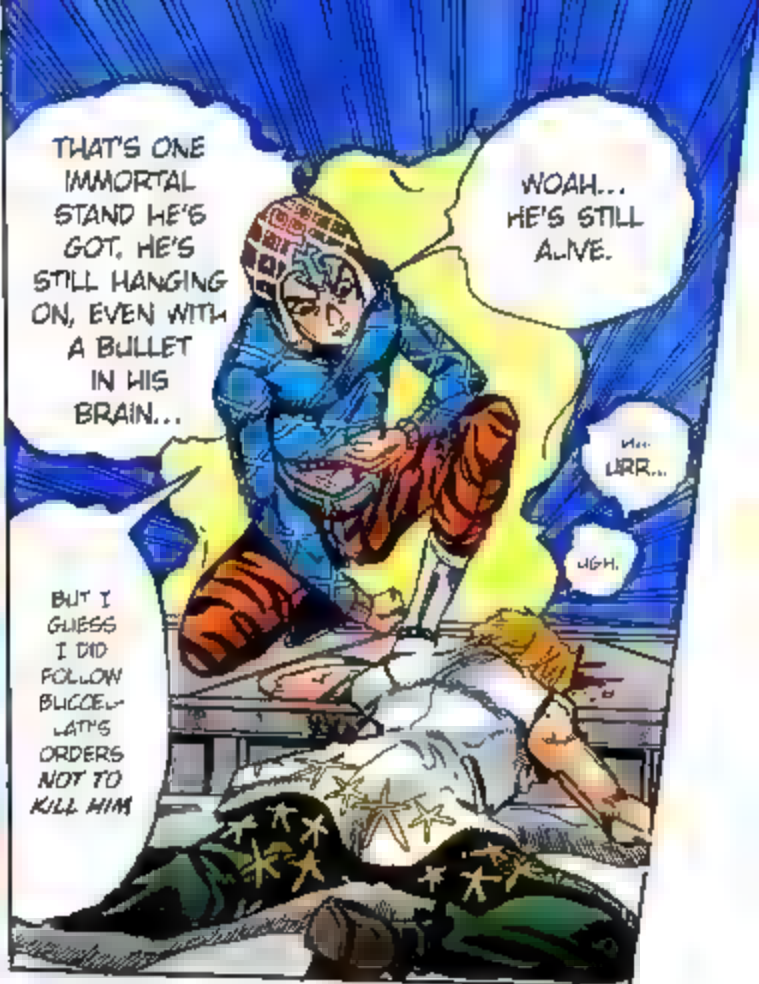




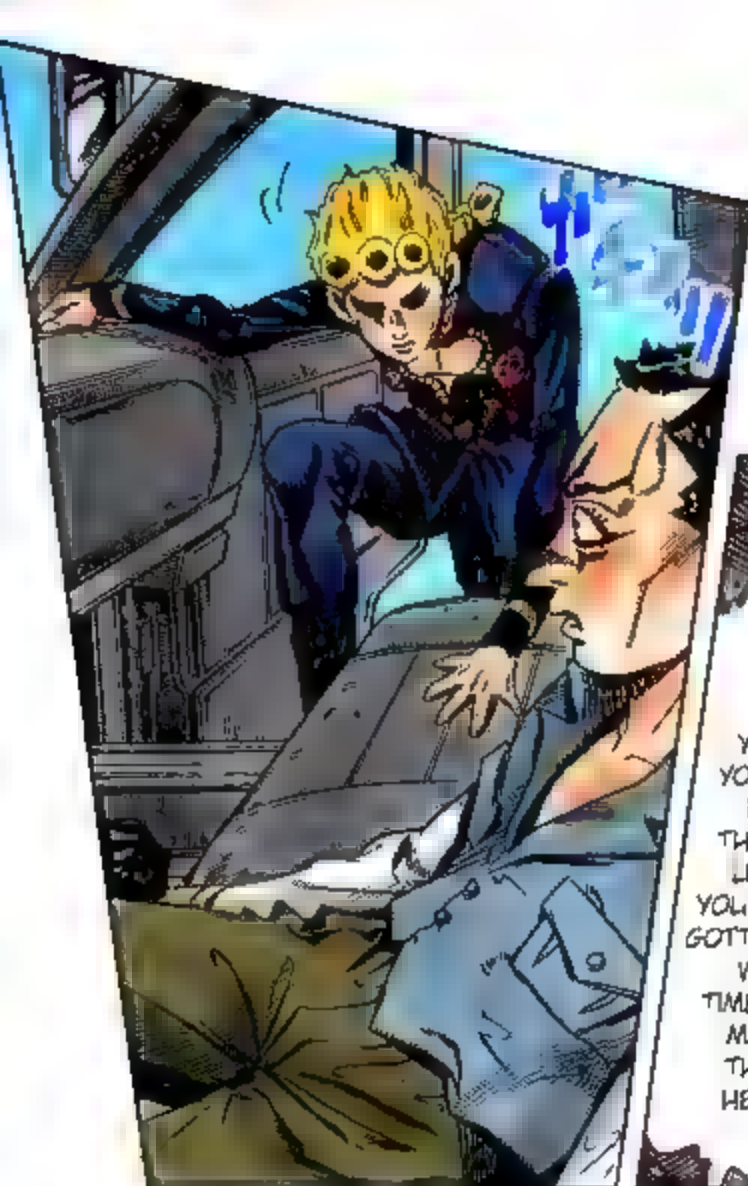




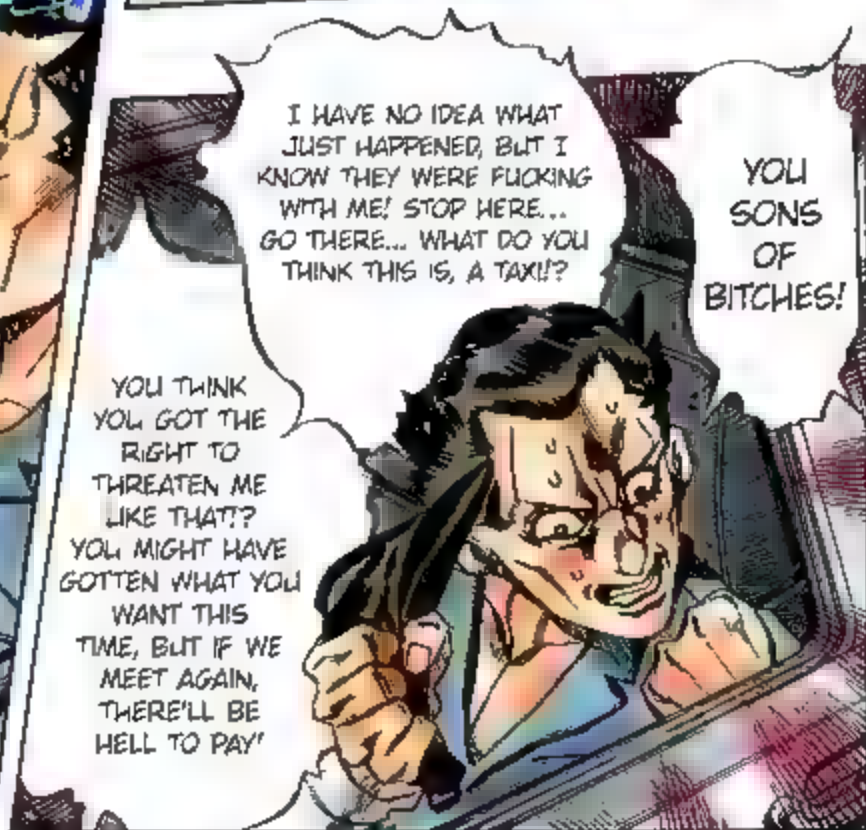








GAH!



I HAVE NO IDEA WHAT JUST HAPPENED, BUT I KNOW THEY WERE FUCKING WITH ME! STOP HERE... GO THERE... WHAT DO YOU THINK THIS IS, A TAXI?

YOU SONS OF BITCHES!

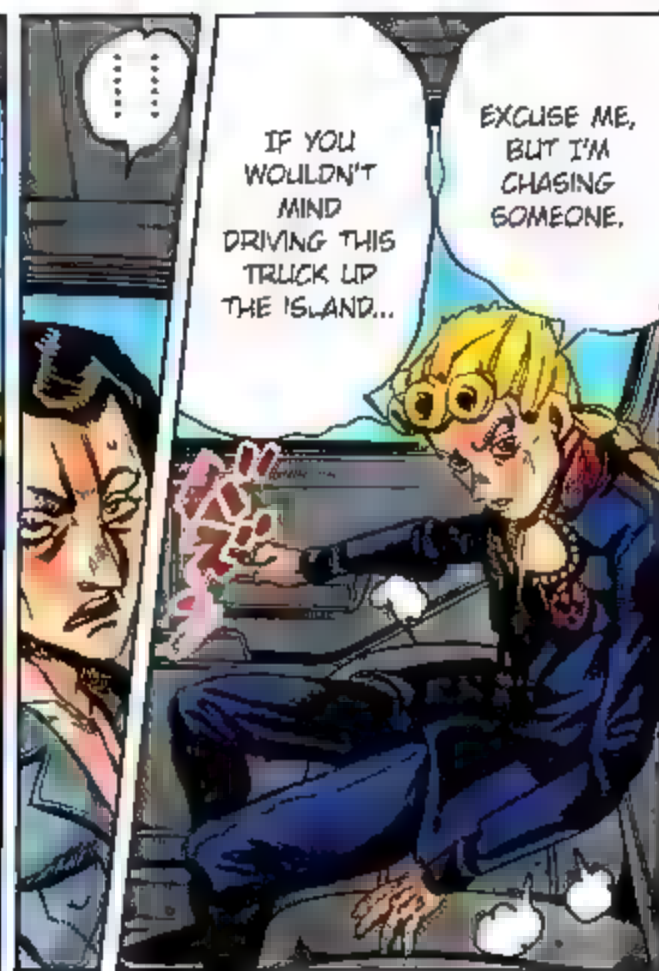
YOU THINK YOU GOT THE RIGHT TO THREATEN ME LIKE THAT? YOU MIGHT HAVE GOTTEN WHAT YOU WANT THIS TIME, BUT IF WE MEET AGAIN, THERE'LL BE HELL TO PAY!



O... OKAY.

**DON'T JUST SIT THERE! THIS IS VERY URGENT! EITHER YOU START DRIVING, OR I SHALL MAKE YOU DRIVE!**

To Be Continued.



IF YOU WOULDN'T MIND DRIVING THIS TRUCK UP THE ISLAND...

EXCUSE ME, BUT I'M CHASING SOMEONE.





# **THE HIDDEN 600-MILLION-YEN STASH**





MISTA.

I THINK  
YOU'LL  
HAVE TO  
GO TO A  
HOSPITAL,

THE BULLET  
PASSED  
THROUGH,  
BUT THE  
BLEEDING  
WON'T STOP.

COME  
ON...

FUGO,

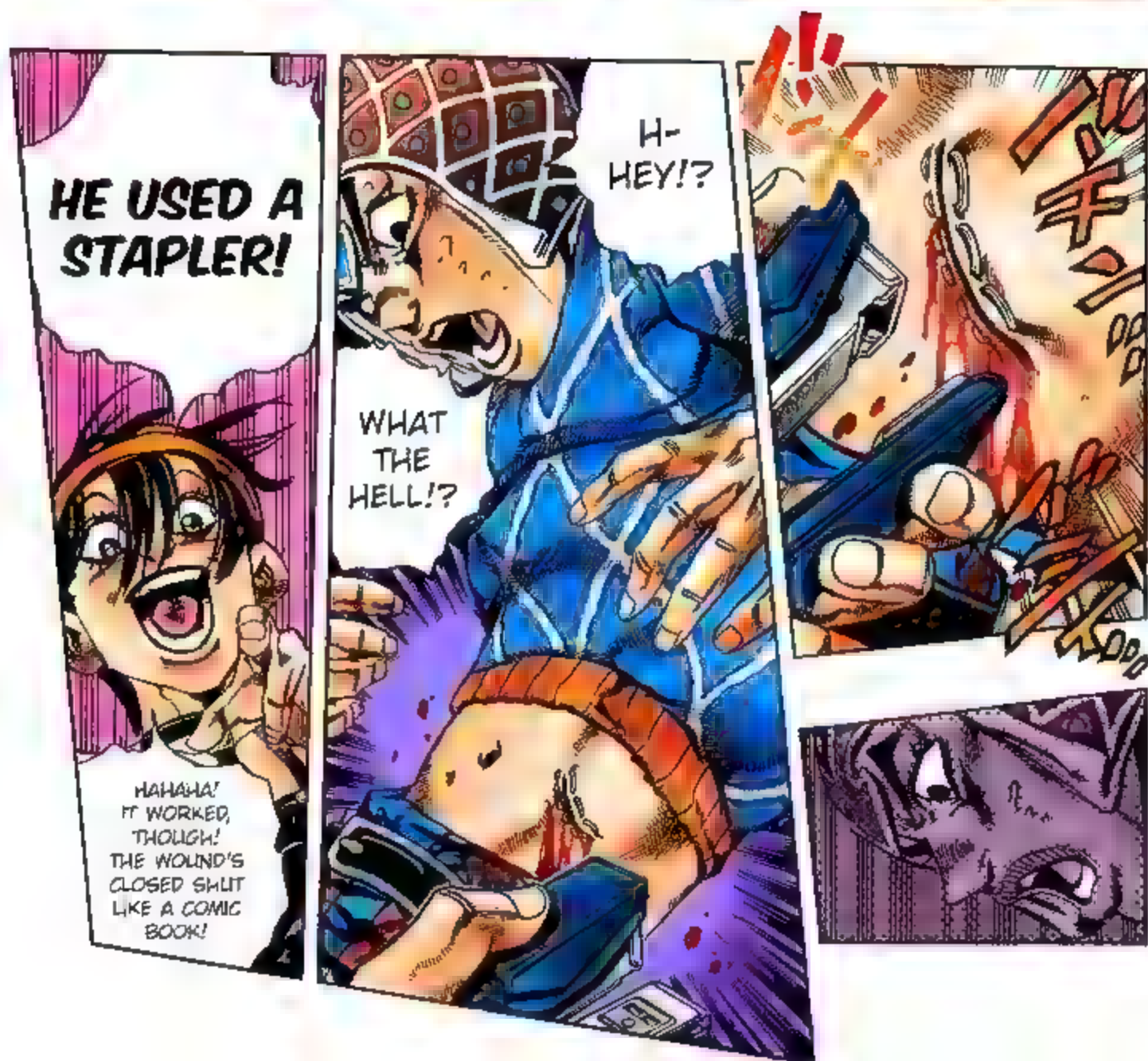
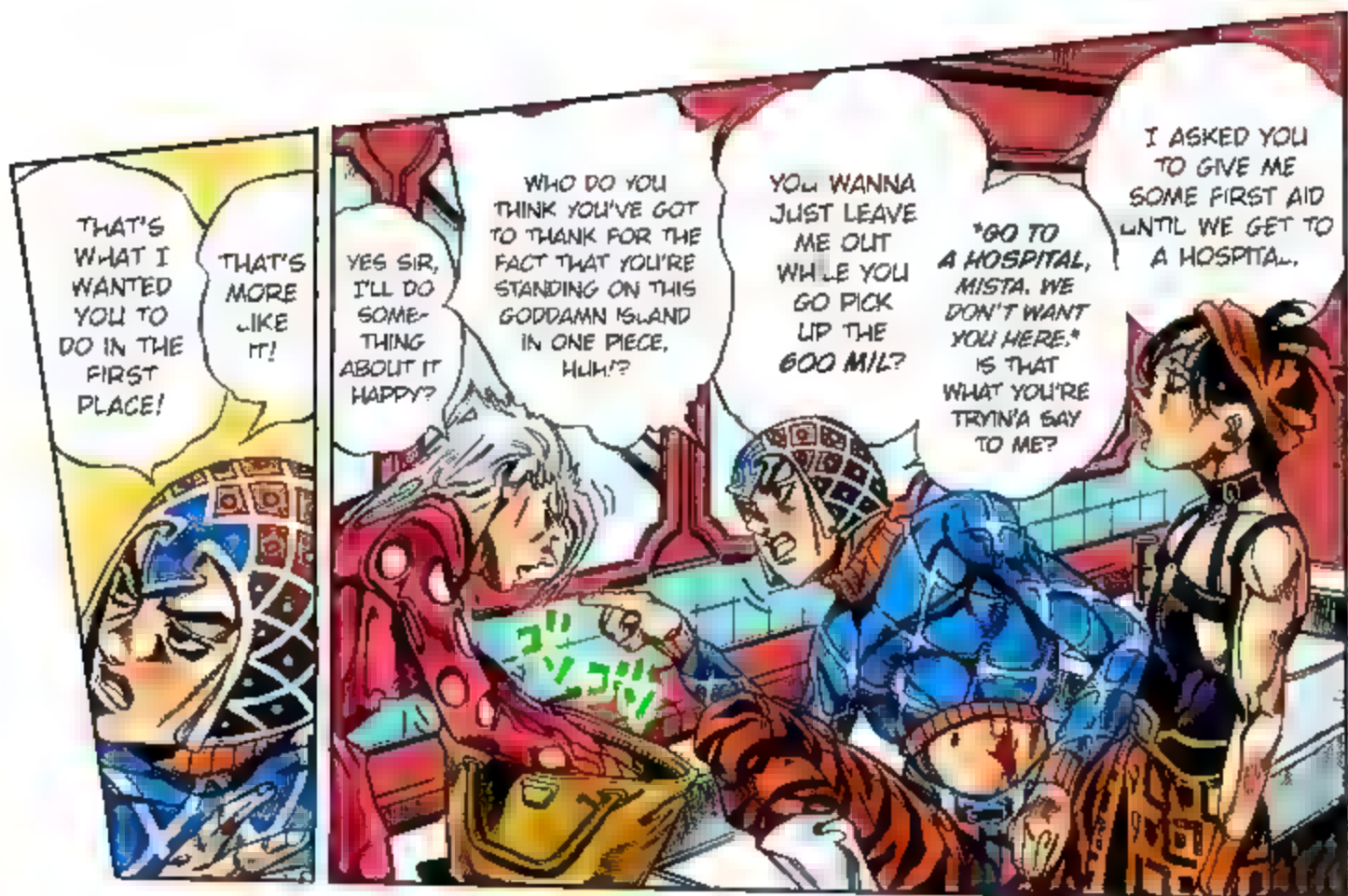
THIS GUY RIGHT  
HERE, IN THE MIDDLE,  
THAT'S MY BELLY  
BUTTON. AND THIS  
GUY, NEXT TO IT  
THAT'S A GAPING  
BULLET HOLE.

I KNOW  
BETTER THAN  
ANYONE  
ELSE THAT  
I NEED A  
DOCTOR...

DUDE...

YOU DON'T  
HAVE TO TELL  
ME WHAT I  
ALREADY  
KNOW









OH,  
SHUT UP!

DON'T  
WORRY,  
YOU'LL  
BE FINE!

THIS IS  
ACTUALLY  
PRETTY  
NEAT,  
THOUGH.



RIGHT  
ON!

NARANCIA,  
WRAP THIS TAPE  
AROUND HIM  
ONCE I'M DONE!

ALRIGHT...  
TURN  
AROUND,  
MISTA.

WE'VE  
STILL  
GOT TO  
CLOSE  
THE EXIT  
WOUND.

AIN'T  
THIS GONNA  
GET INFECTED?

A...



TAKE US  
WHERE  
YOU HID  
THE 600  
MIL!

TH...  
THEN LET'S  
GET GOIN'  
ALREADY!



ALRIGHT,  
TEAM!

WE COULDN'T  
HAVE MADE IT  
ALIVE HERE TO  
ISOLA DE CAPRI  
WITHOUT YOU!

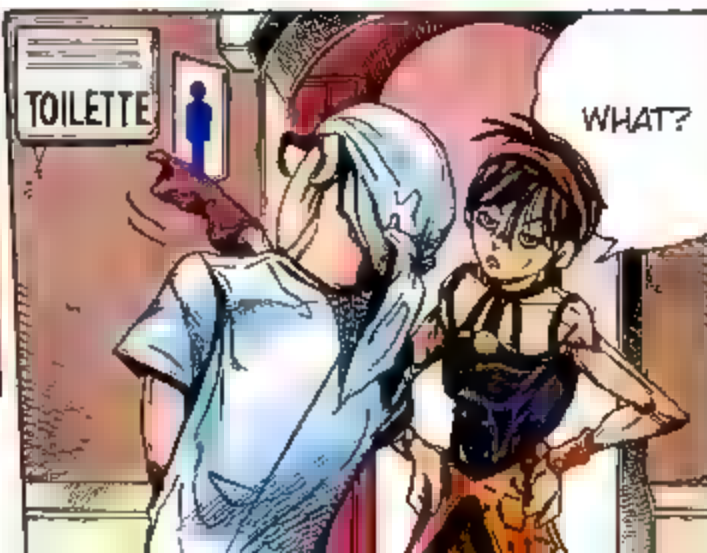
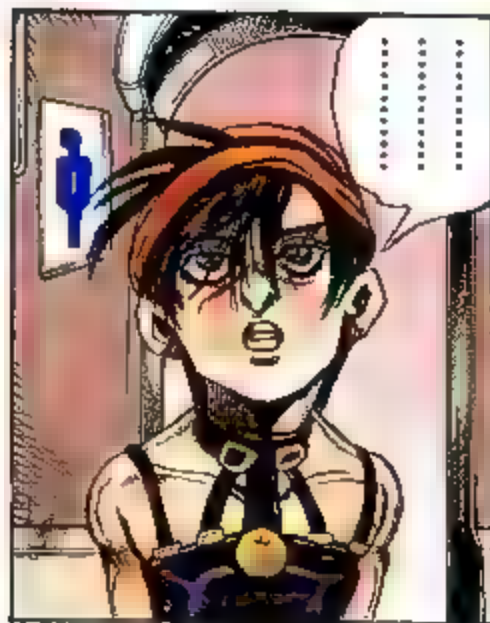
JOB  
WELL  
DONE!

ZUCCHERO AND THE  
GUY MISTA TOOK  
OUT ARE KNOCKED OUT  
AND ON THE BOAT! WE  
WON'T HAVE TO  
WORRY ABOUT THEM  
ANYMORE!













**I DON'T  
HAVE TIME  
FOR YOUR  
BULLSHIT!  
GET OVER  
HERE!**

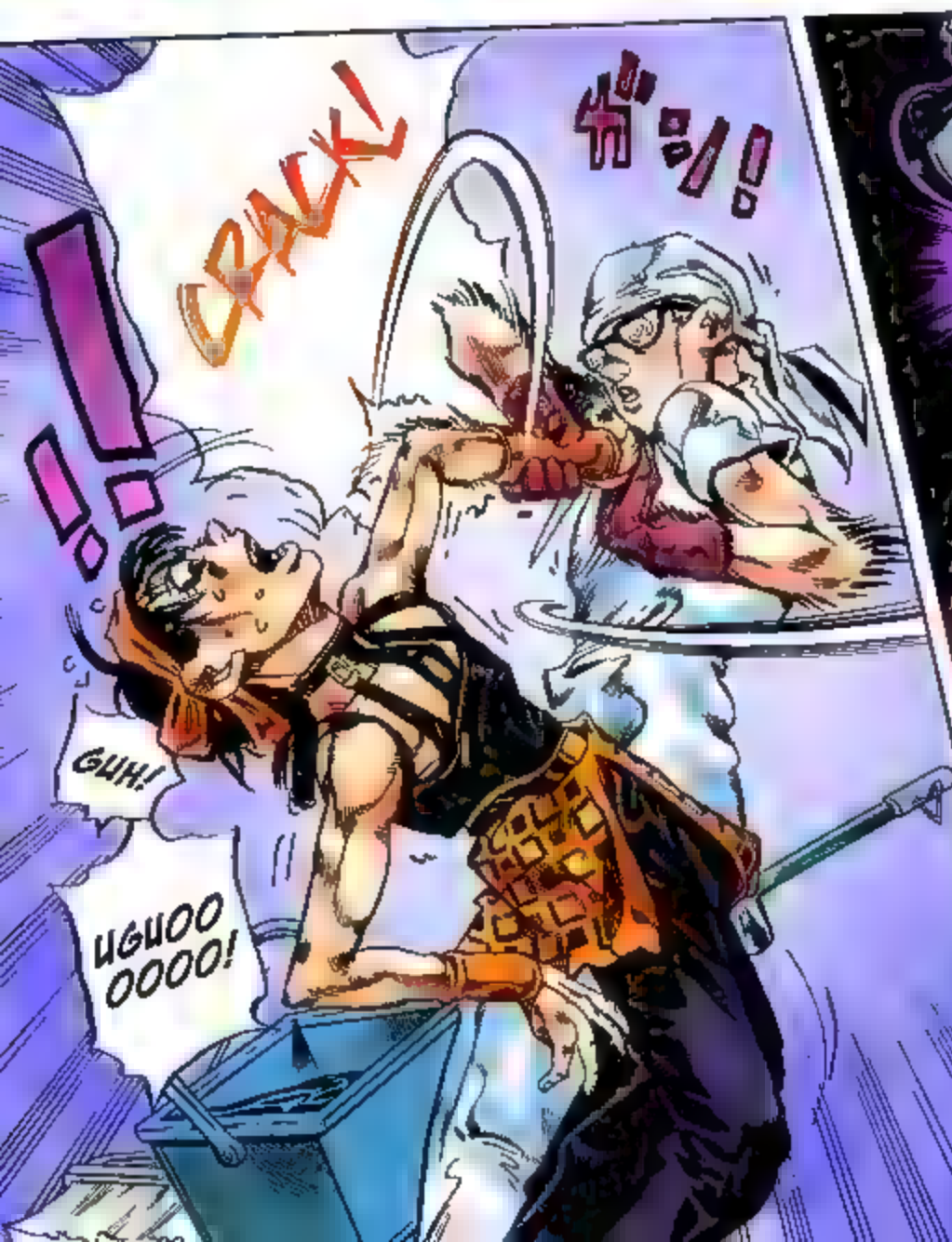


THEN YOU  
WOULD BE  
FREE TO TELL  
US TO COME  
BACK LATER.

IF  
YOUR NAME'S  
TOILETTE,  
THEN THIS  
MUST BE  
YOUR HOME.  
SAYS SO ON  
THE SIGN...

BUT,

IF YOU'RE  
NOT CALLED  
TOILETTE,  
THEN YOU'VE  
GOT NO RIGHT  
TO TELL US  
TO COME  
BACK LATER.

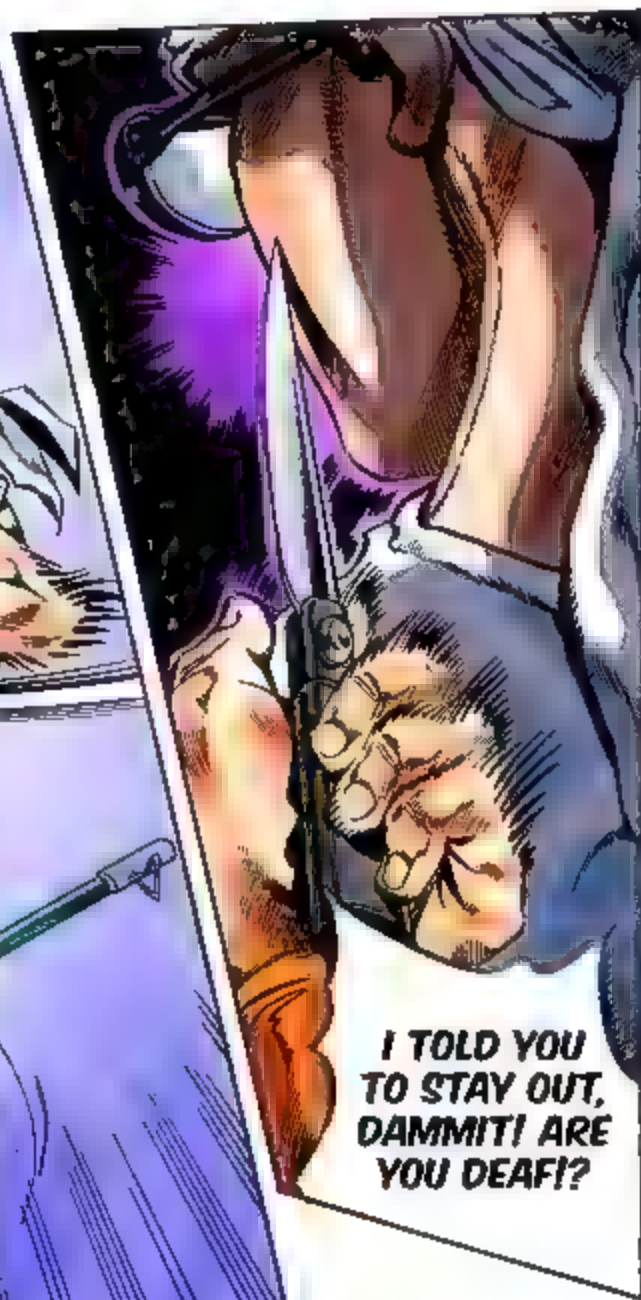


**CRACK!**

**CRACK!**

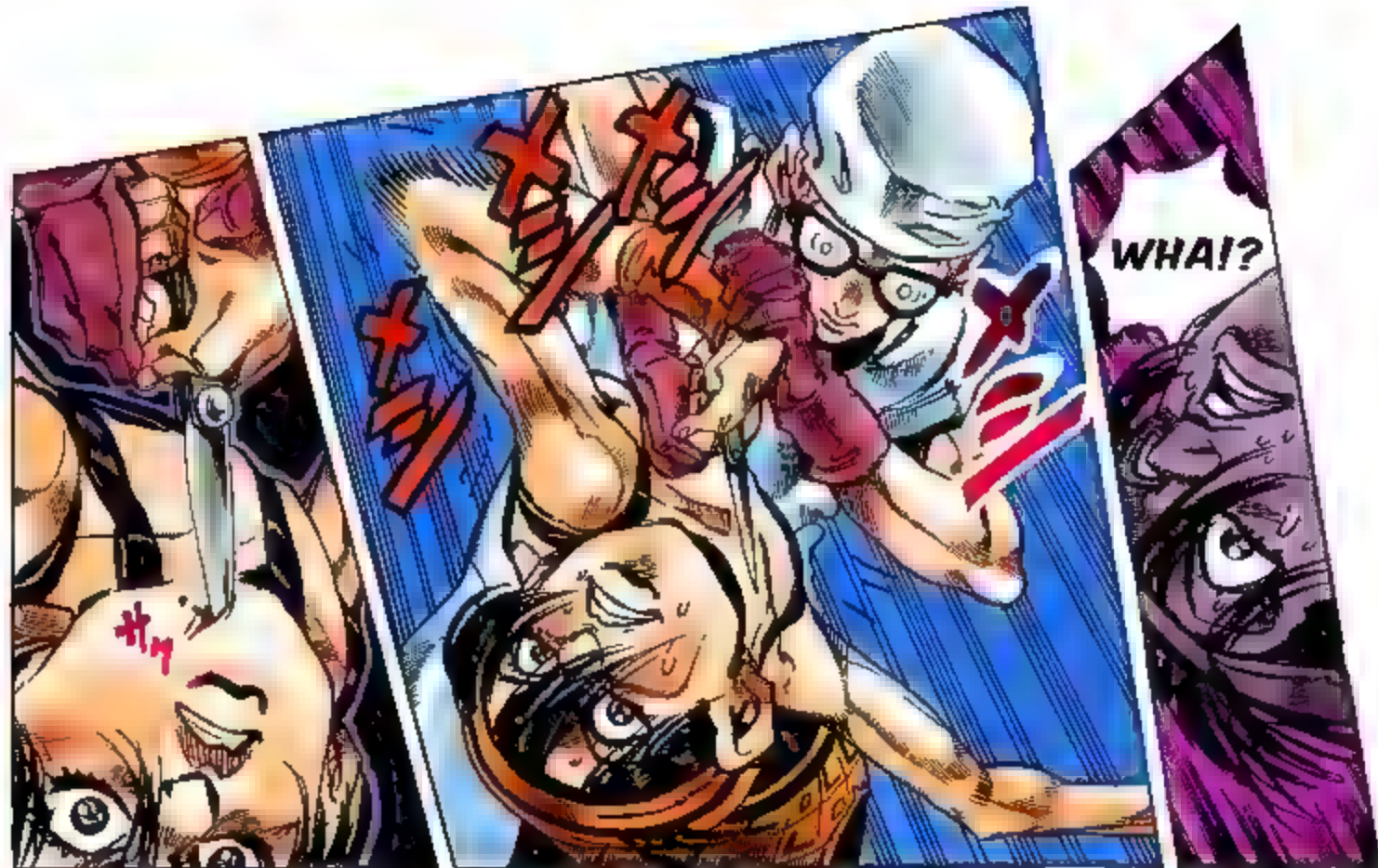
GUH!

UGHOO  
OOOO!



**I TOLD YOU  
TO STAY OUT,  
DAMMIT! ARE  
YOU DEAF?**







NO, WAIT!  
TEAM!  
MAKE  
NARANCIA  
STOP!

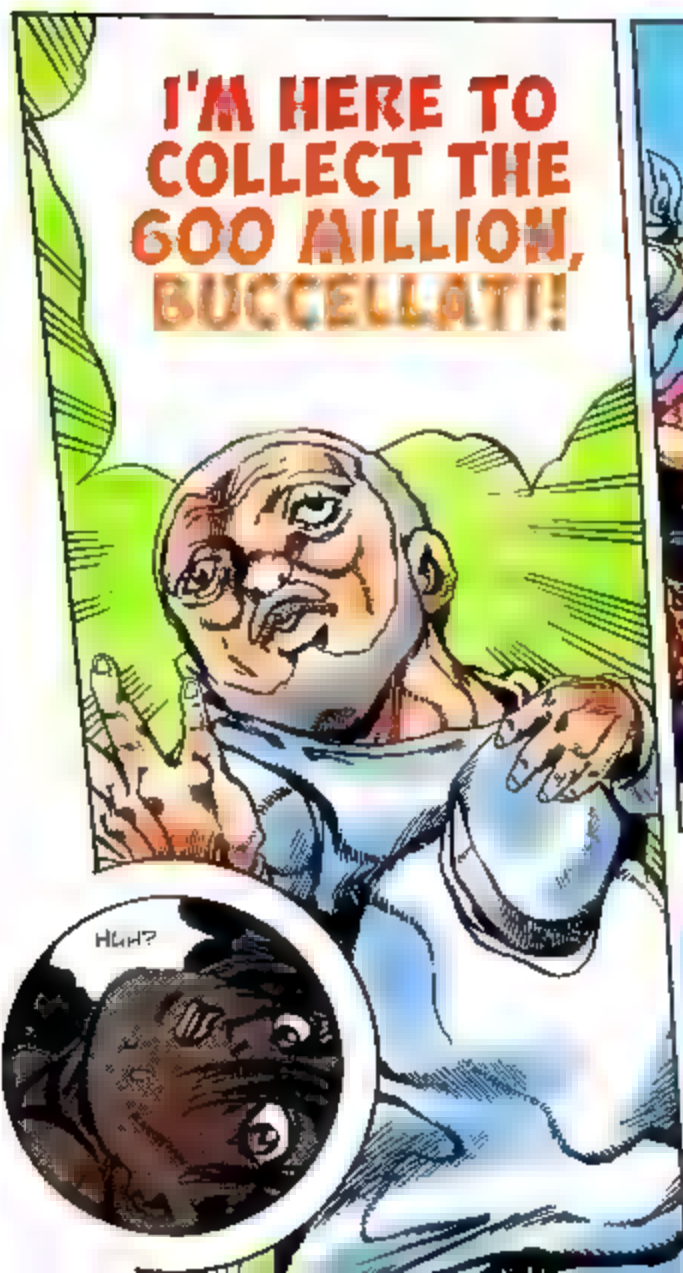
THOSE  
TWO  
MIGHT  
BE  
THE-!

MORE  
OF  
THEM!?

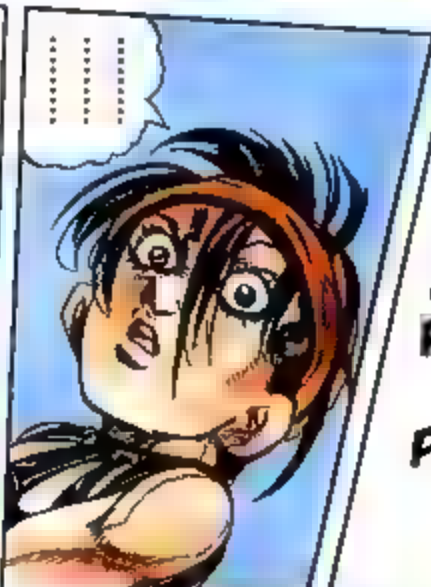
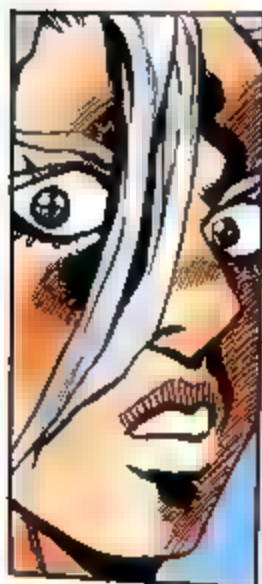
W...  
WHAT!?

THAT  
CAN'T  
BE!

I'LL  
FUCKIN'  
MURDER  
YOU!

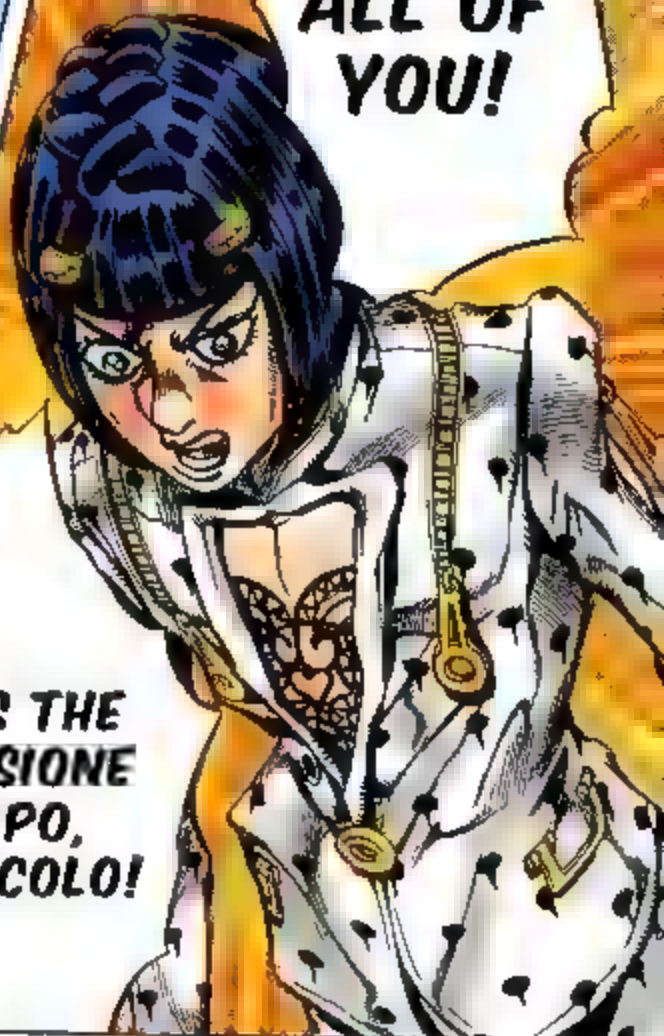






**HE'S THE  
PASSIONE  
CAPO,  
PERICOLO!**

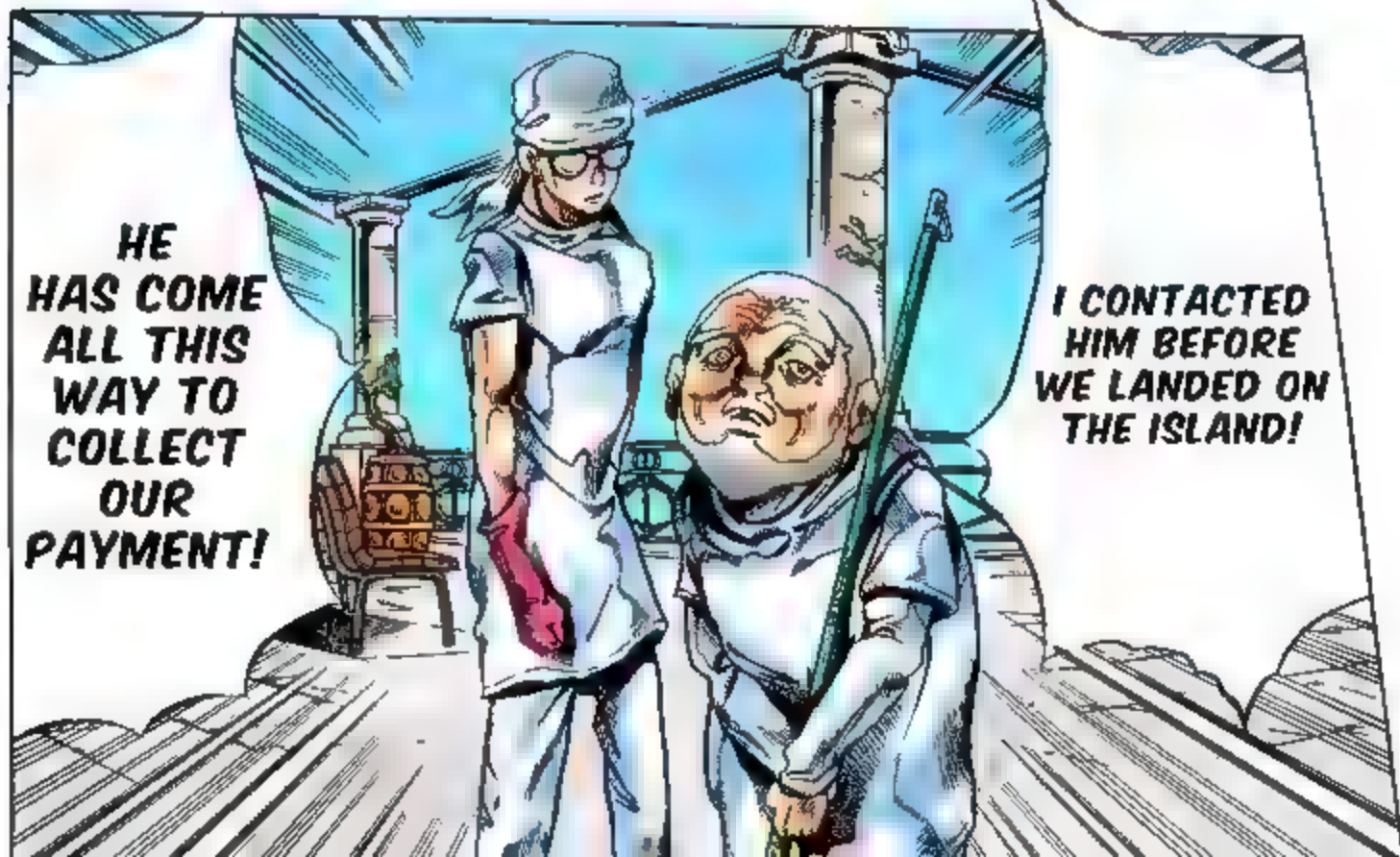
**BOW!  
ALL OF  
YOU!**



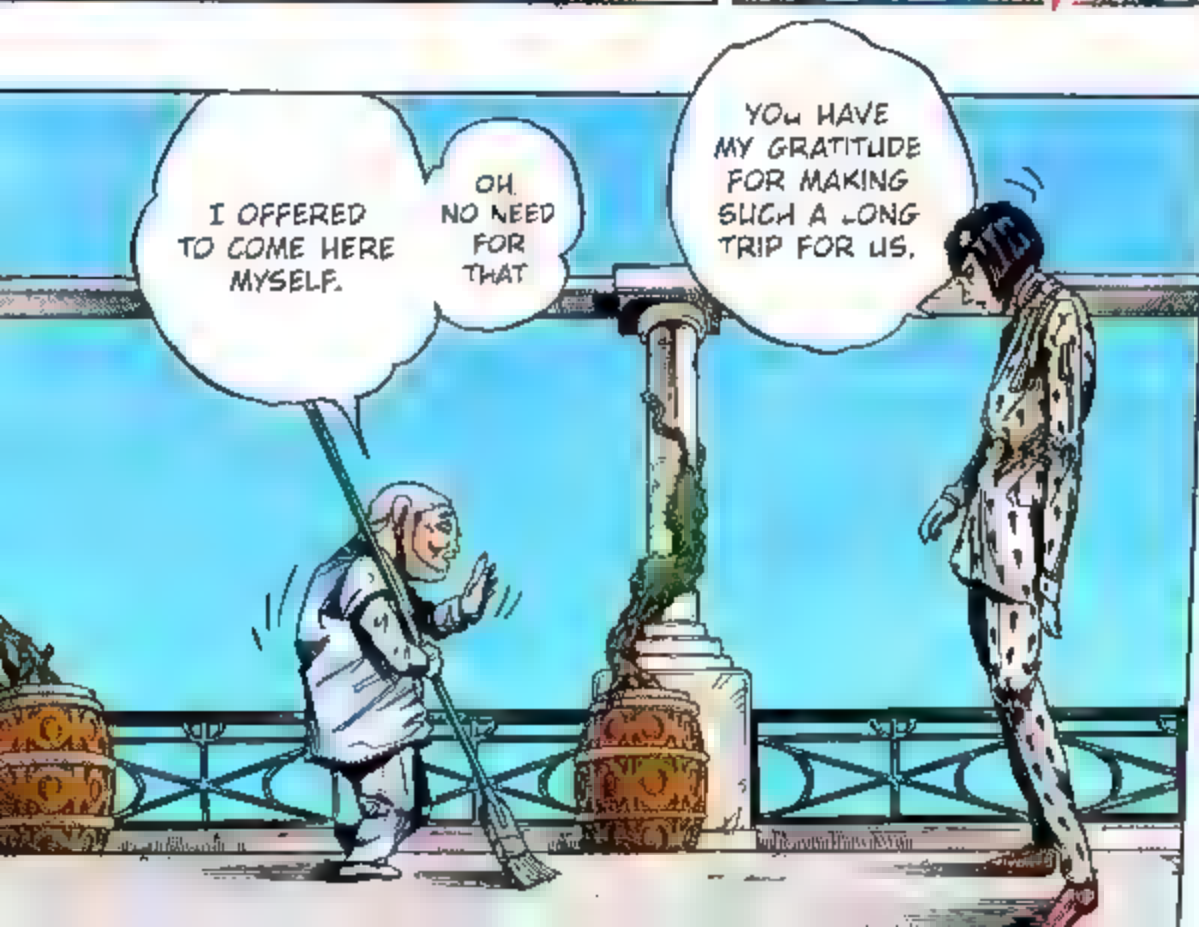
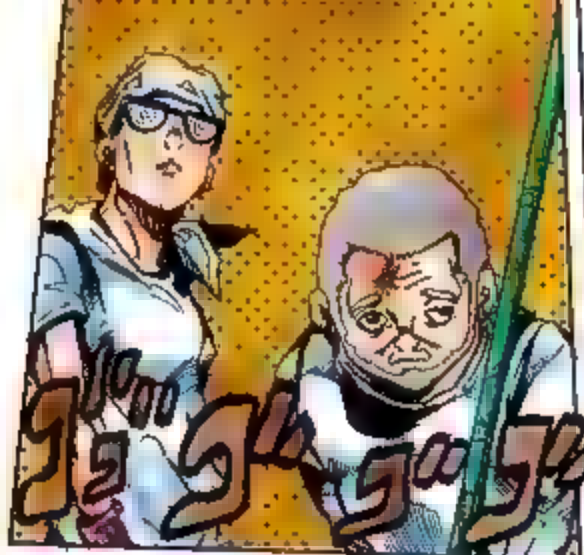
*Capo: Short for "caporegime." An officer in the mafia.*

**HE  
HAS COME  
ALL THIS  
WAY TO  
COLLECT  
OUR  
PAYMENT!**

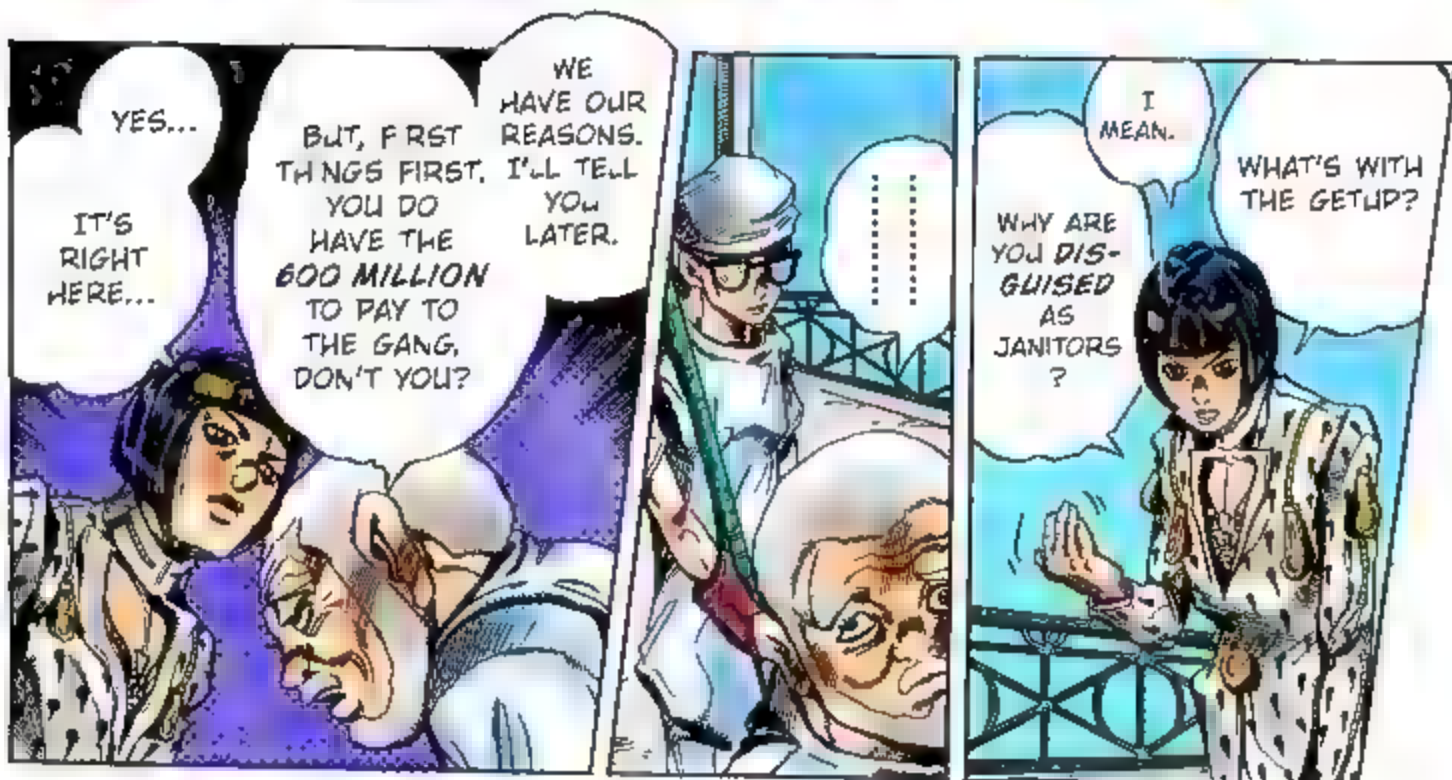
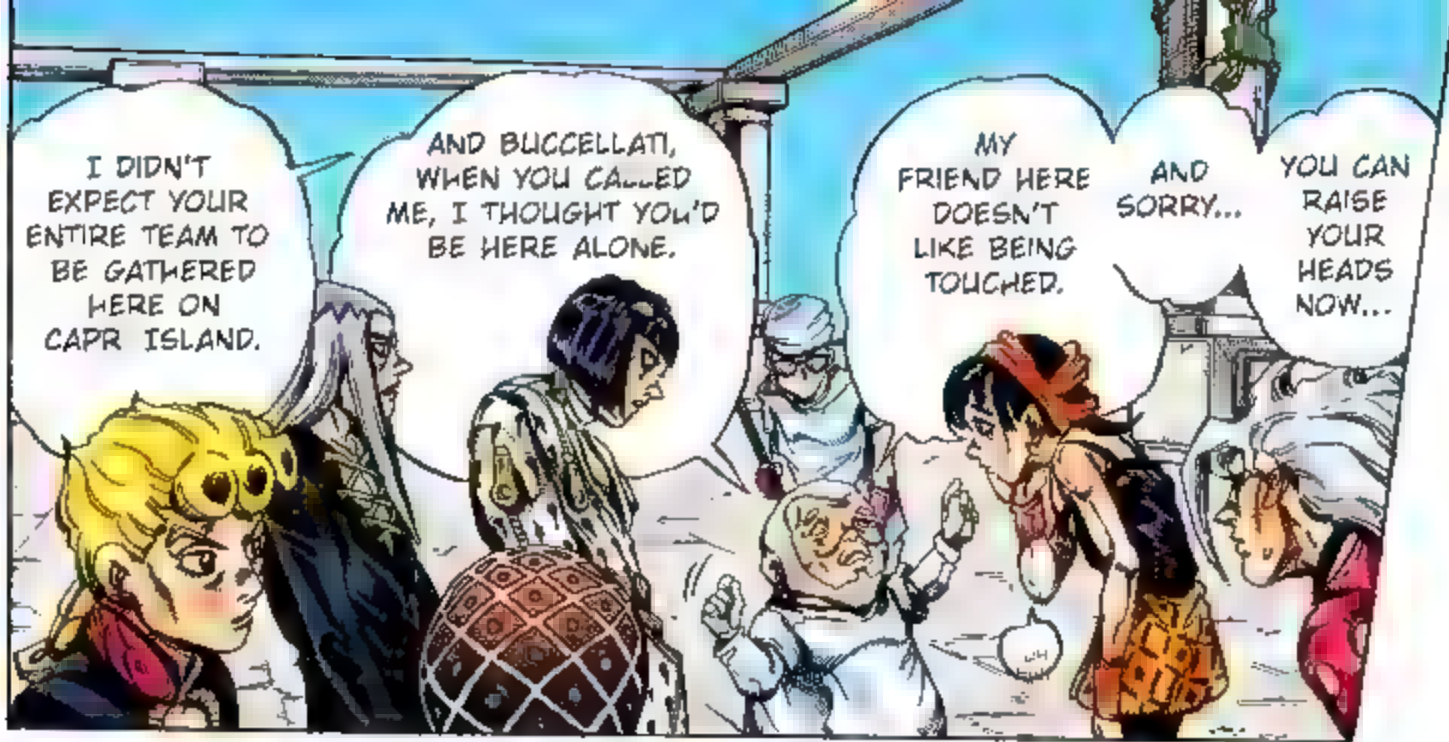
**I CONTACTED  
HIM BEFORE  
WE LANDED ON  
THE ISLAND!**



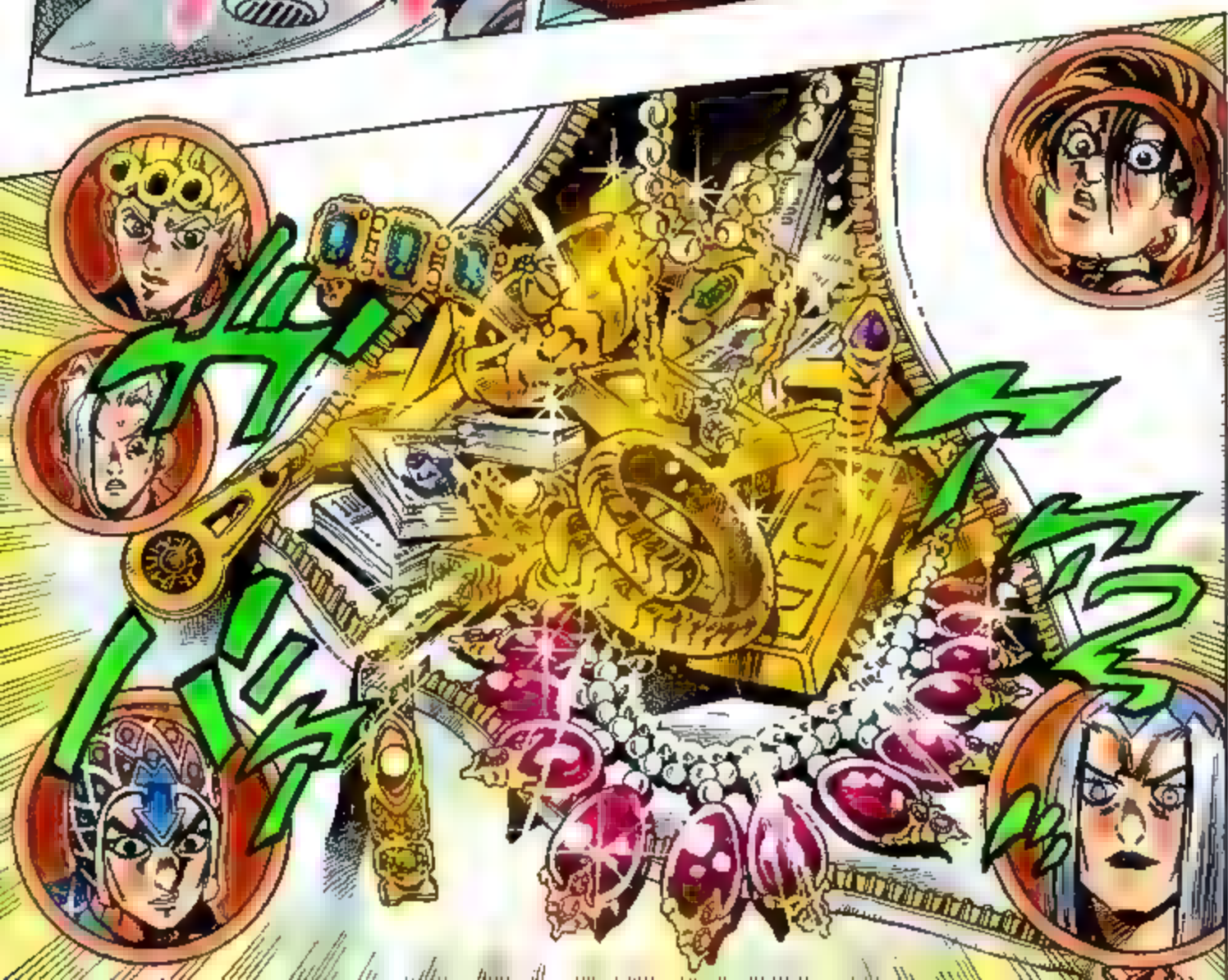














I...  
**INSIDE  
THE  
URINAL!?**

**WOAA  
AAHH!**

WELL, I  
GUESS IT'S  
A SAFE PLACE  
TO HIDE, BUT  
THAT'S BAD  
KARMA FOR  
THE GUYS  
WHO'VE BEEN  
PISSING  
HERE!

DAMN,  
THAT'S  
CRAZY!

Y YOU'RE  
PUTTING  
IT AWAY  
ALREADY?

HUH!?

PASSIONE  
HAS NOTHING  
TO COMPLAIN  
ABOUT, AS LONG  
AS THEY GET  
THEIR MONEY.

BUCCEL-  
LATI...  
I WON'T  
ASK YOU  
HOW YOU  
OBTAINED  
SUCH A  
HOARD...

C. CAN  
I JUST  
TOUCH T  
A LITTLE?

OR EVEN  
A SNIFF.

THIS ONE  
ALONE COULD  
FETCH 70 TO  
80 MILLION  
AT BVLGARI.

HM  
THESE  
ARE  
GENUINE



A...  
AW YEAH,  
BUCCEL-  
LATI!



**WE SHALL  
PROMOTE  
YOU TO THE  
RANK OF  
CAPO!**

**CONGRATU-  
LATIONS,  
BUCCEL-  
LATI!**



THIS  
MONEY  
IS A  
SYMBOL!

IT IS PROOF  
OF YOUR  
OUTSTANDING  
INTELLECT AND  
LOYALTY!



**YOU'VE  
FINALLY  
BECOME  
A CAPO!**



**YOU'RE  
A  
CAPO!**



THAT IS TO SAY, THE GAMBLING AND BETTING OPERATIONS, THE CONTROL OVER LOANSHARKING, THE OVERSIGHT OF SMUGGLING OPERATIONS, AND DOMINION OVER RESTAURANTS AND HOTELS IN THE REGION OF NAPOLI!

YOU SHALL INHERIT RIGHTS TO THE TERRITORY BELONGING TO THE DECEASED POLPO!

50% OF THE EARNINGS GO TO THE GANG... AND 50% GO TO YOU!

THAT IS TO SAY, THE  
GAMBLING AND  
BETTING OPERATIONS,  
THE CONTROL OVER  
LOANSHARKING,  
THE OVERSIGHT OF  
SMUGGLING OPERATIONS,  
AND DOMINION OVER  
RESTAURANTS AND HOTELS  
IN THE REGION OF NAPOLI!

YOU  
SHALL INHERIT  
RIGHTS TO THE  
TERRITORY  
BELONGING TO  
THE DECEASED  
POLPO!

50% OF THE  
EARNINGS GO TO  
THE GANG... AND  
50% GO TO YOU!

THAT IS TO SAY, THE GAMBLING AND BETTING OPERATIONS, THE CONTROL OVER LOANSHARKING, THE OVERSIGHT OF SMUGGLING OPERATIONS, AND DOMINION OVER RESTAURANTS AND HOTELS IN THE REGION OF NAPOLI!

YOU SHALL INHERIT RIGHTS TO THE TERRITORY BELONGING TO THE DECEASED POLPO!

50% OF THE EARNINGS GO TO THE GANG... AND 50% GO TO YOU!

STUFF HAS STARTED TO HAPPEN ALL OF A SUDDEN AFTER GIORNO JOINED US. HE MIGHT HAVE SOME SERIOUS MOJO. HE'S A REAL LUCKY BOY, THAT HE IS!

BUT... THIS GIORNO KID...

HOT DAMN... WE GOT ALL THIS **POWER** IN ONE FELL SWOOP!

ALL THANKS TO BUCCELLATI'S BRAINS AND CHAR SMA... HE'S GOT WHAT IT TAKES TO MAKE US RICH.

STUFF  
HAS STARTED  
TO HAPPEN ALL  
OF A SUDDEN  
AFTER GIORNO  
JOINED US. HE  
MIGHT HAVE SOME  
SERIOUS MOJO.  
HE'S A REAL  
LUCKY BOY,  
THAT HE IS!

BUT...  
THIS  
GIORNO  
KID...

HOT DAMN...  
WE GOT ALL  
THIS **POWER**  
IN ONE FELL  
SWOOP!

ALL  
THANKS TO  
BUCCELLATI'S  
BRAINS AND  
CHAR SMA...  
HE'S GOT  
WHAT IT TAKES  
TO MAKE US  
RICH.

STUFF  
HAS STARTED  
TO HAPPEN ALL  
OF A SUDDEN  
AFTER GIORNO  
JOINED US. HE  
MIGHT HAVE SOME  
SERIOUS MOJO.  
HE'S A REAL  
LUCKY BOY,  
THAT HE IS!

BUT...  
THIS  
GIORNO  
KID...

HOT DAMN...  
WE GOT ALL  
THIS **POWER**  
IN ONE FELL  
SWOOP!

ALL  
THANKS TO  
BUCCELLATI'S  
BRAINS AND  
CHAR SMA...  
HE'S GOT  
WHAT IT TAKES  
TO MAKE US  
RICH.

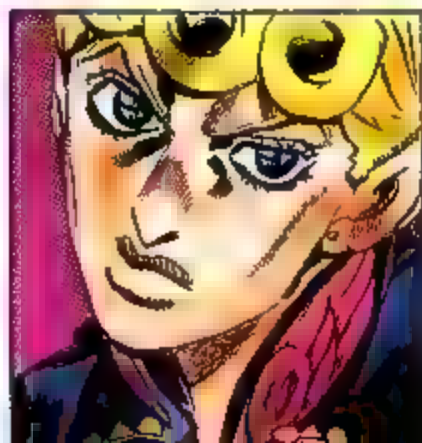
STUFF HAS STARTED TO HAPPEN ALL OF A SUDDEN AFTER GIORNO JOINED US. HE MIGHT HAVE SOME SERIOUS MOJO. HE'S A REAL LUCKY BOY, THAT HE IS!

BUT... THIS GIORNO KID...

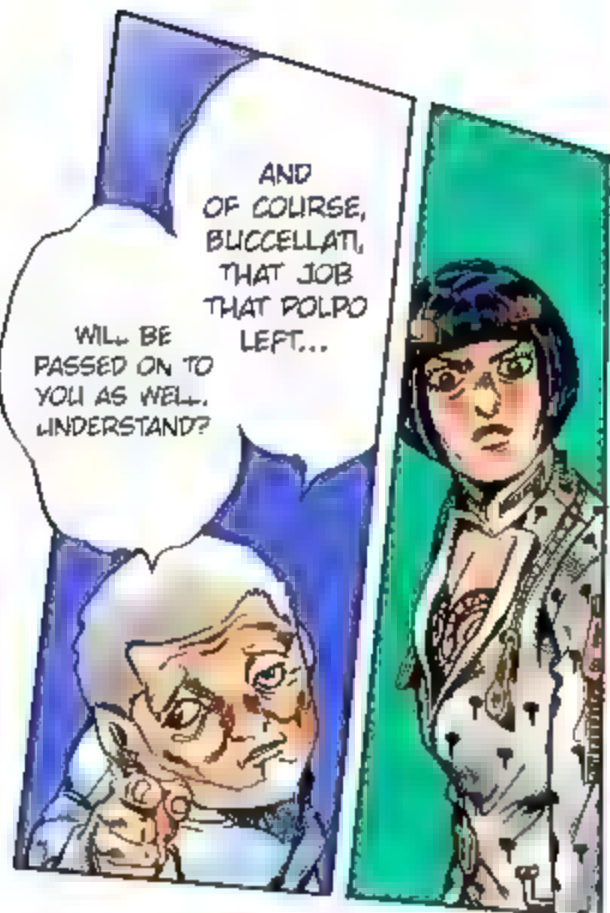
HOT DAMN... WE GOT ALL THIS **POWER** IN ONE FELL SWOOP!

ALL THANKS TO BUCCELLATI'S BRAINS AND CHAR SMA... HE'S GOT WHAT IT TAKES TO MAKE US RICH.

A cartoon illustration of a man with a large nose and a speech bubble. The man is shown in profile, facing left. He has a large, prominent nose, a thick mustache, and a receding hairline. He is wearing a light blue shirt. A speech bubble is positioned to the right of his head, containing the text "BY THE WAY...". The background is a solid light blue color.

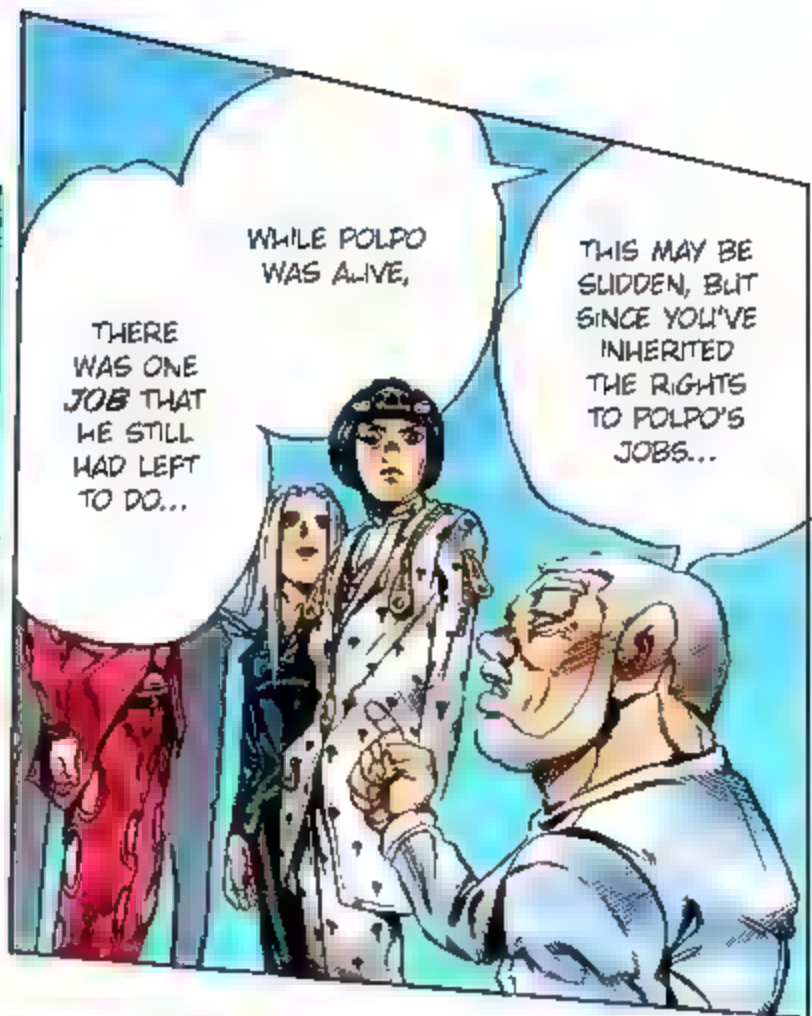






WILL BE  
PASSED ON TO  
YOU AS WELL.  
UNDERSTAND?

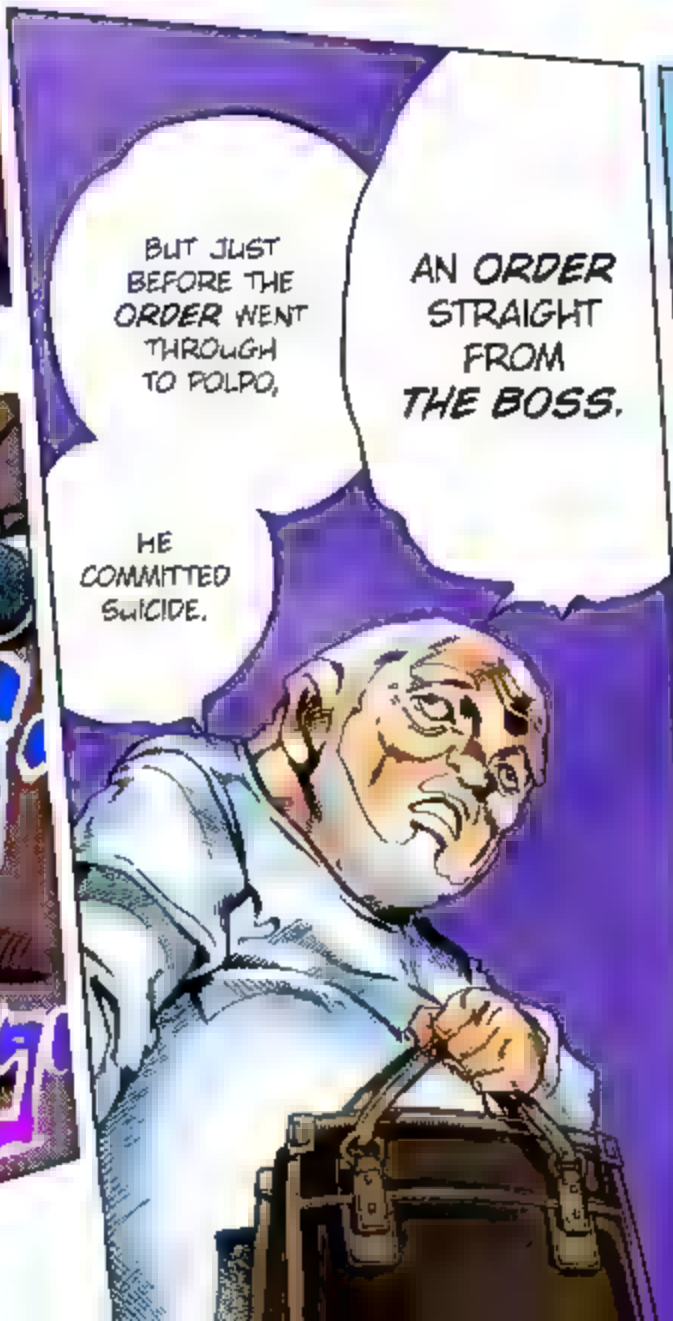
AND  
OF COURSE,  
BUCELLATI,  
THAT JOB  
THAT POLPO  
LEFT...



THERE  
WAS ONE  
JOB THAT  
HE STILL  
HAD LEFT  
TO DO...

WHILE POLPO  
WAS ALIVE,

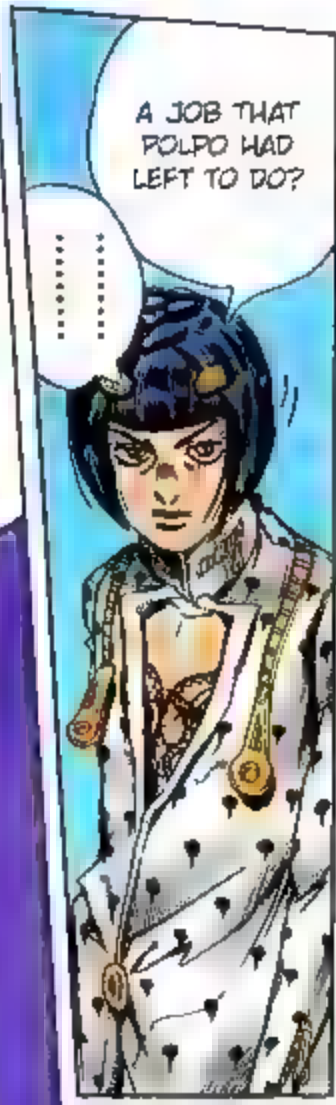
THIS MAY BE  
SUDDEN, BUT  
SINCE YOU'VE  
INHERITED  
THE RIGHTS  
TO POLPO'S  
JOBS...



BUT JUST  
BEFORE THE  
ORDER WENT  
THROUGH  
TO POLPO,

AN ORDER  
STRAIGHT  
FROM  
THE BOSS.

HE  
COMMITTED  
SUICIDE.



A JOB THAT  
POLPO HAD  
LEFT TO DO?





**GUARD THE  
BOSS'S  
DAUGHTER...  
WITH YOUR  
LIVES.**

THAT  
IS  
ALL.

NOBODY'S  
EVER SEEN  
THE GUY!

THE  
BOSS!

WHAT WAS  
THAT...!?

**THE  
BOSS!?**

THAT'S  
RIGHT... AN  
ORDER FROM  
THE BOSS!  
AND I'M HERE  
TO DELIVER IT  
TO YOU!  
BUCCEL-  
LATI..

A DIRECT  
ORDER!?

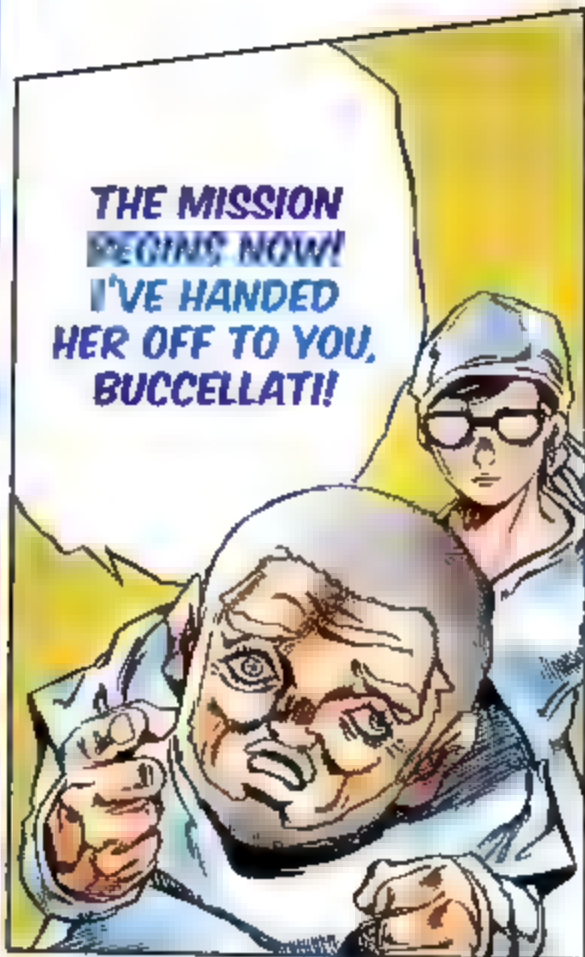
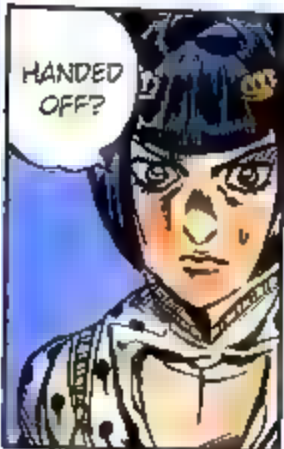
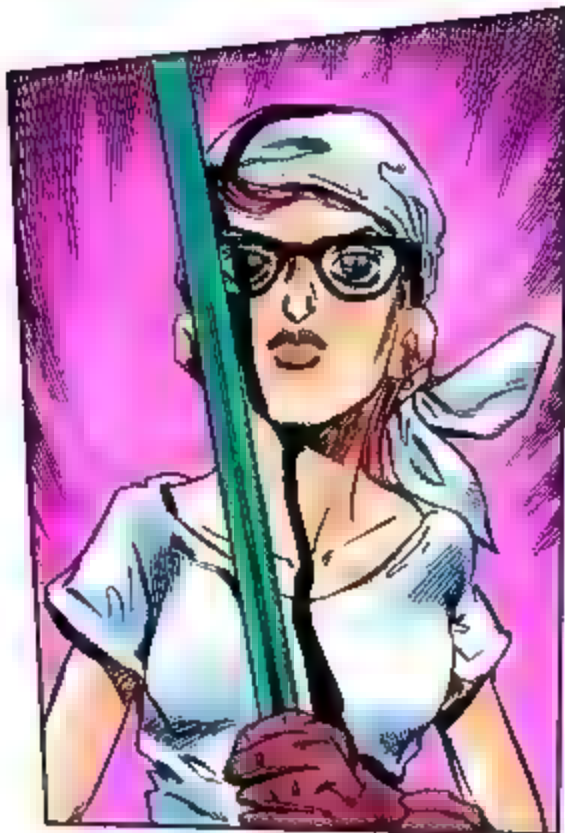
**HIS  
DAUGHTER!?  
THE BOSS  
HAD A  
DAUGHTER!?**

**HIS  
DAUGHTER!**

THE SAME  
BOSS THAT  
I'M ONE DAY  
GOING TO  
OVERTHROW...  
HAD A  
DAUGHTER!?

**THE  
BOSS...**



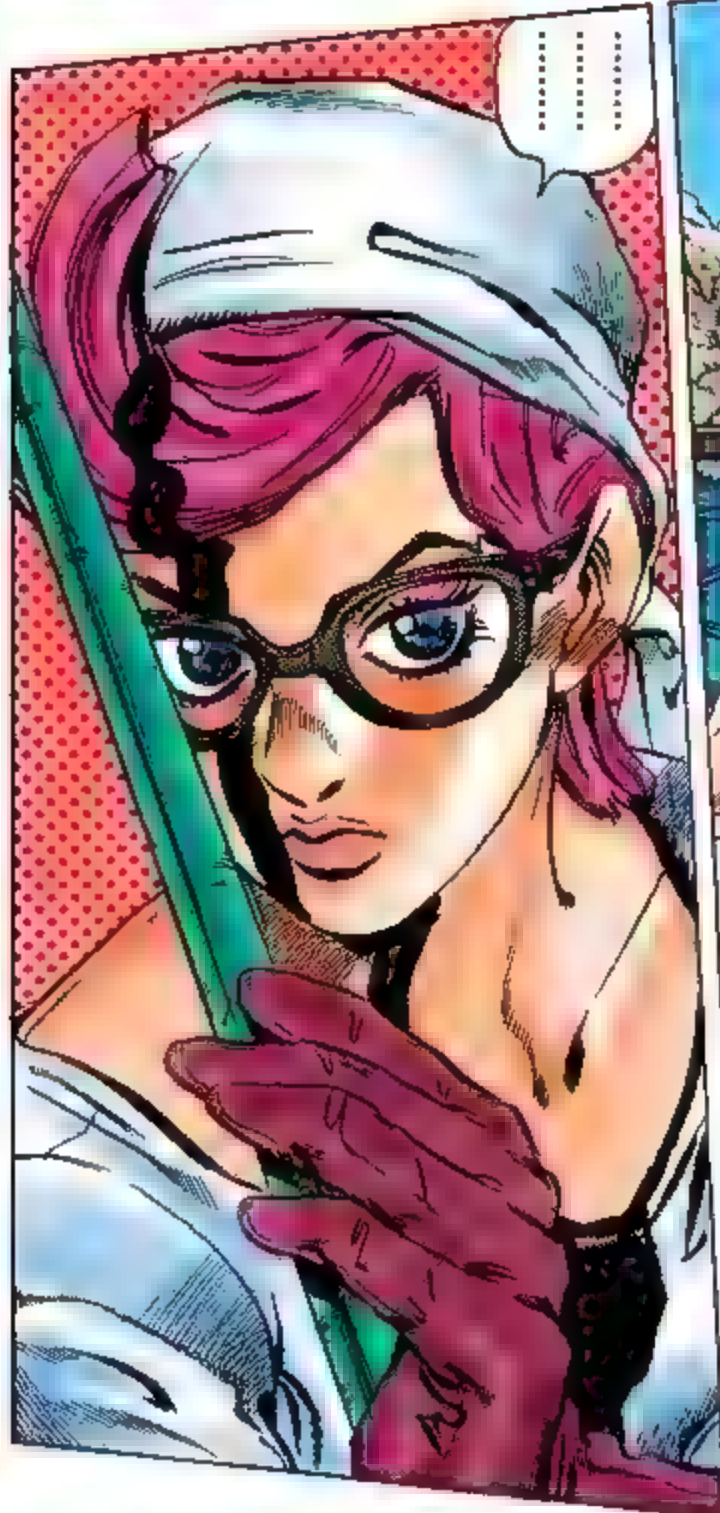




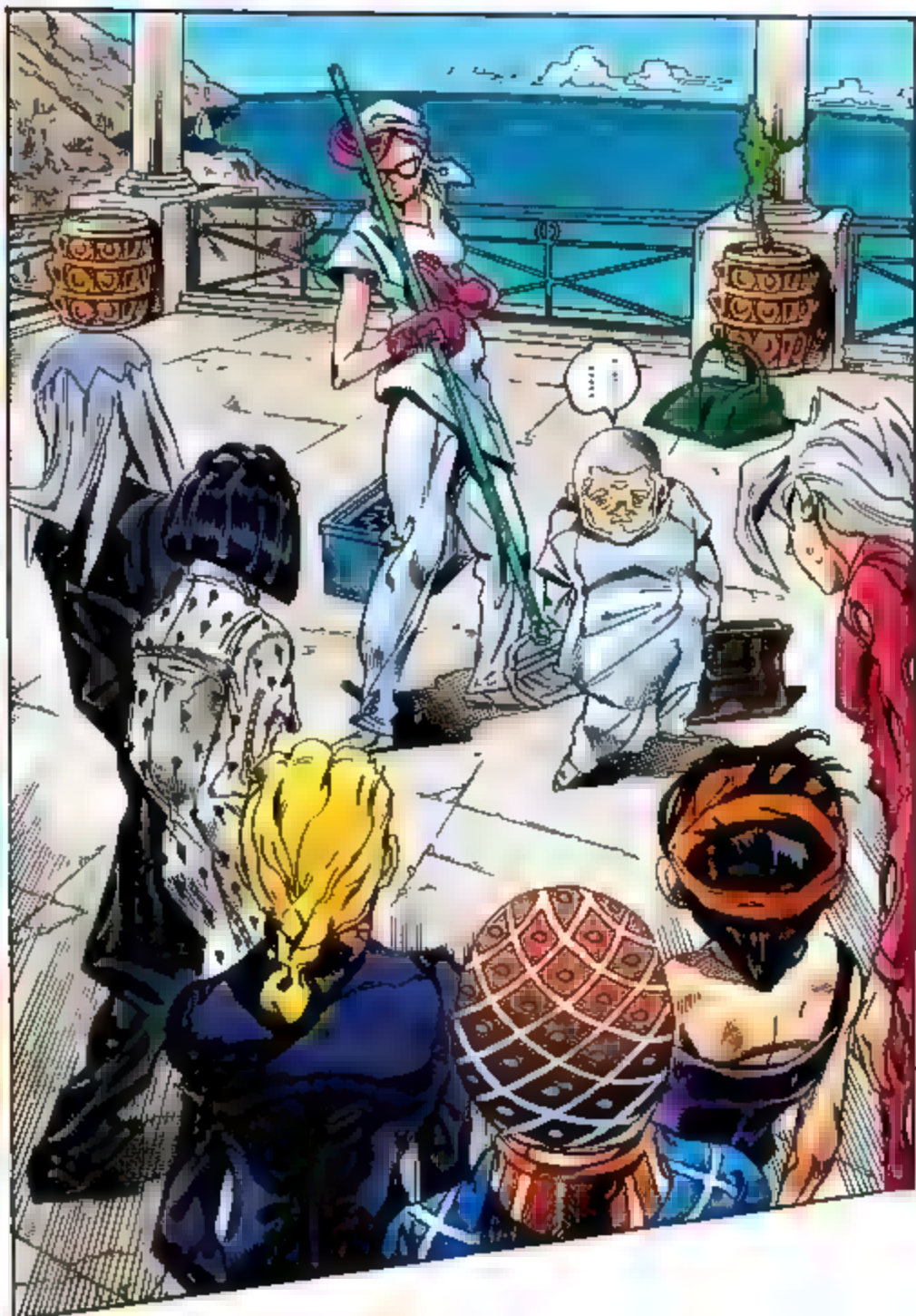
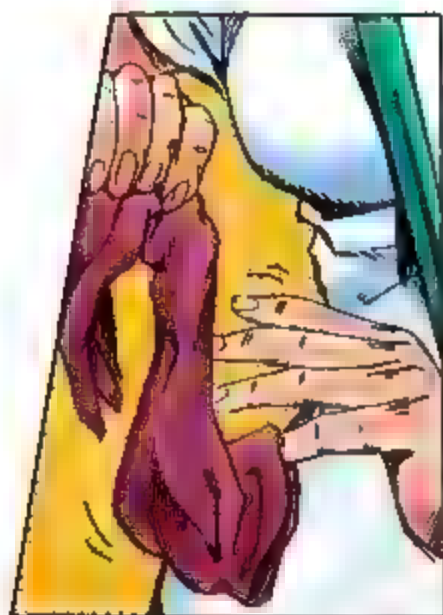
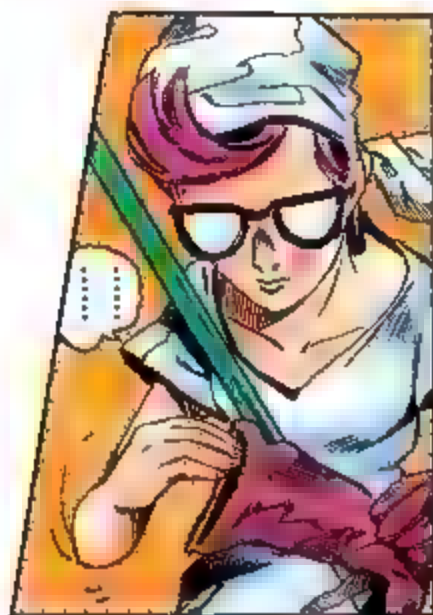
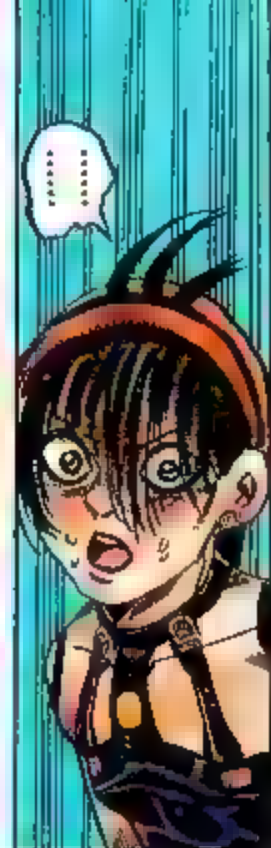
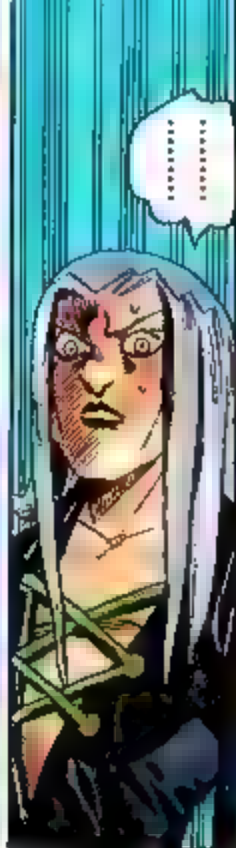
# **CAPO BUCCELLATI; FIRST ORDERS FROM THE BOSS**



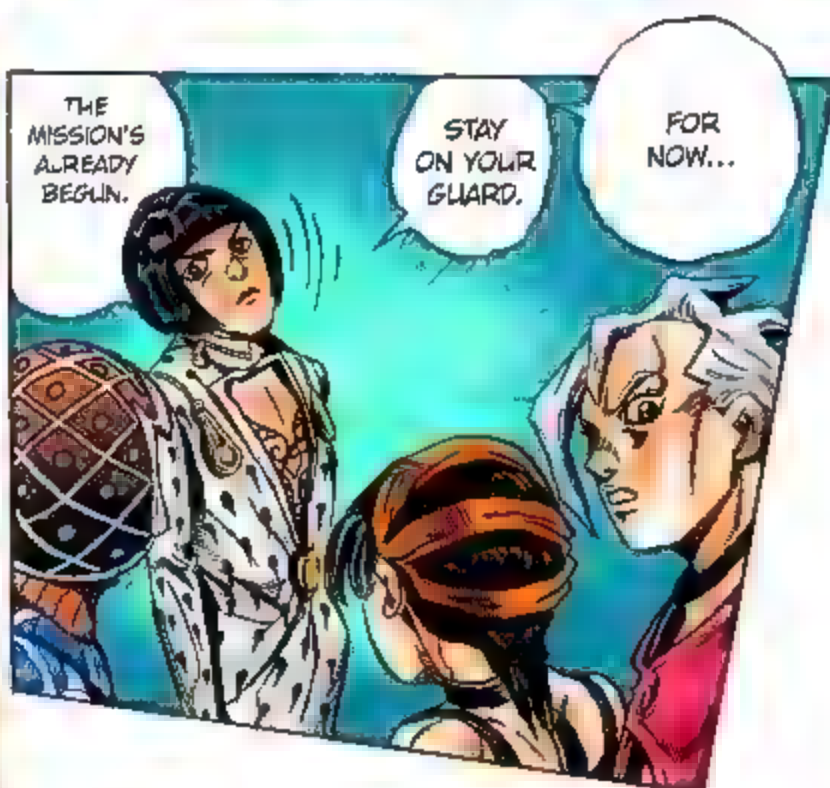
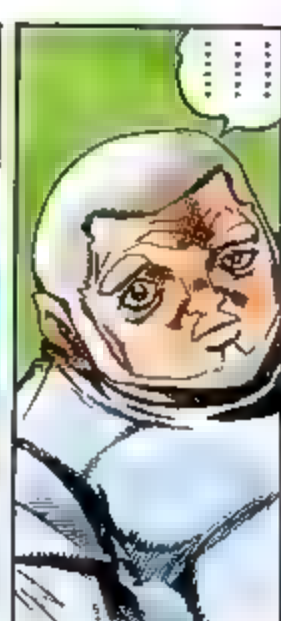
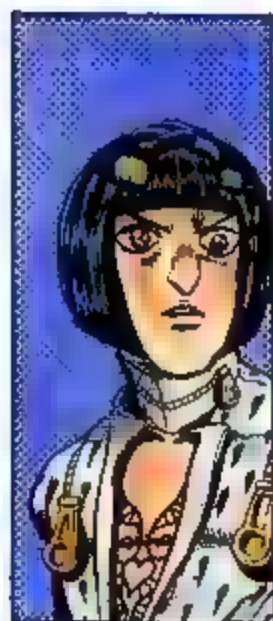
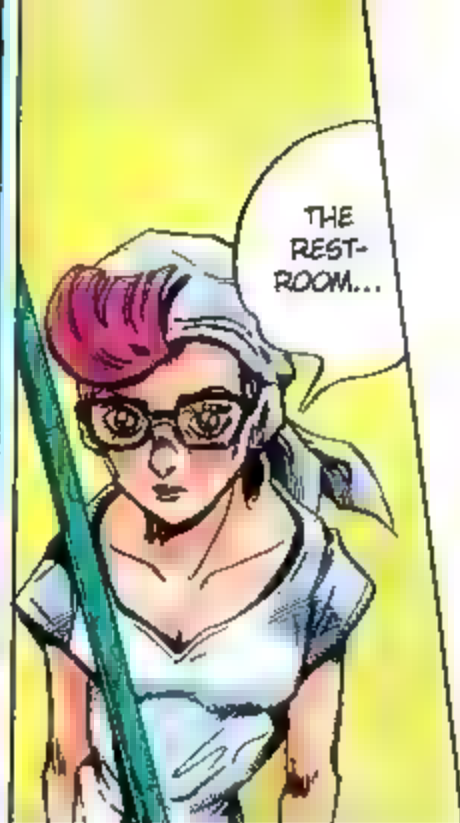
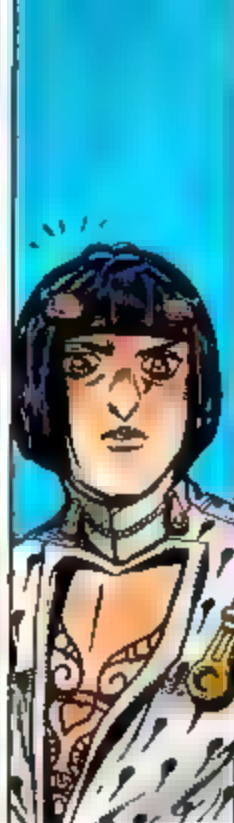
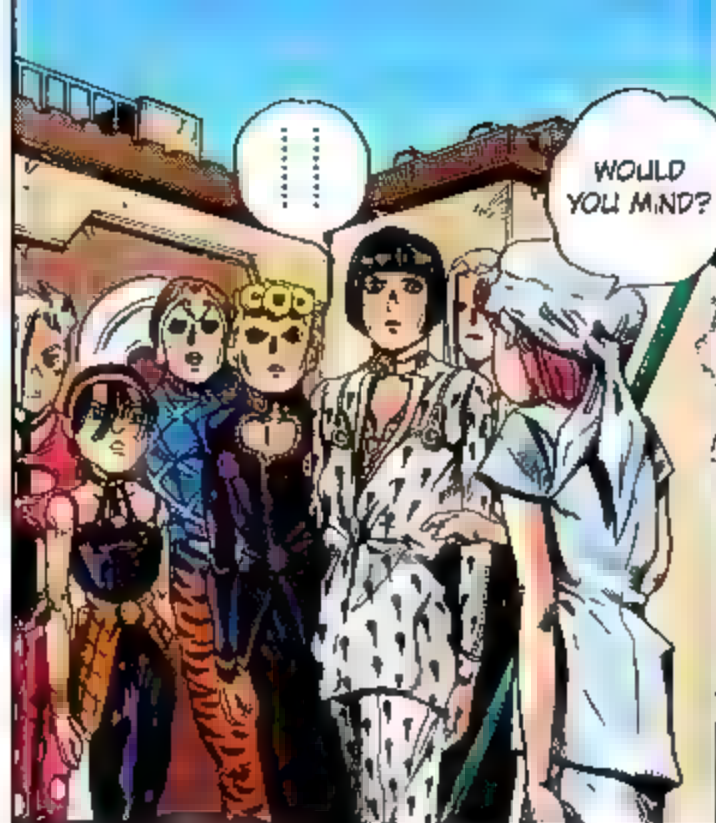












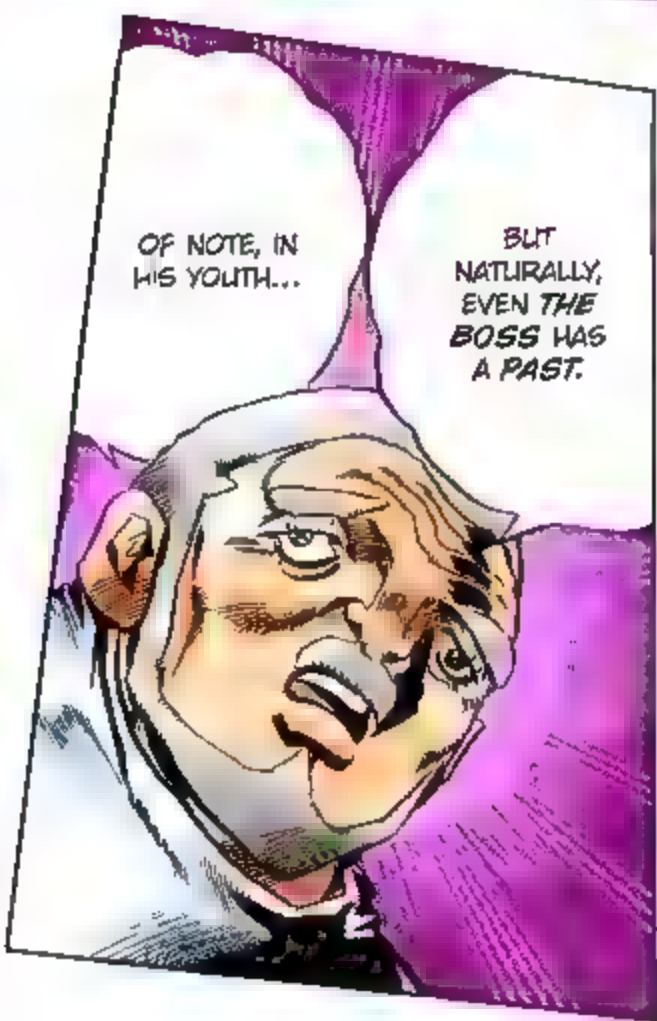




HER NAME  
IS TRISH LINA,  
AGE 15.

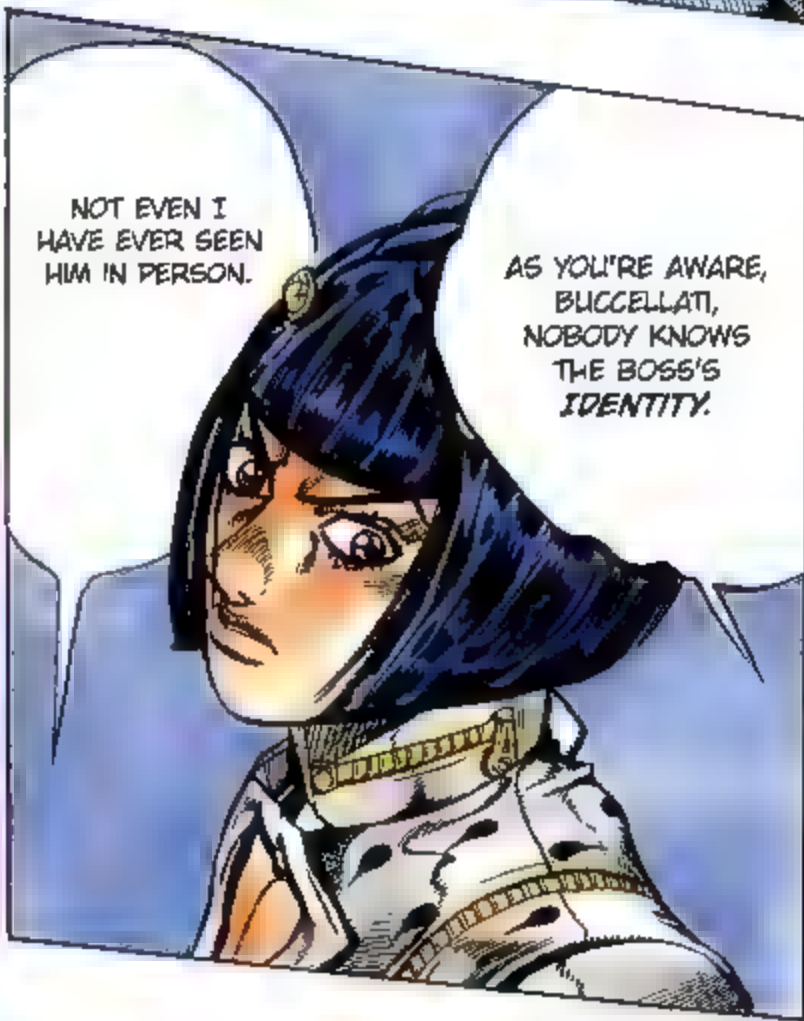
OF COURSE,  
THAT'S NOT THE  
BOSS'S LAST NAME  
IT'S HER MOTHER'S,  
FOR YOUR  
INFORMATION.

TRISH ALREADY KNOWS  
THERE ARE PEOPLE  
AFTER HER, BUT SHE'S  
NEVER SEEN HER  
FATHER, **THE BOSS**,  
SINCE SHE WAS BORN...



OF NOTE, IN  
HIS YOUTH...


BUT  
NATURALLY,  
EVEN **THE BOSS** HAS  
A PAST.



NOT EVEN I  
HAVE EVER SEEN  
HIM IN PERSON.

AS YOU'RE AWARE,  
BUCCELLATI,  
NOBODY KNOWS  
THE BOSS'S  
IDENTITY.





A FEW DAYS  
BEFORE HER  
DEATH, SHE  
SUDDENLY BEGAN  
SEARCHING  
FOR A MAN BY  
THE NAME OF  
SOLDO NASO...

TWO MONTHS  
AGO, A WOMAN  
NAMED  
DONATELLA  
DIED OF ILLNESS  
IN A HOSPITAL  
IN THE TOWN  
OF CALABRIA.


BASICALLY,  
SHE WAS  
THINKING, I'M  
NOT LONG FOR  
THIS WORLD...  
I WANT TO  
KNOW WHAT  
THAT MAN I  
ONCE DATED  
BRIEFLY LONG  
AGO IS  
DOING NOW...

BUT...

SHE  
FAILED.



SHE HAD A  
DAUGHTER, AND  
SHE DID THIS ALL  
FOR HER.  
SHE WANTED  
TO FIND THE  
FATHER OF THE  
GIRL SHE WAS  
LEAVING BEHIND.

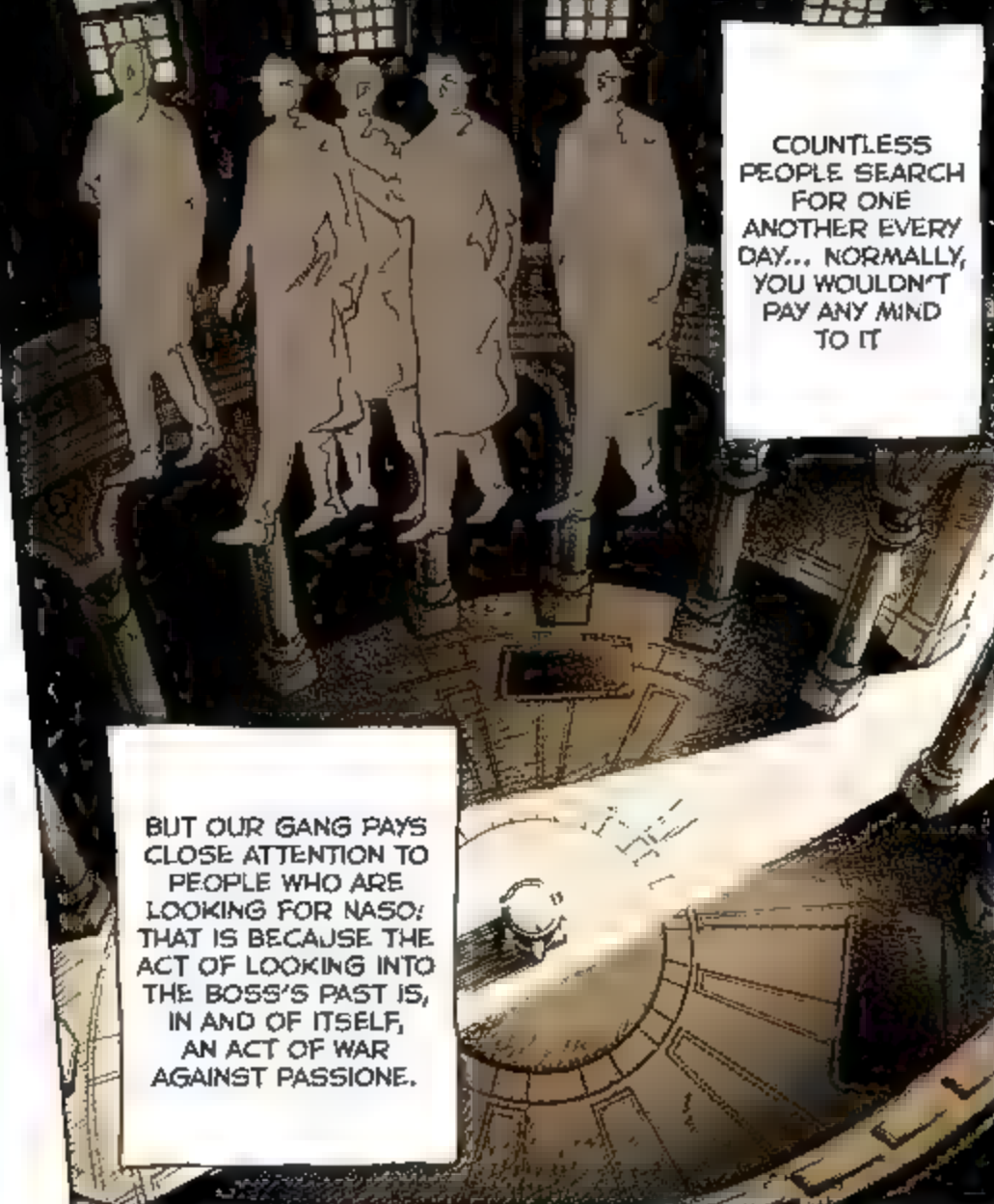


THE BOSS HAS  
ALWAYS BEEN A  
SECRETIVE MAN.  
HE ALWAYS USED  
FAKE NAMES, AND  
NEVER REVEALED  
HIS IDENTITY TO  
ANYONE. I RECKON  
THAT WOMAN NEVER  
ONCE IMAGINED,  
IN ALL HER LIFE,  
THAT THE MAN SHE  
ONCE DATED WAS  
NOW THE BOSS  
OF A GANG...

IT WAS A  
FALSE NAME  
THAT THE BOSS  
ONCE USED.

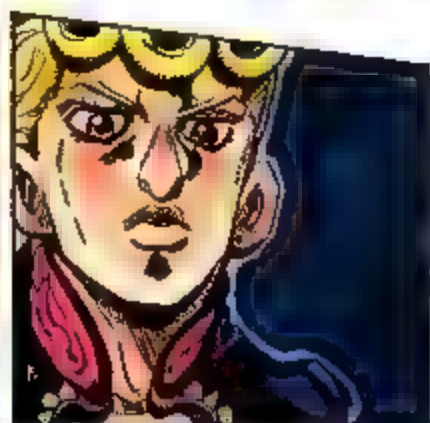
AND IT'S NO  
WONDER  
THAT SHE DID.  
THERE NEVER  
WAS A MAN  
NAMED NASO,  
AFTER ALL.



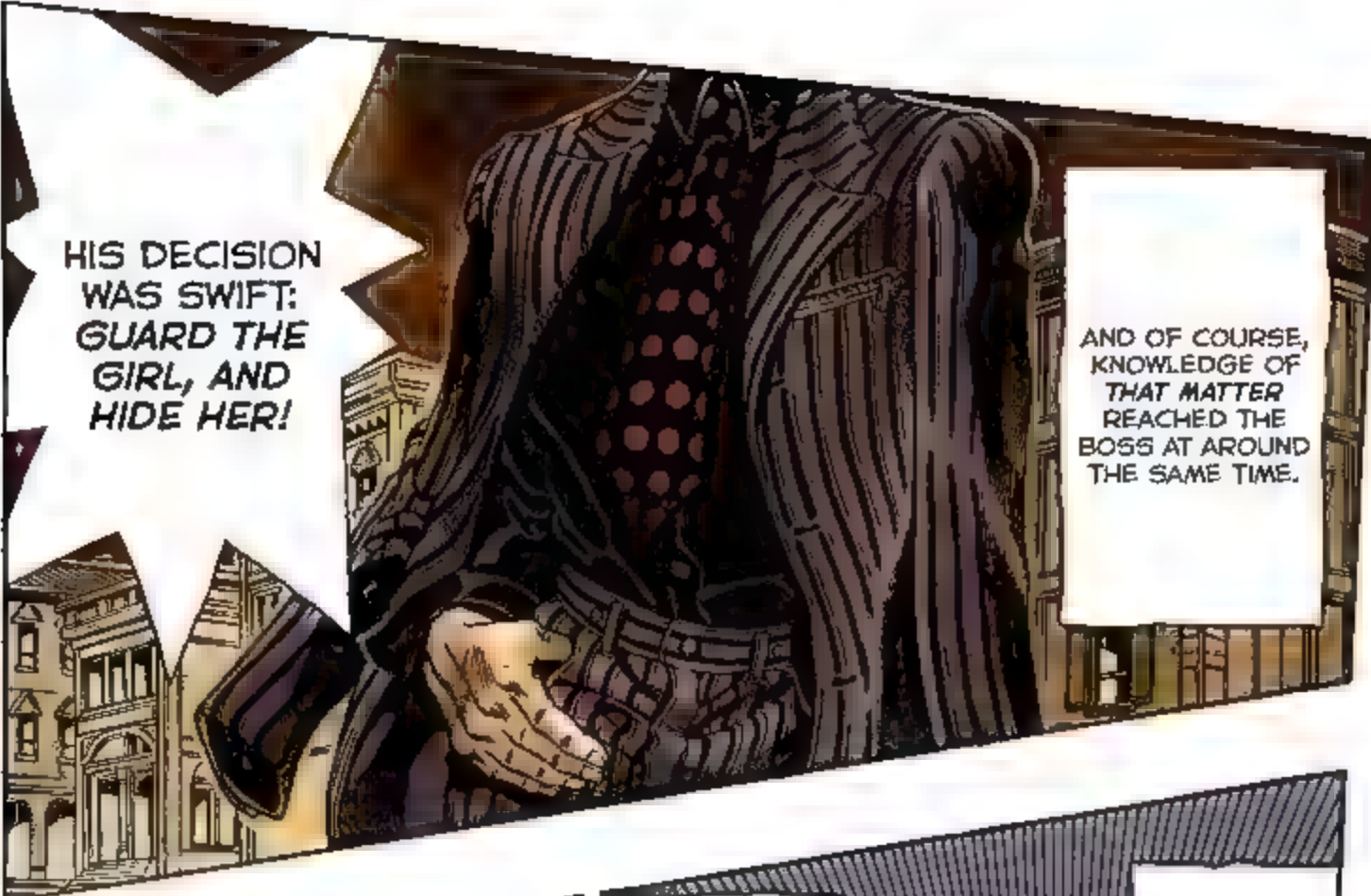


COUNTLESS  
PEOPLE SEARCH  
FOR ONE  
ANOTHER EVERY  
DAY... NORMALLY,  
YOU WOULDN'T  
PAY ANY MIND  
TO IT

BUT OUR GANG PAYS  
CLOSE ATTENTION TO  
PEOPLE WHO ARE  
LOOKING FOR NASO;  
THAT IS BECAUSE THE  
ACT OF LOOKING INTO  
THE BOSS'S PAST IS,  
IN AND OF ITSELF,  
AN ACT OF WAR  
AGAINST PASSIONE.







HIS DECISION  
WAS SWIFT:  
GUARD THE  
GIRL, AND  
HIDE HER!

AND OF COURSE,  
KNOWLEDGE OF  
THAT MATTER  
REACHED THE  
BOSS AT AROUND  
THE SAME TIME.



SOON AFTER I  
SECURED TRISH,  
WE CROSSED  
PATHS WITH  
SOME MEN,

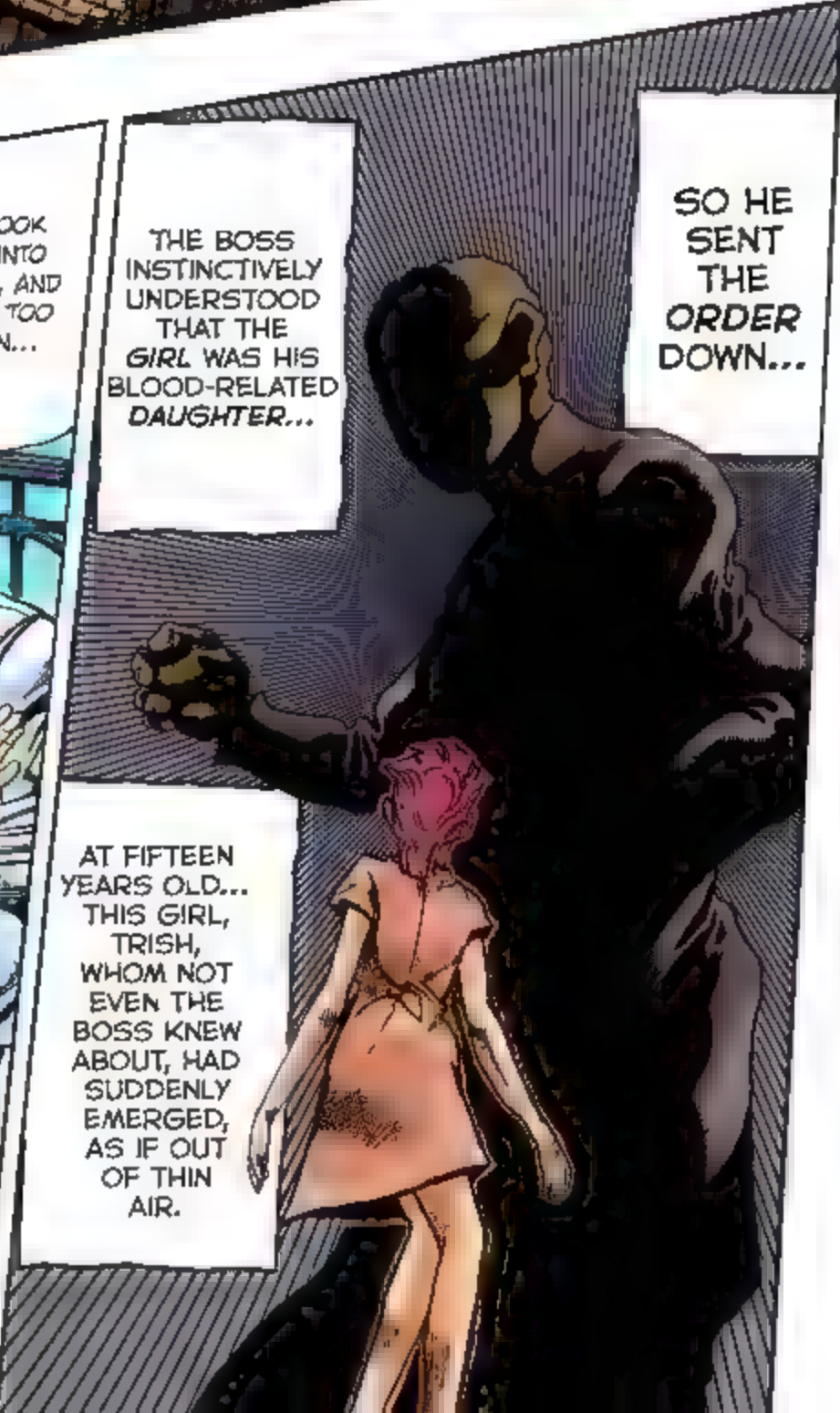
WE TOOK  
HER INTO  
HIDING, AND  
NONE TOO  
SOON...

THE BOSS  
INSTINCTIVELY  
UNDERSTOOD  
THAT THE  
GIRL WAS HIS  
BLOOD-RELATED  
DAUGHTER...

SO HE  
SENT  
THE  
ORDER  
DOWN...

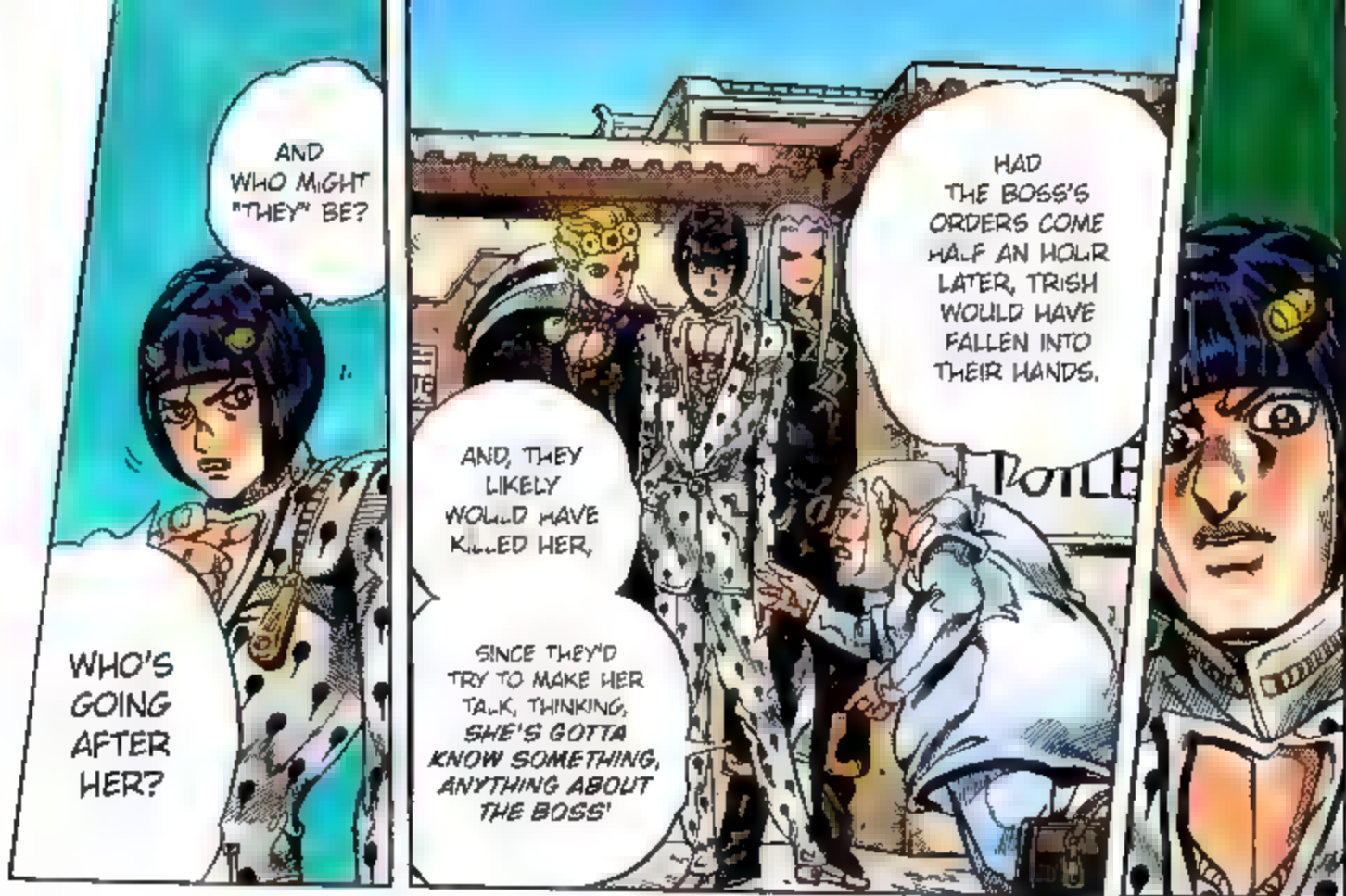
WE DISCOVERED  
THAT THESE MEN  
WERE LOOKING FOR  
TRISH, AND THAT  
THEY WANTED TO TAKE  
TRISH HOSTAGE.

THIS  
WAS TWO  
DAYS  
AGO...



AT FIFTEEN  
YEARS OLD...  
THIS GIRL,  
TRISH,  
WHOM NOT  
EVEN THE  
BOSS KNEW  
ABOUT, HAD  
SUDDENLY  
EMERGED,  
AS IF OUT  
OF THIN  
AIR.





AND  
WHO MIGHT  
"THEY" BE?

WHO'S  
GOING  
AFTER  
HER?

AND, THEY  
LIKELY  
WOULD HAVE  
KILLED HER,

SINCE THEY'D  
TRY TO MAKE HER  
TALK, THINKING,  
SHE'S GOTTA  
KNOW SOMETHING,  
ANYTHING ABOUT  
THE BOSS'

HAD  
THE BOSS'S  
ORDERS COME  
HALF AN HOUR  
LATER, TRISH  
WOULD HAVE  
FALLEN INTO  
THEIR HANDS.

I DON'T KNOW  
HOW MANY THERE  
ARE, BUT THEY  
SEEK TO OVERTHROW  
THE BOSS, AND  
SEIZE HIS DRUG  
ROUTES. .

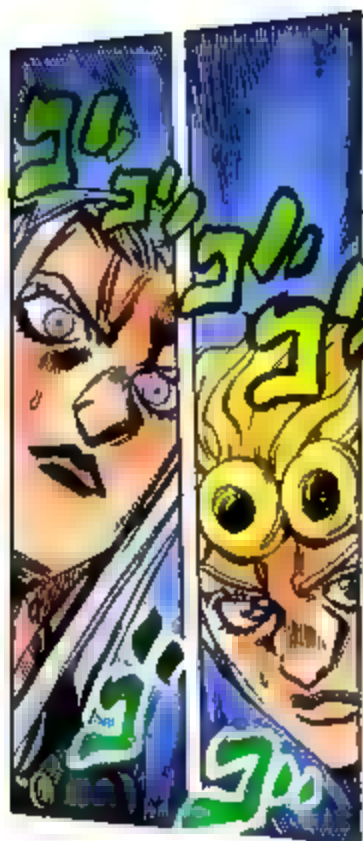
TRAITORS  
FROM THE  
GANG.

ONE  
WEEK!

FOR  
HOW LONG  
MUST WE  
GUARD  
HER?

DRUGS  
...



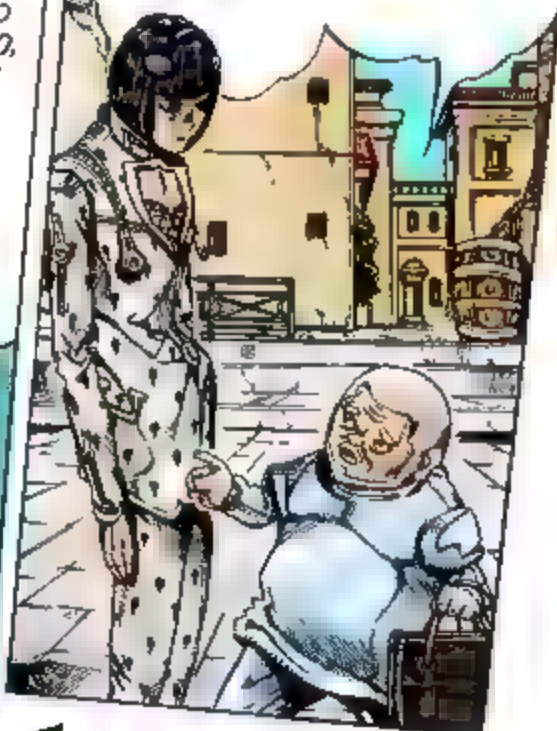


THEN,  
THAT  
MEANS...

YOU INFORMED  
US THAT THE  
ORDERS WERE  
SUPPOSED TO  
GO TO POLPO,  
DIDN'T YOU?

THE BOSS IS  
HUNTING AND  
DISPOSING OF  
THE TRAITORS,

MAYBE LESS...  
EVEN AS WE  
SPEAK...



AT ANY RATE,  
I DON'T HAVE  
A STAND ABILITY,  
SO I'M NO LONGER  
OF ANY USE HERE.

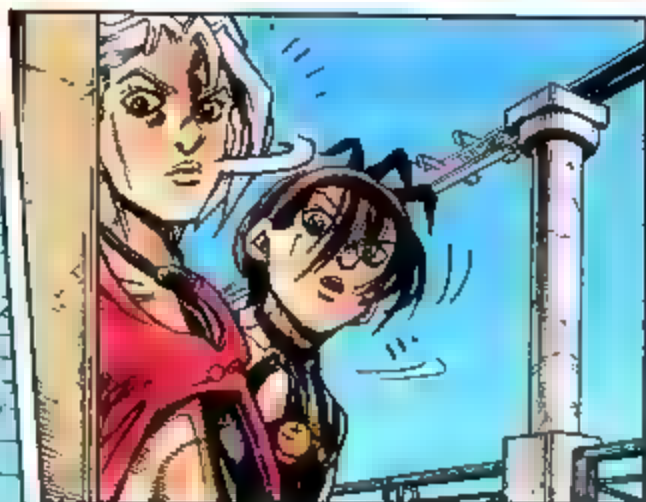
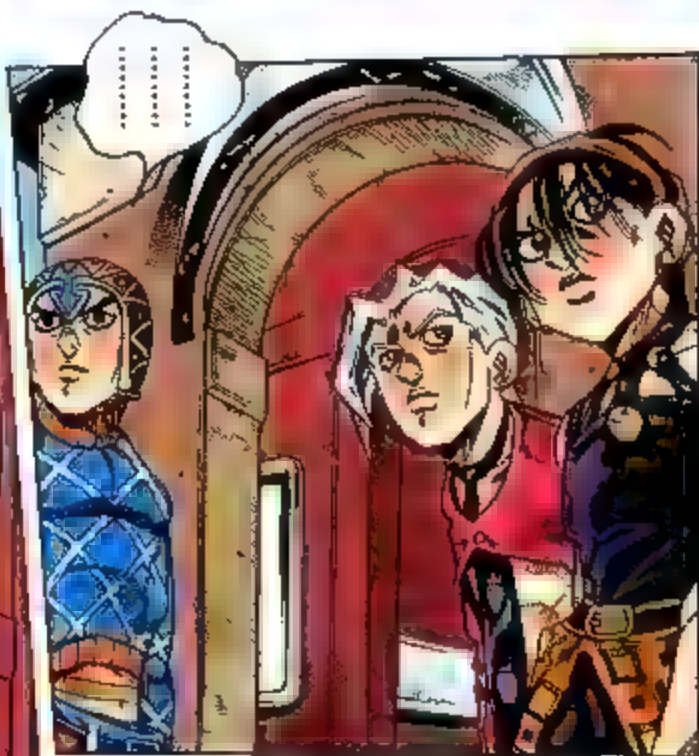
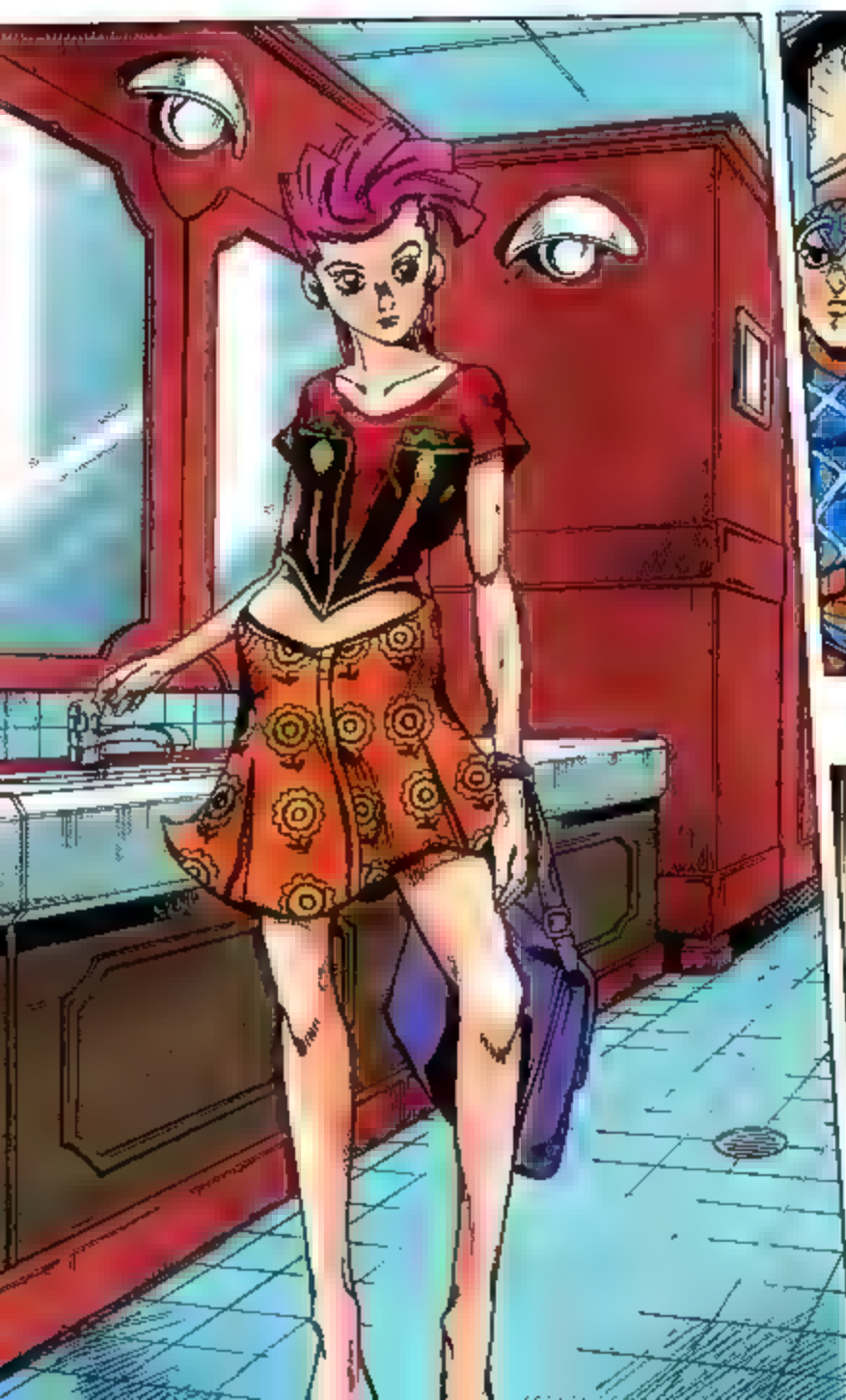
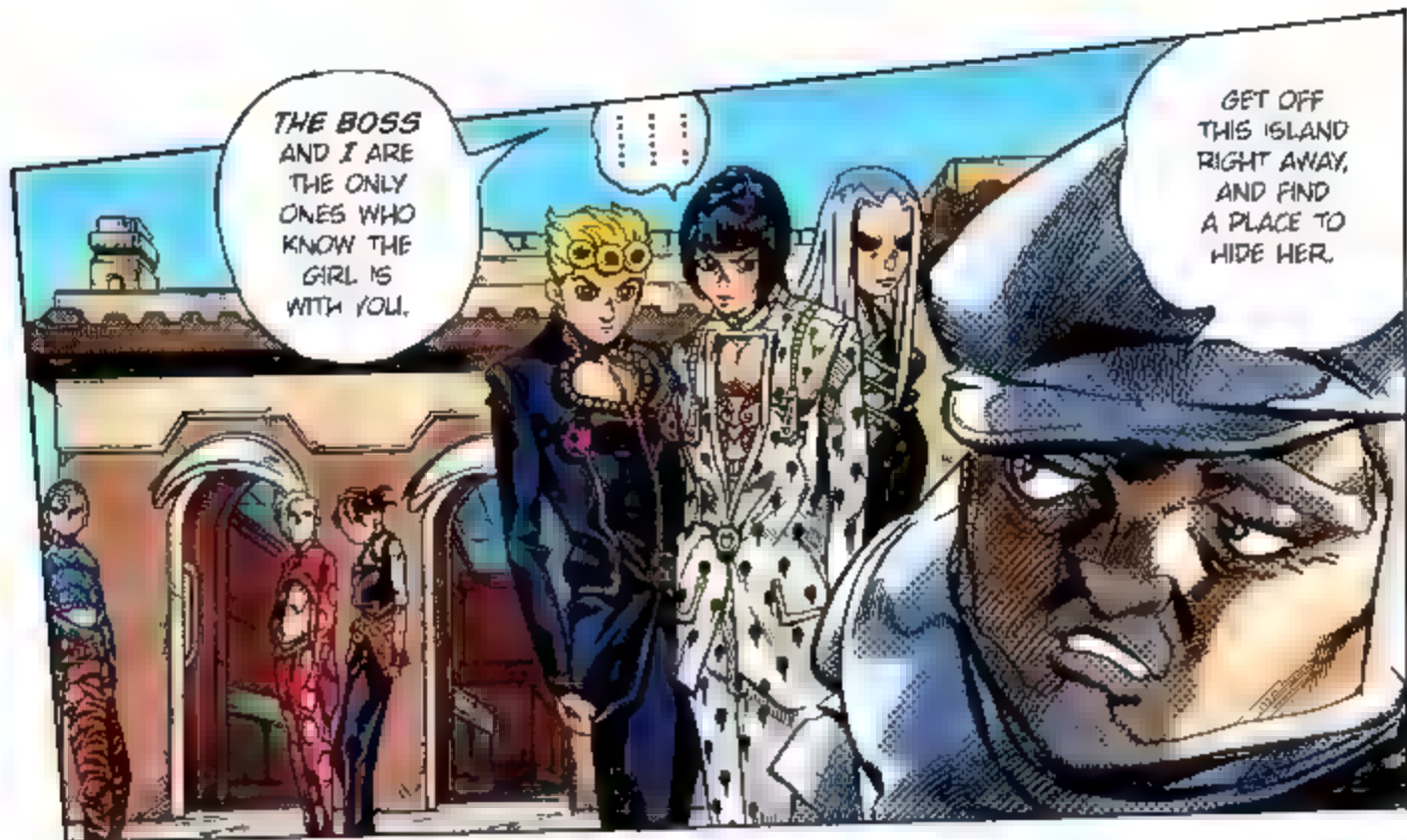
AFTER ALL,  
THE BOSS  
GAVE ORDERS  
TO POLPO ONLY  
WHEN CONCERNING  
MATTERS OF  
THAT NATURE.

YES, THAT  
WOULD BE  
A WISE  
ASSUMPTION  
TO MAKE.

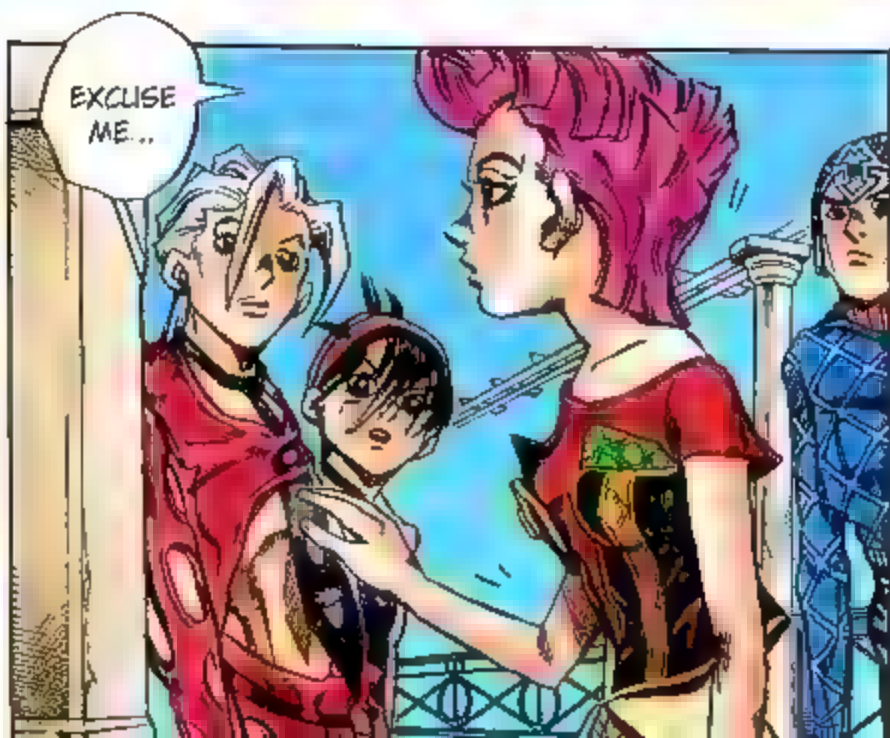
**YOUR  
ENEMIES  
ARE  
STAND  
USERS!**



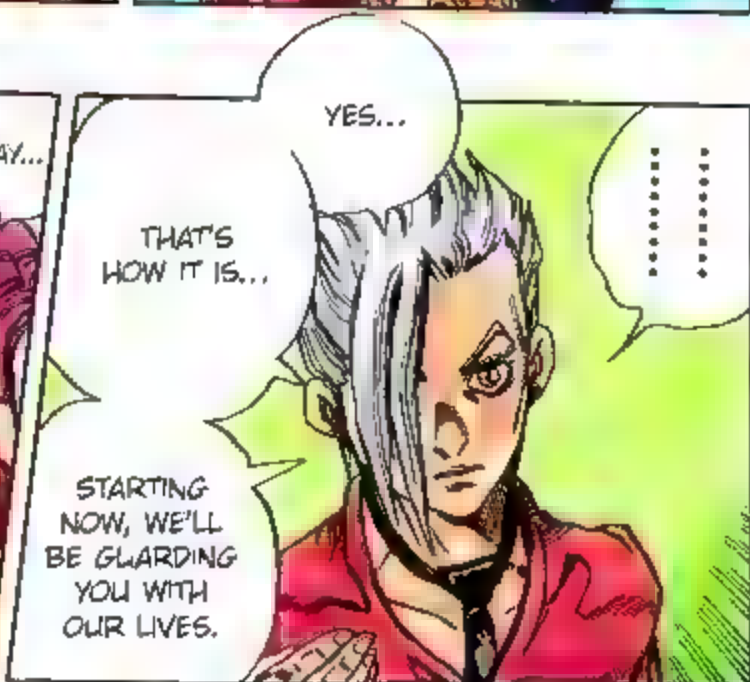
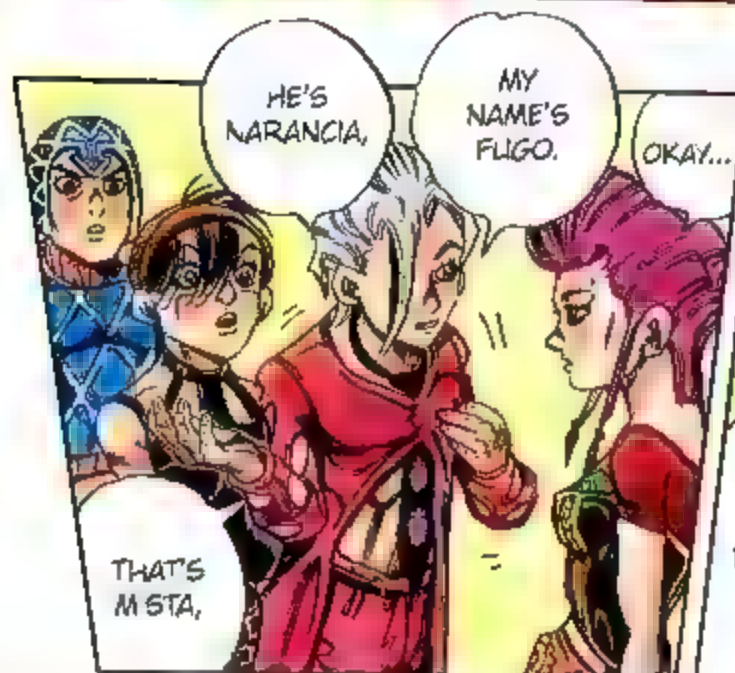
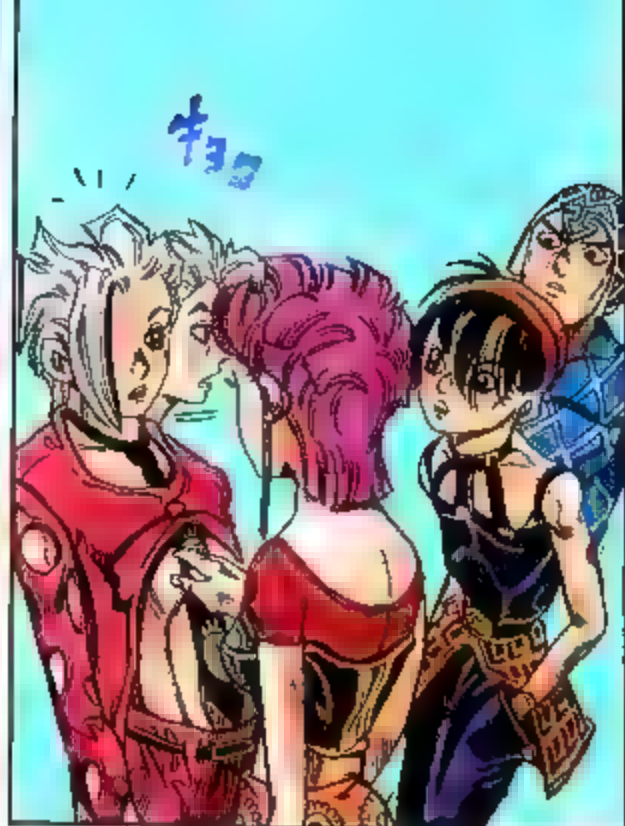
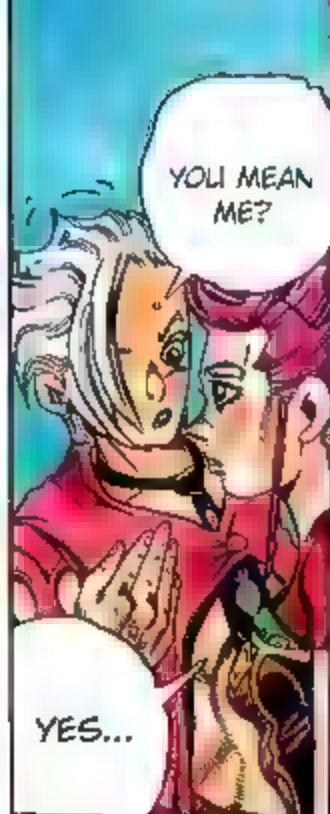




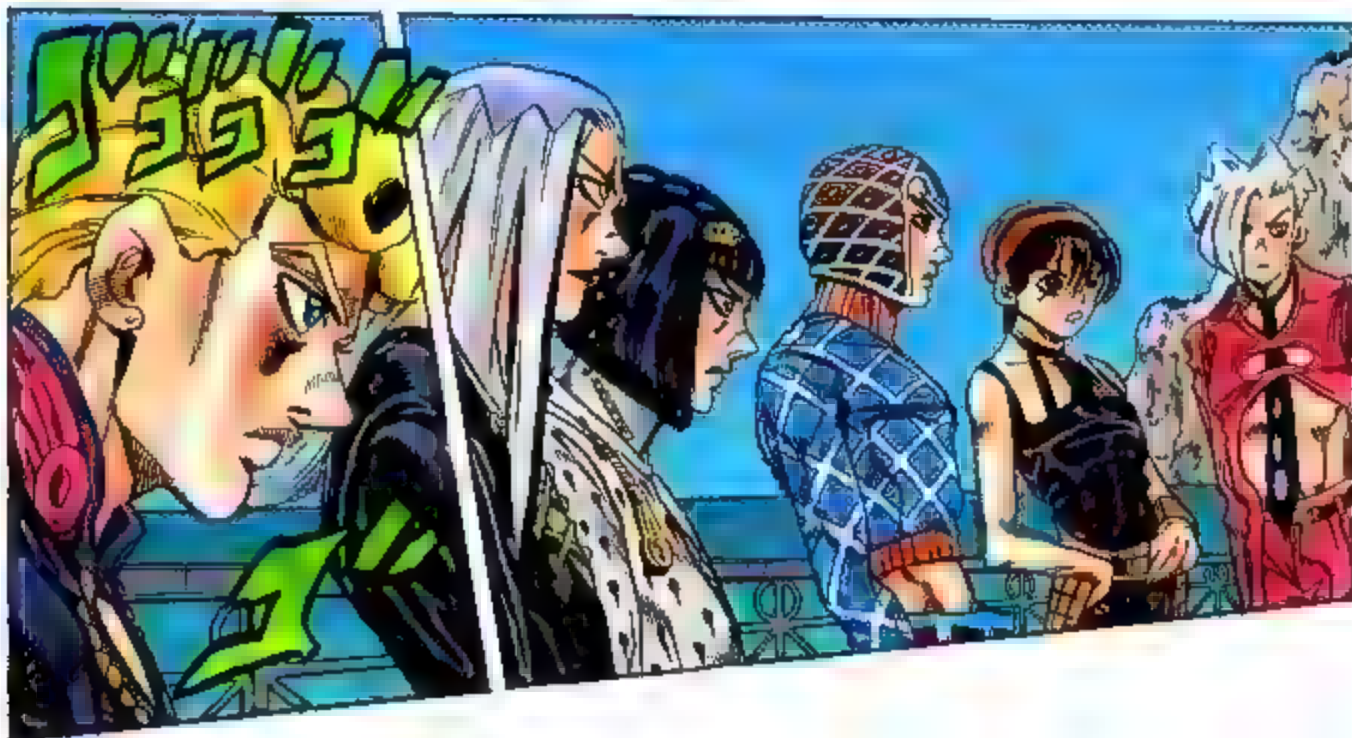
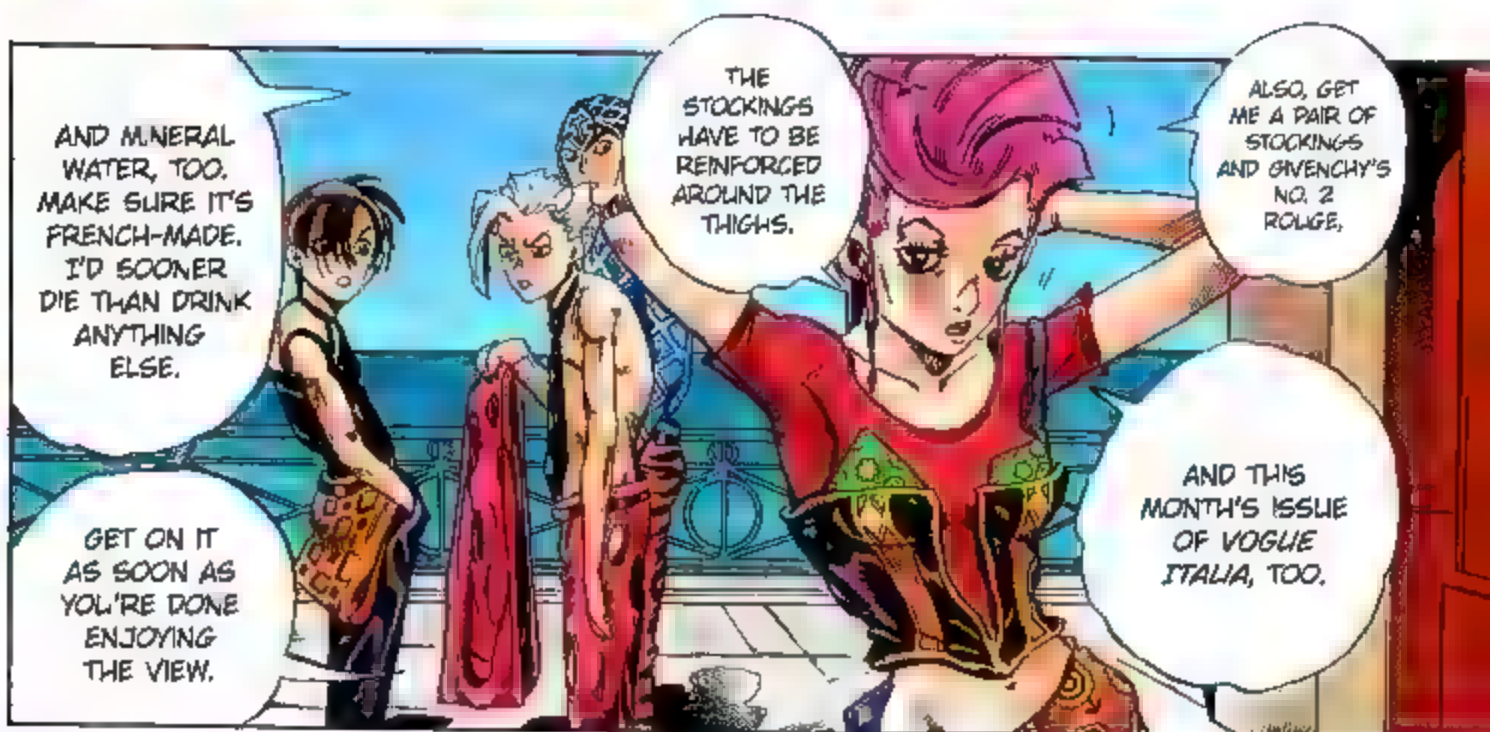
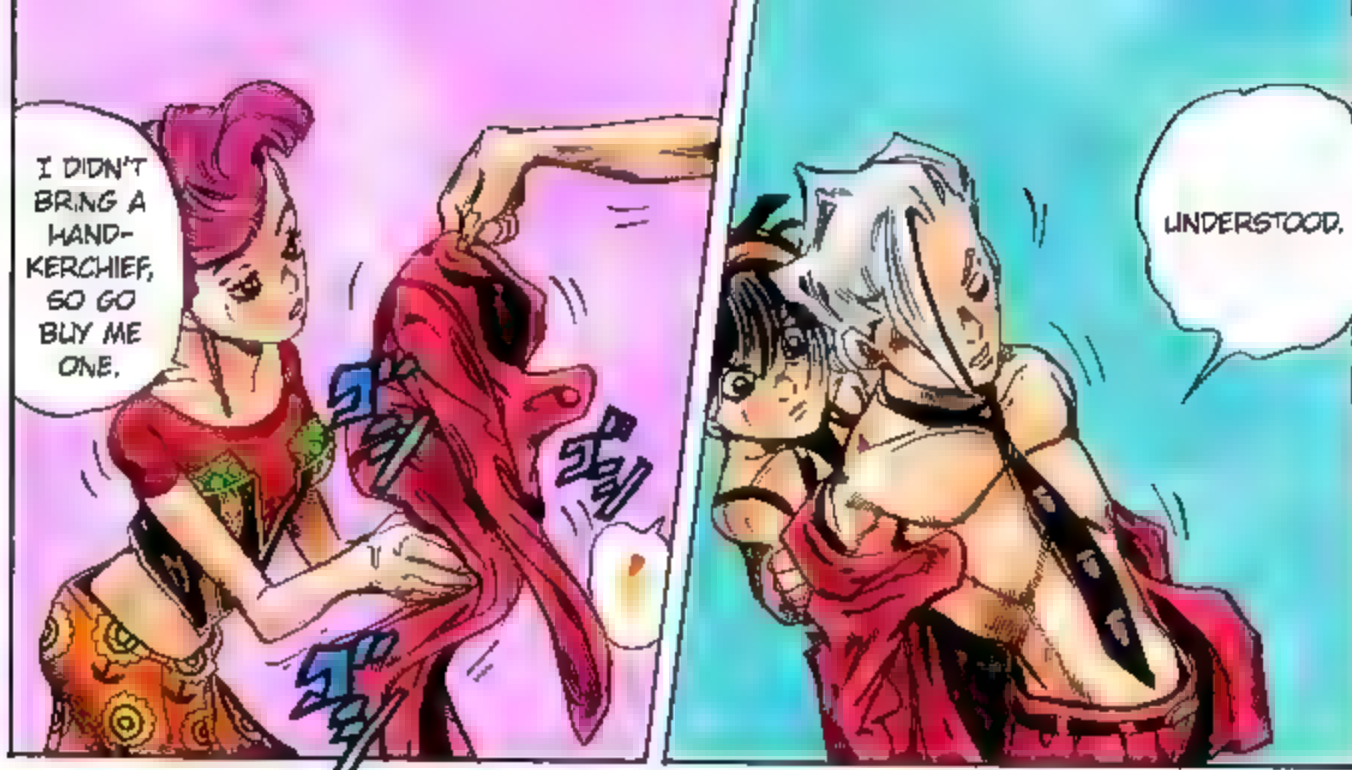
















AT ANY RATE,  
WE'VE GOT NO CHOICE  
BUT TO GUARD HER  
WITH OUR LIVES!

THERE'S A GOOD PAYOFF WAITING!

IF WE KEEP ON GUARDING HER,  
BUCCELLATI WILL RISE TO THE SAME  
LEVEL OF TRUST THAT POLPO HAD...

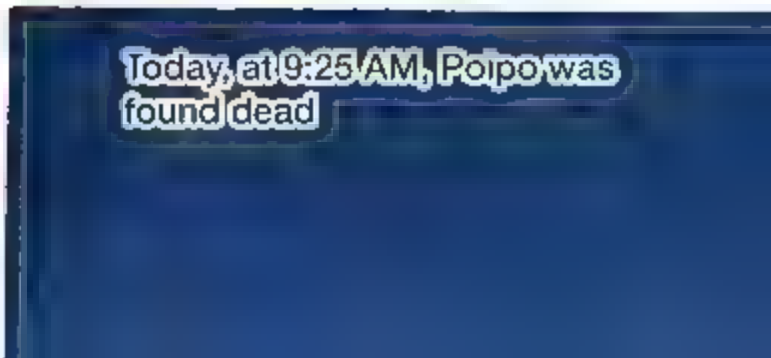
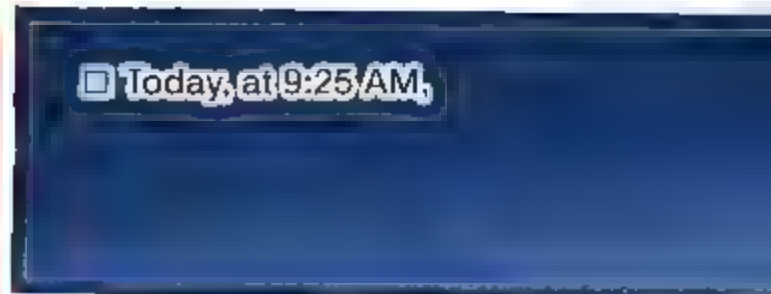
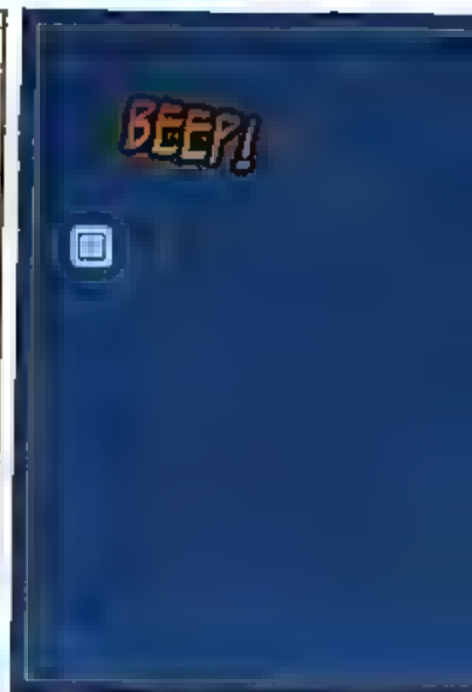
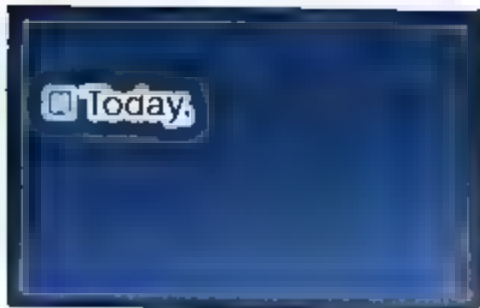
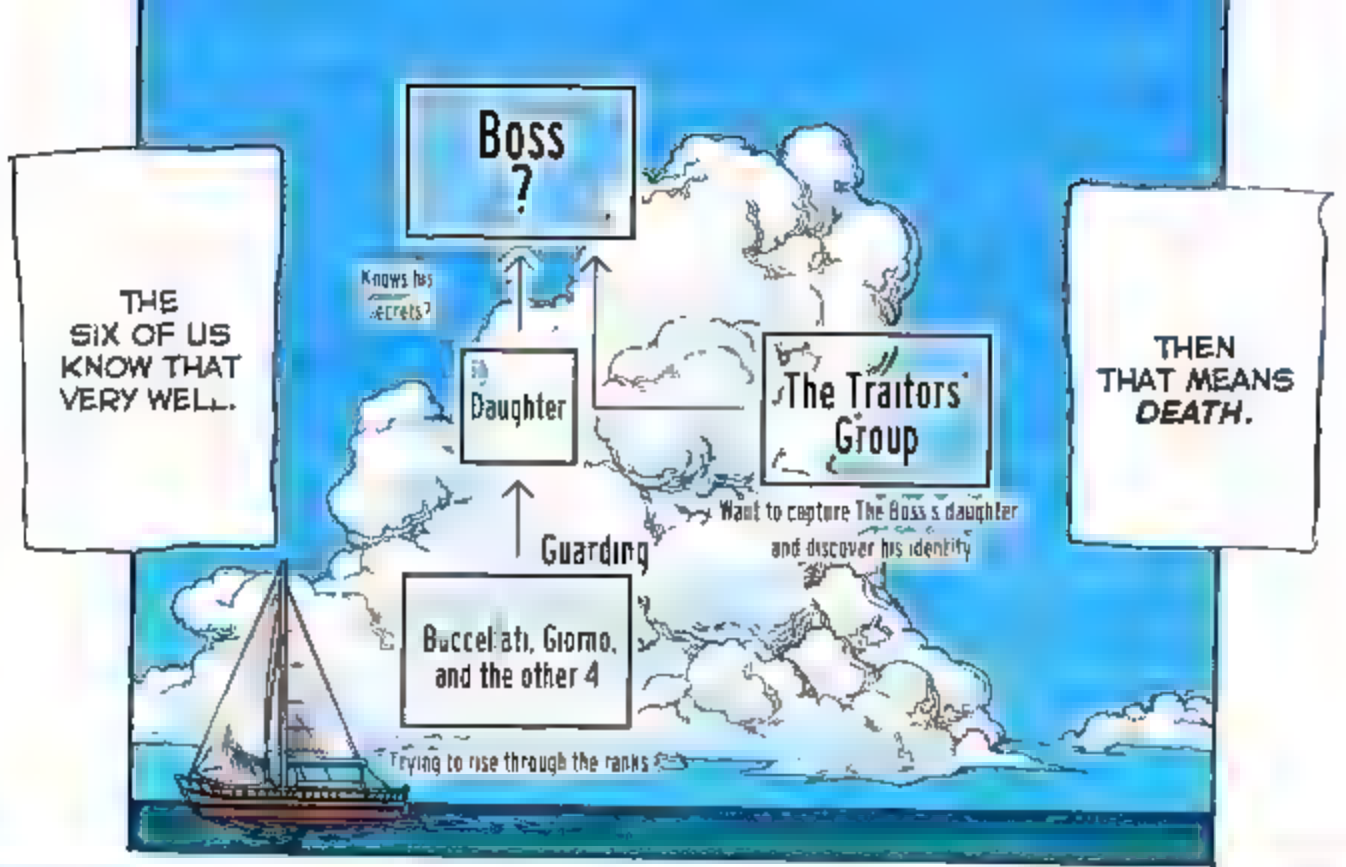
BUT,  
IF WE  
FAIL....



GUARD  
THE BOSS'S  
DAUGHTER...  
IS IT?

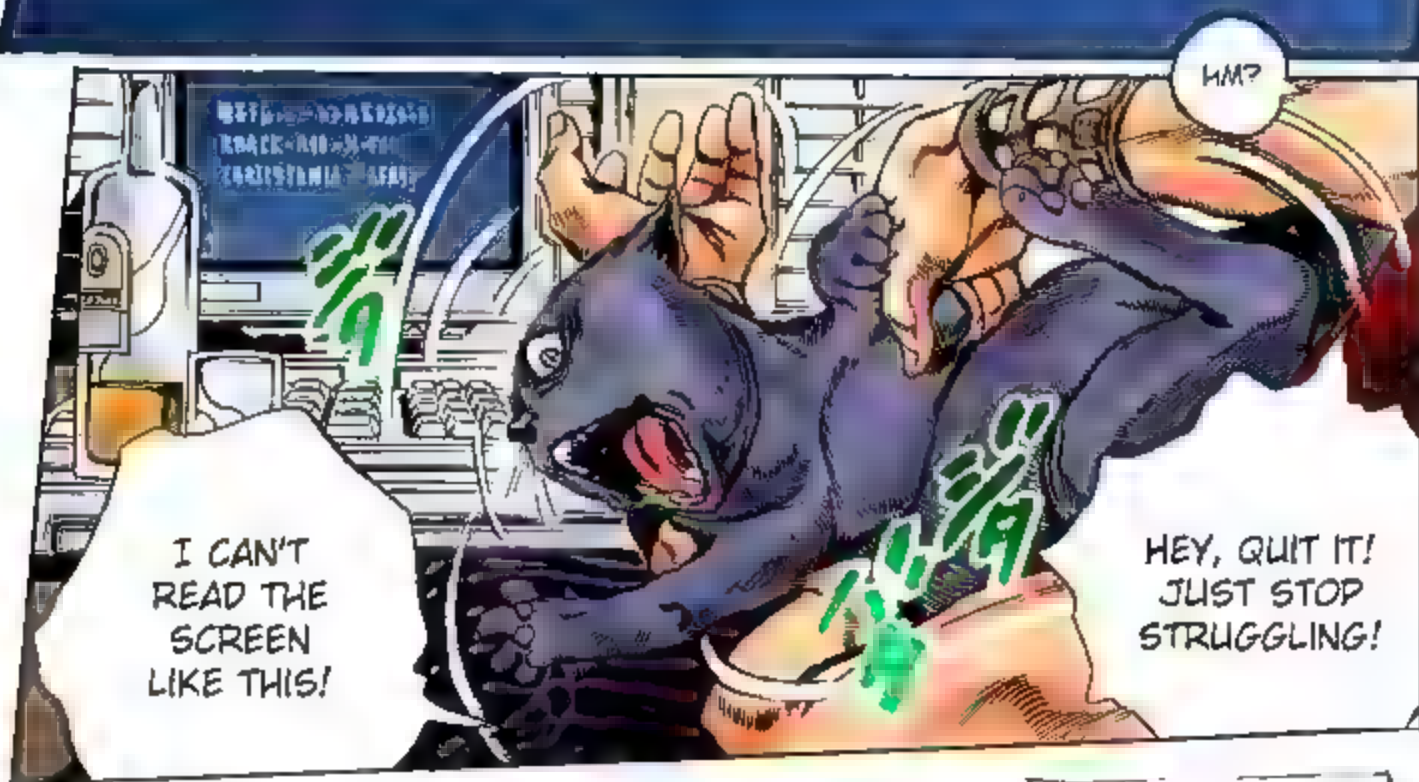
SO, ALL OF A SUDDEN,  
I'VE MANAGED TO GET A LEAD  
ON THIS MYSTERIOUS BOSS WHO  
I'M TRYING TO TRACK DOWN...







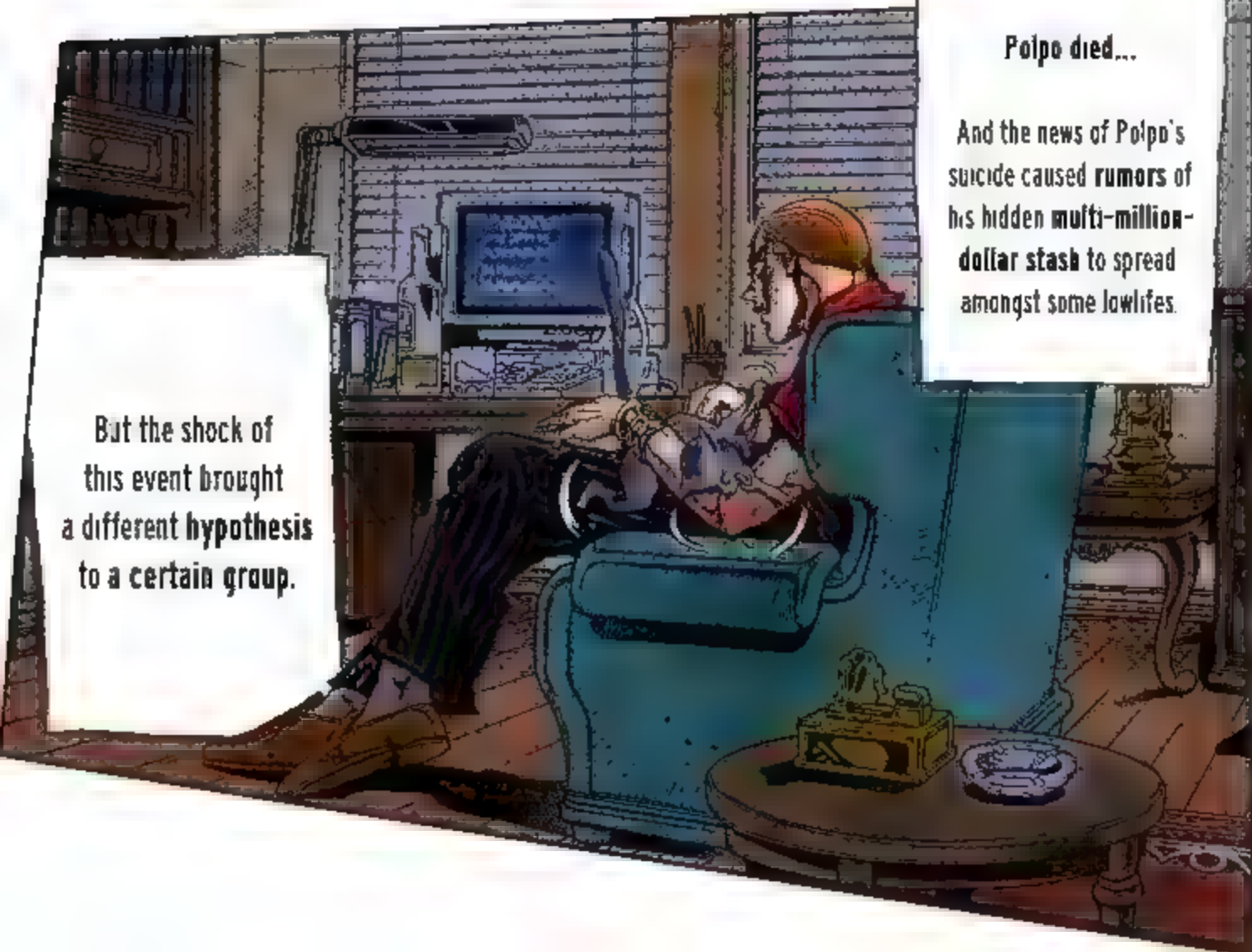
Today, at 9:25 AM, Polpo was found dead in his jail cell in Naples. The cause was a self-inflicted gunshot to the head. His death has been ruled as a suicide.



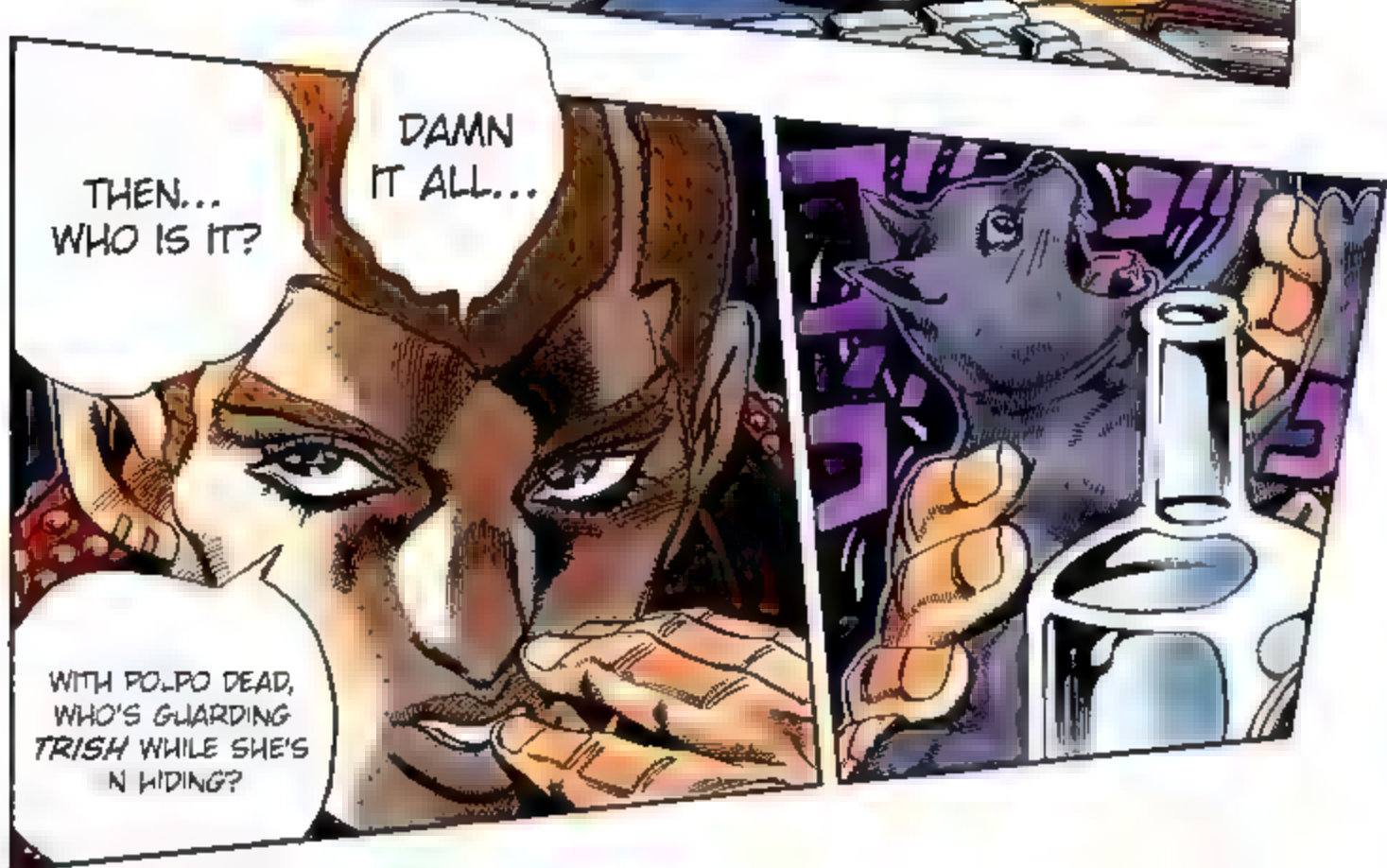
Polpo died...

And the news of Polpo's suicide caused rumors of his hidden multi-million-dollar stash to spread amongst some lowlifes.

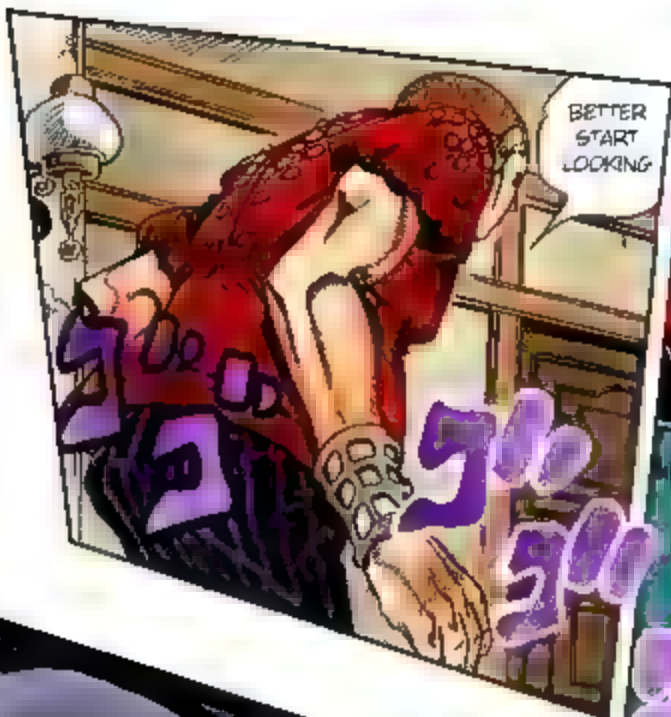
But the shock of this event brought a different hypothesis to a certain group.



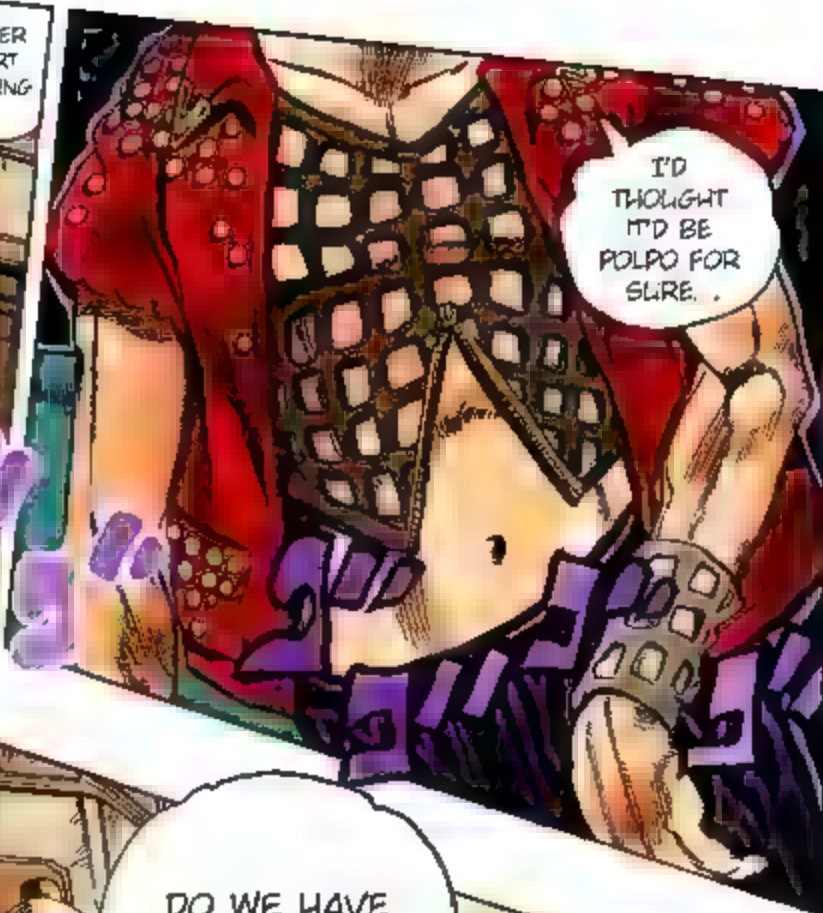




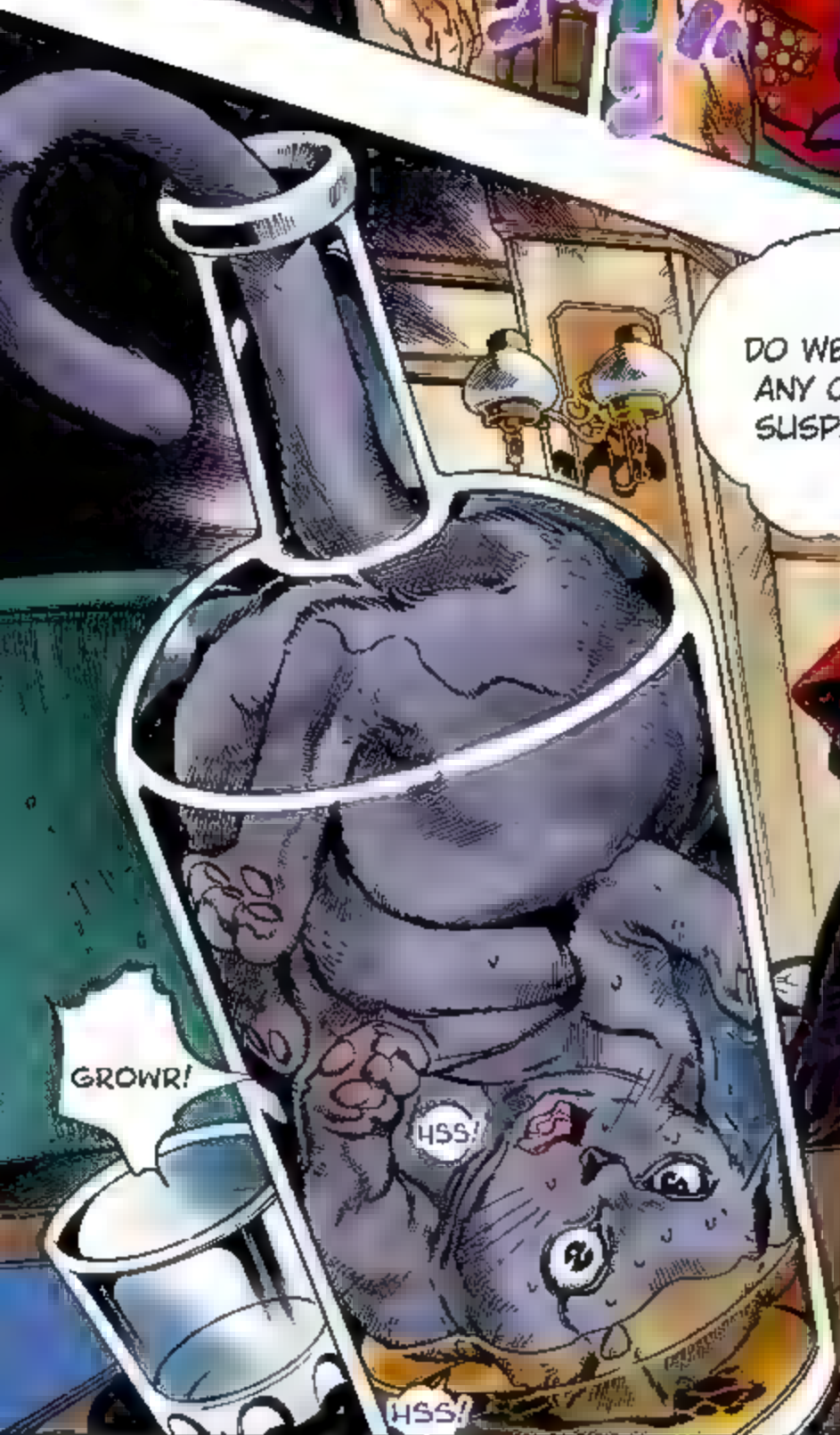




BETTER  
START  
LOOKING



I'D  
THOUGHT  
IT'D BE  
POLPO FOR  
SURE...



GROWR!

HSS!

HSS!

DO WE HAVE  
ANY OTHER  
SUSPECTS?



I GUESS  
I'D BETTER  
START  
WITH THE  
CAPOS...

AND A MISSION  
THAT IMPORTANT...  
WOULD GO TO  
SOMEONE WITH  
A STAND ABILITY...



# NARANCIA'S AEROSMITH PART ①

CRIMINAL ORGANIZATION: PASSIONE

(756 members total)

Pericolo  
An ordinary officer  
Trusted by the boss



Boss  
(Villain)

Guard my daughter!



Daughter (Trish)

Age 15

"We'll overthrow the boss and take  
all his drug money for our own!"  
I'll find and dispose of you all!

We're bad guys too  
but selling drugs is  
over the line (We'll  
find out his identity  
one of these days!)

She's gotta know  
something  
about the boss.  
Even if she doesn't  
she'll still make  
a good hostage

We've got orders to guard her and  
we'll put our lives on the line to  
protect her without fail!



Traitors  
Team (Villains)

Member count unknown  
but are stand users  
without a doubt



Bucciarati  
(Officer)

Abbacchio

Mista

Gorno

Fugo

Narancia

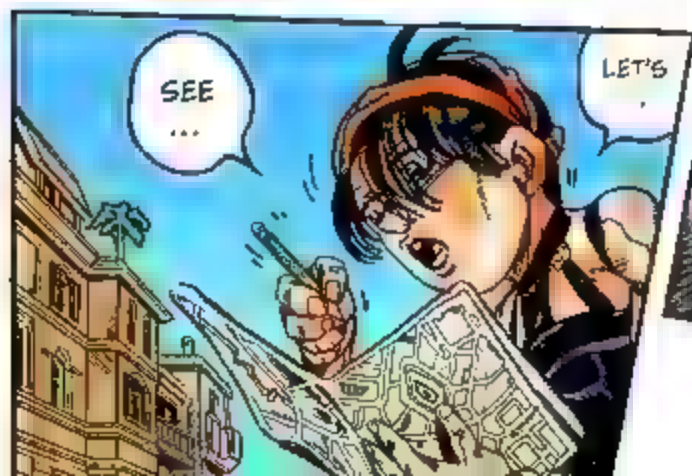
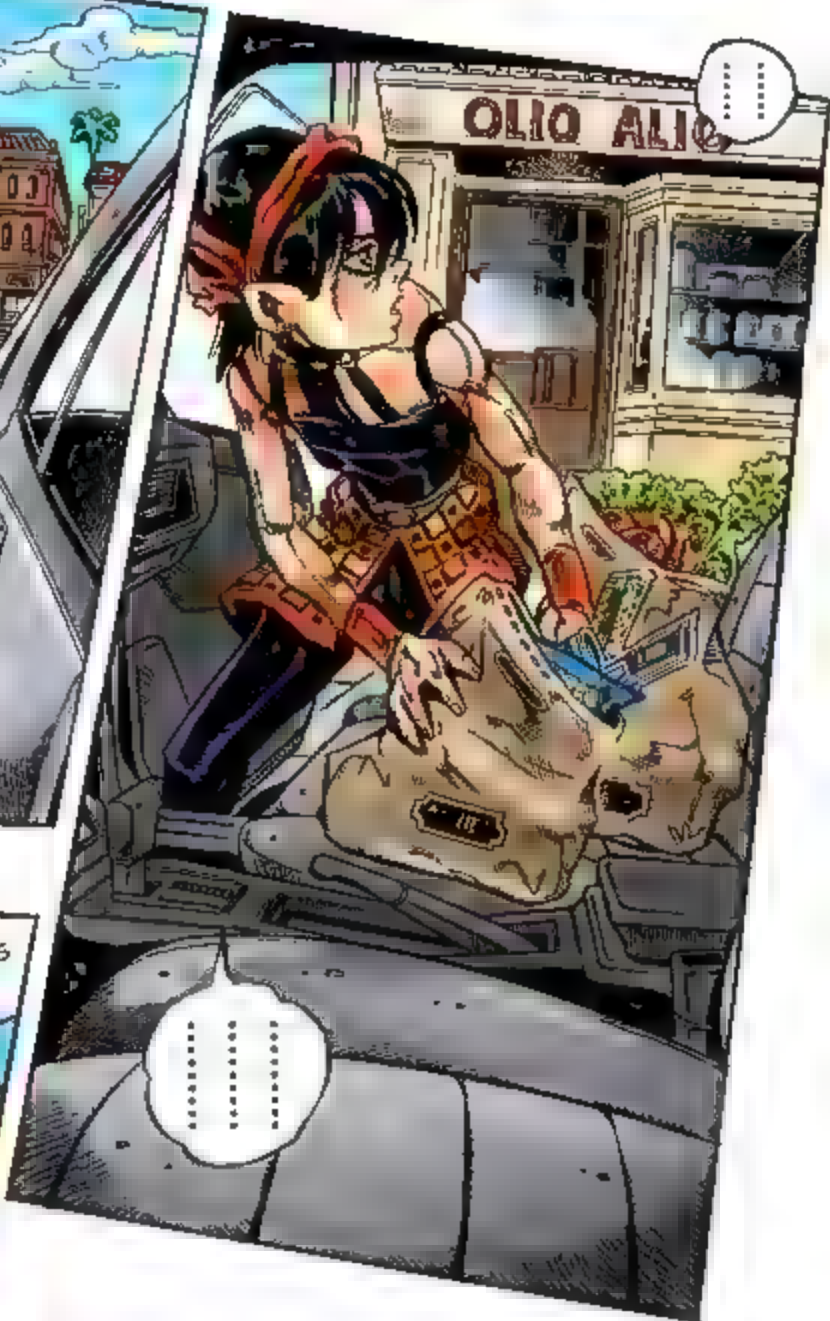
We're small-time thugs right now,  
but we'll expand our influence and  
rise up, up, up through the ranks!

If they come, kill them!

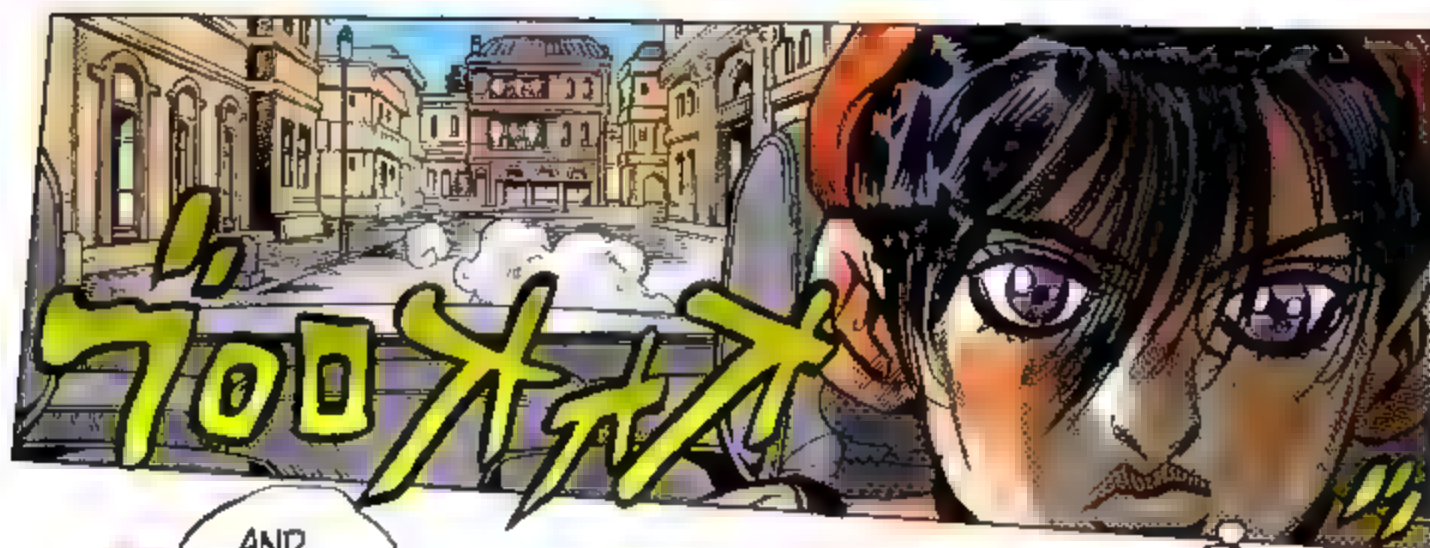
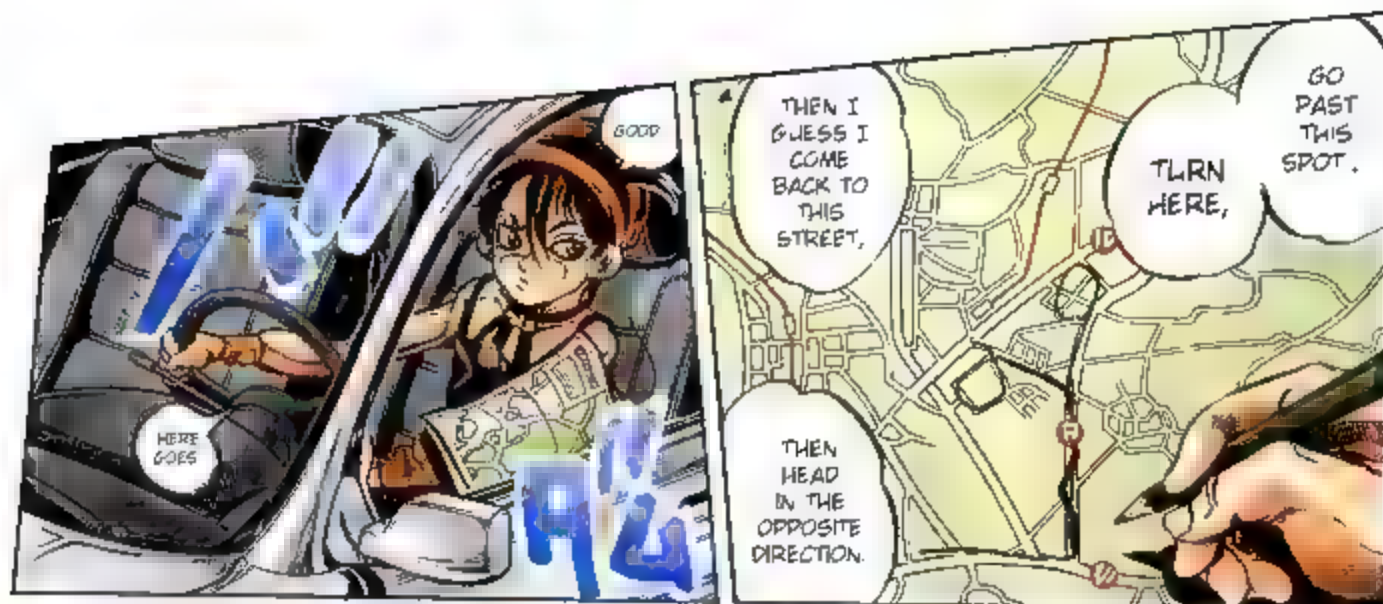


Polpo's death has thrown  
the gang into disarray  
(The Bow and Arrow are gone)

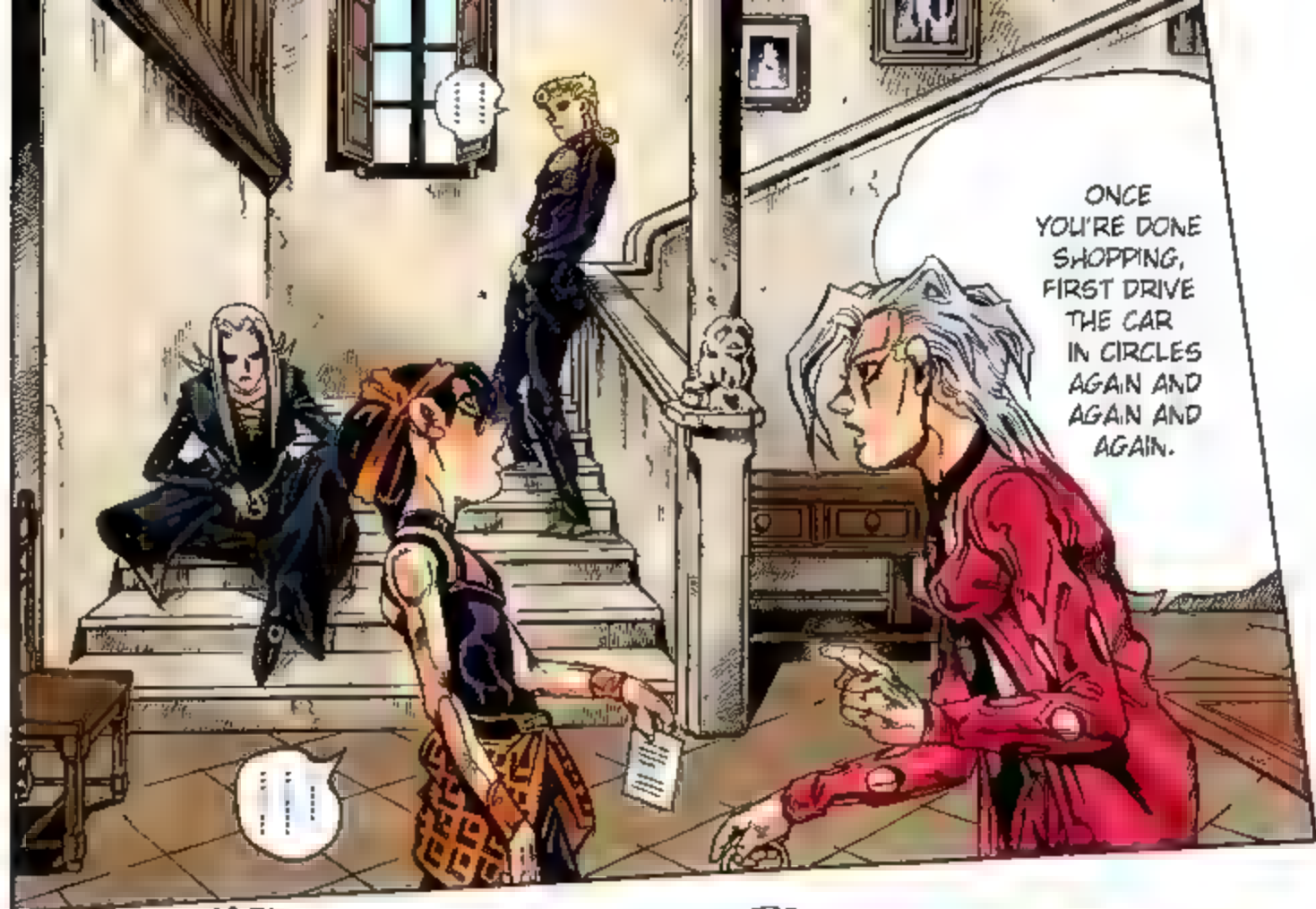






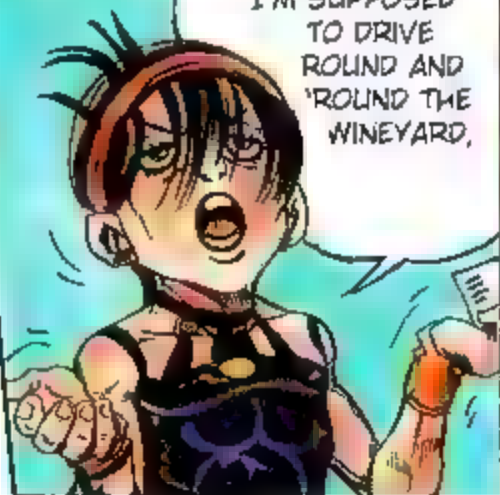




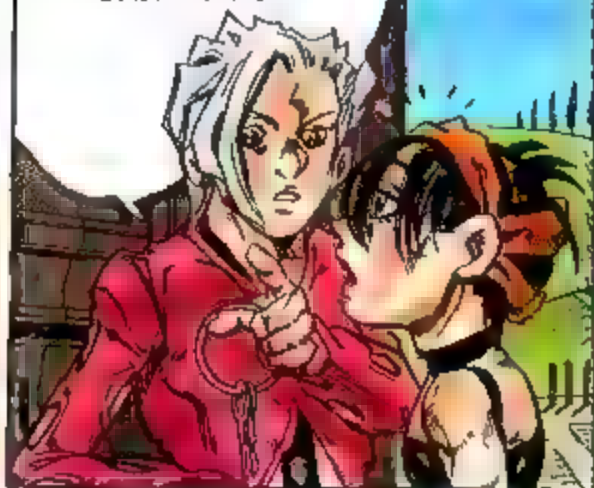




ONCE I'M  
DONE SHOPPING,  
I'M SUPPOSED  
TO DRIVE  
ROUND AND  
'ROUND THE  
WINEYARD,



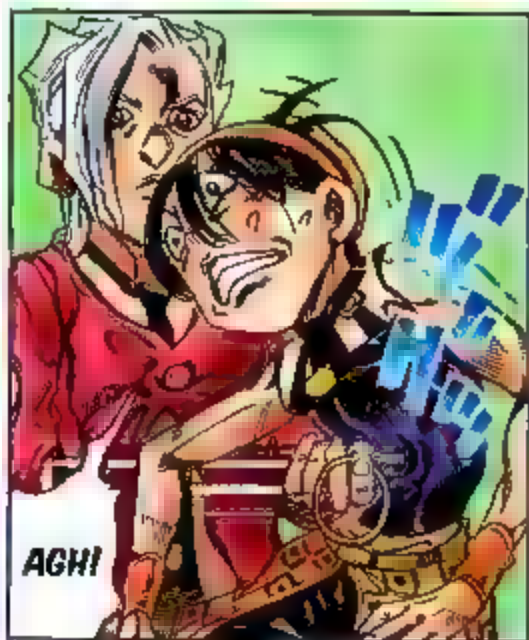
ALRIGHT,  
THEN REPEAT THE  
**STEPS** I MENTIONED  
BACK TO ME.



DON'T  
GIVE ME  
THAT  
BULL-  
SHIT!

OWW!  
WHAT WAS  
THAT FOR!?

DO IT  
AGAIN,  
FROM  
THE  
START!



AGH!

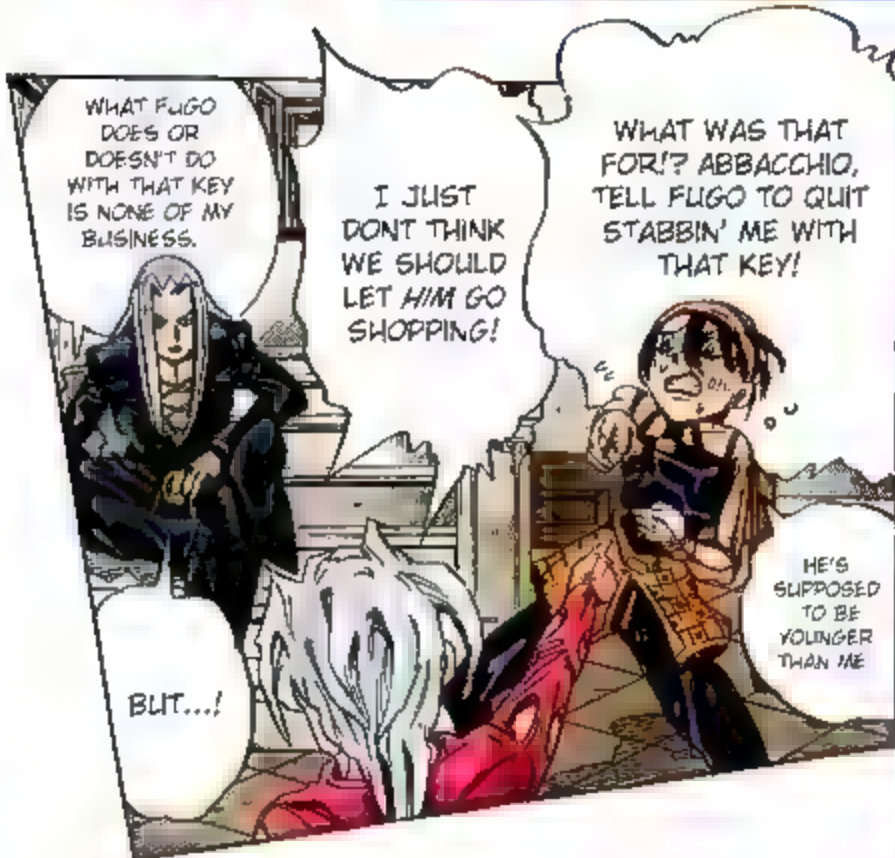
WHAT FUGO  
DOES OR  
DOESN'T DO  
WITH THAT KEY  
IS NONE OF MY  
BUSINESS.

I JUST  
DON'T THINK  
WE SHOULD  
LET HIM GO  
SHOPPING!

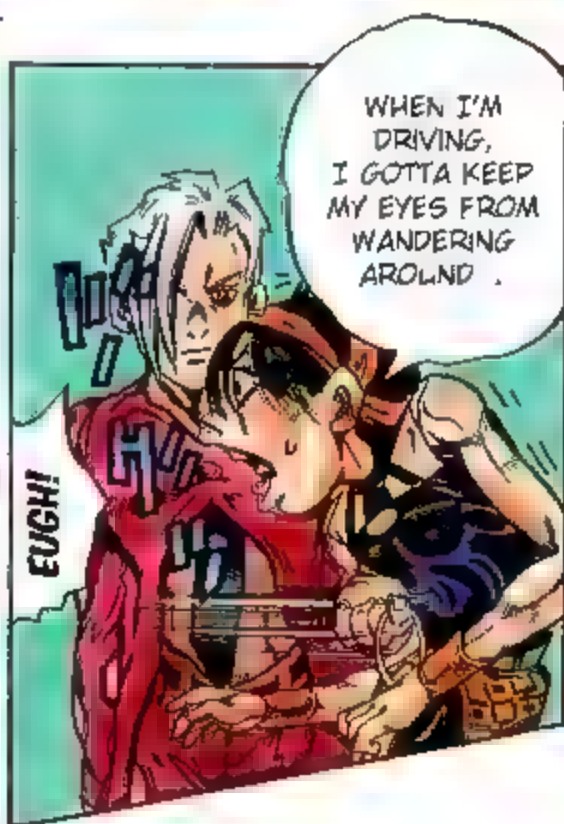
WHAT WAS THAT  
FOR!? ABBACCHIO,  
TELL FUGO TO QUIT  
STABBIN' ME WITH  
THAT KEY!

HE'S  
SUPPOSED  
TO BE  
YOUNGER  
THAN ME

BUT...!



WHEN I'M  
DRIVING,  
I GOTTA KEEP  
MY EYES FROM  
WANDERING  
AROUND .

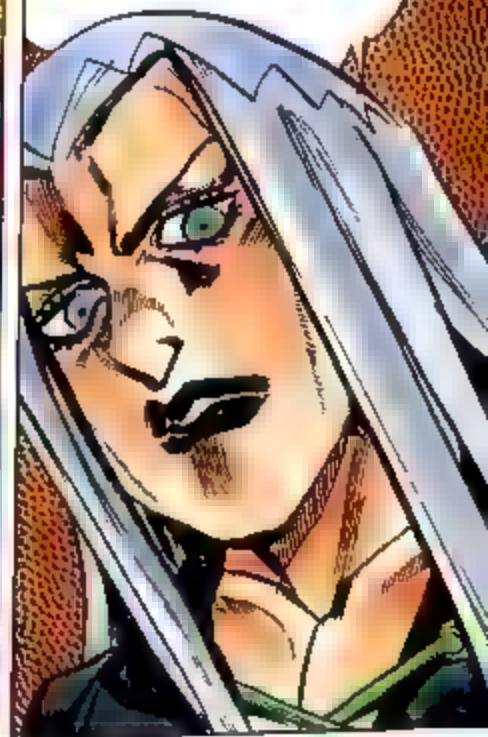
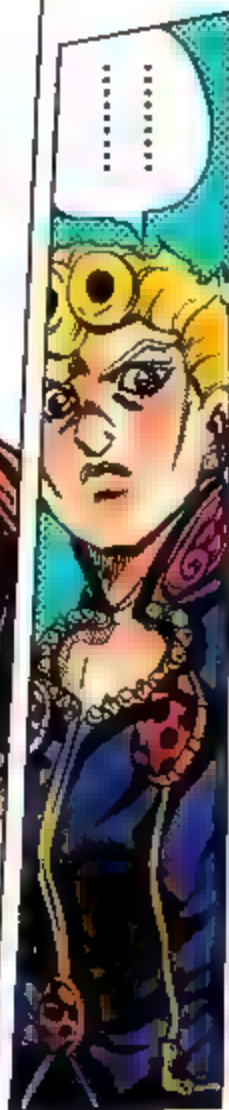


EUGH!





SO ALL I  
GOTTA DO IS  
MAKE SURE  
NOBODY'S  
FOLLOWING  
ME HOME!



.....

EVEN IF WE WERE  
BEING TAILED,  
NARANCIA'S **STAND**  
**ABILITY** WILL MAKE  
SHORT WORK OF  
HIM. THAT'S WHY  
BUCCELLATI WANTS  
HIM TO GO.

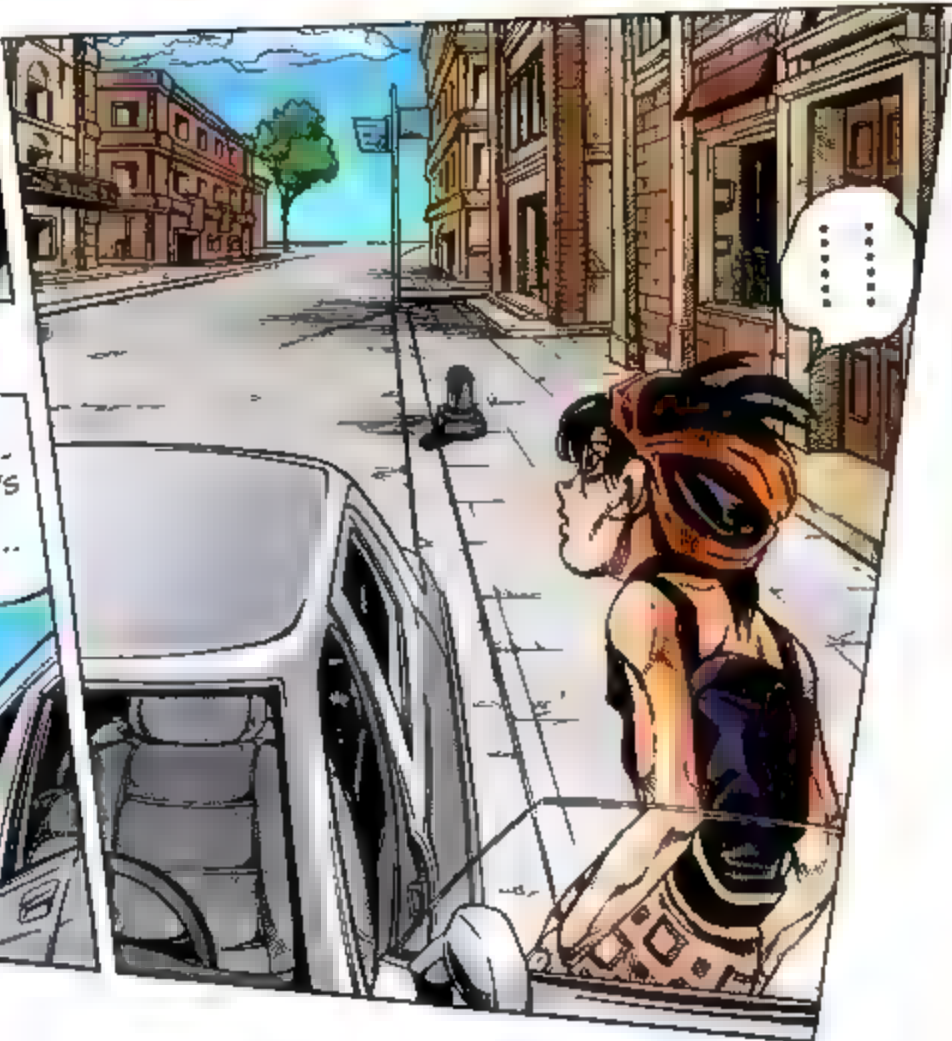


WEIRD  
...

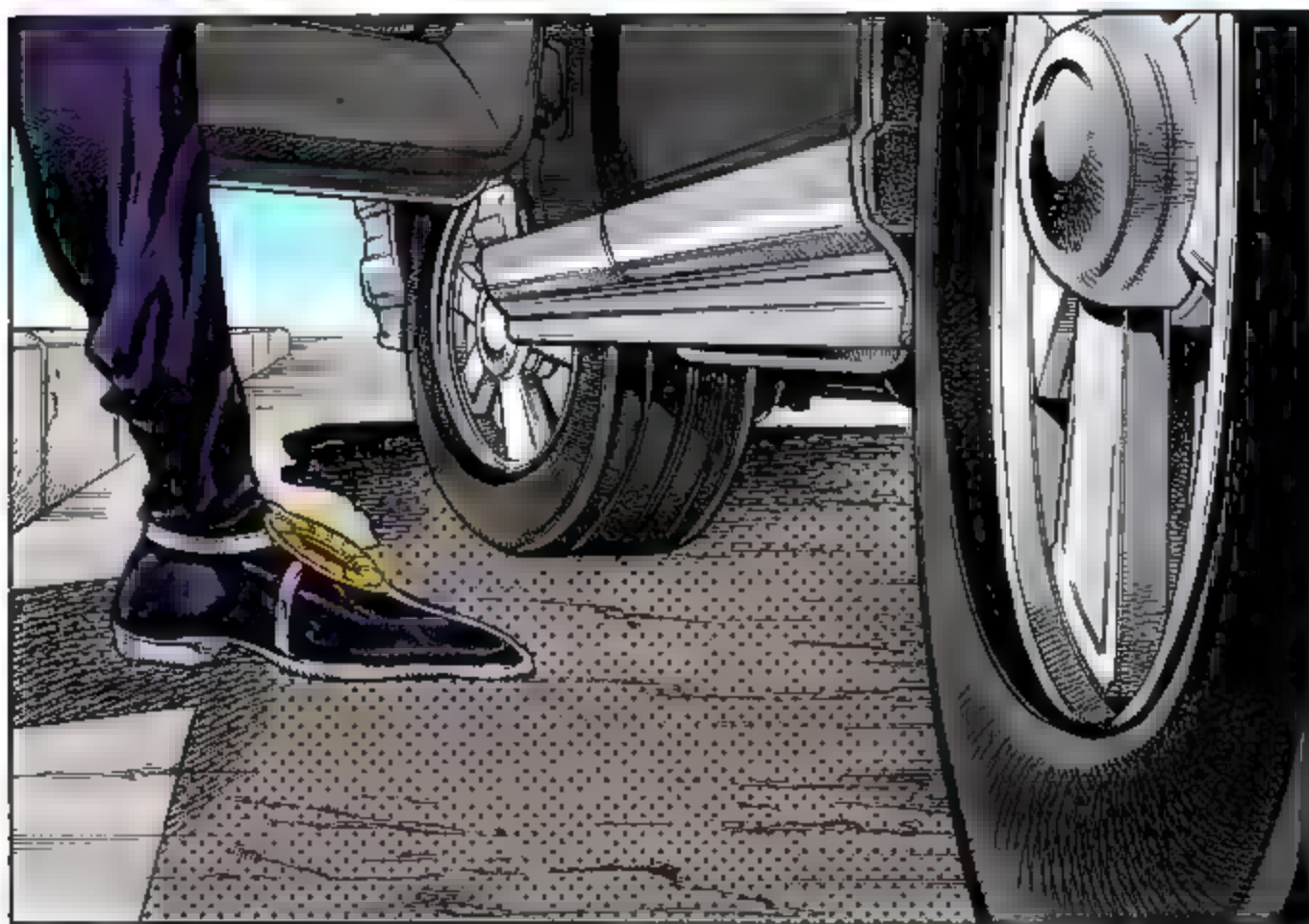


I HAVEN'T  
SEEN  
ANY CARS  
THAT LOOK  
LIKE THEY'RE  
TRYING TO  
CHASE ME,

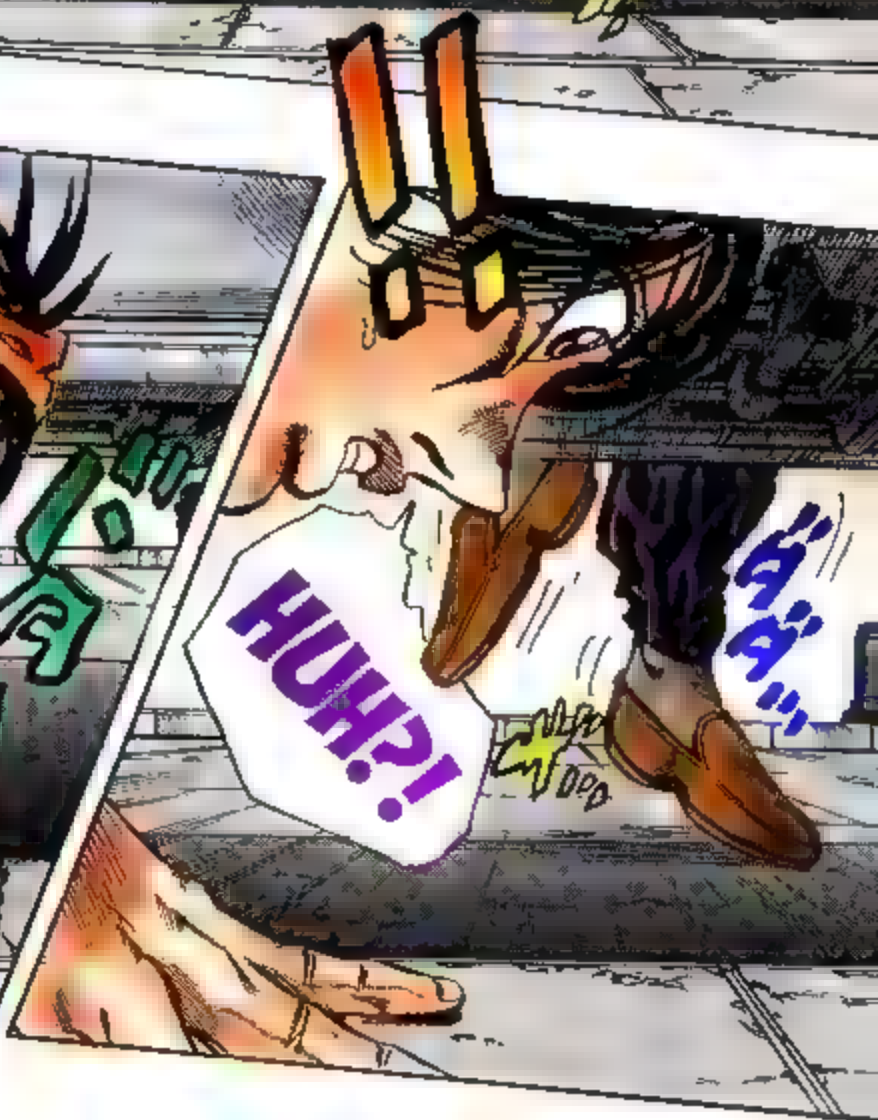
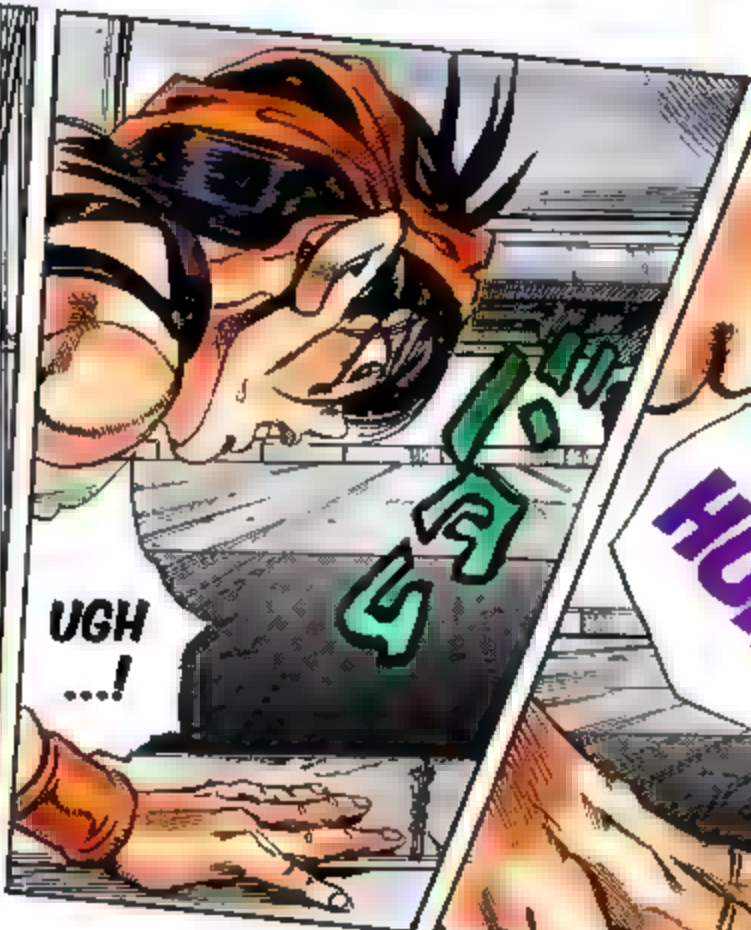
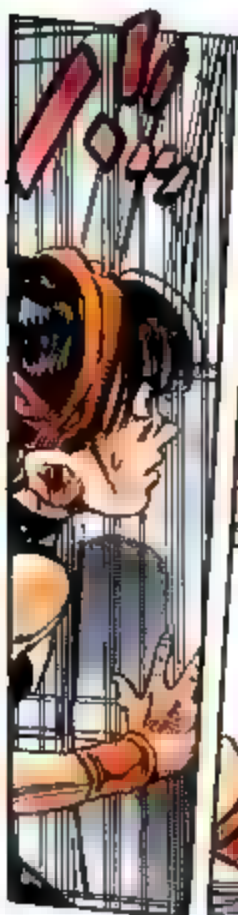
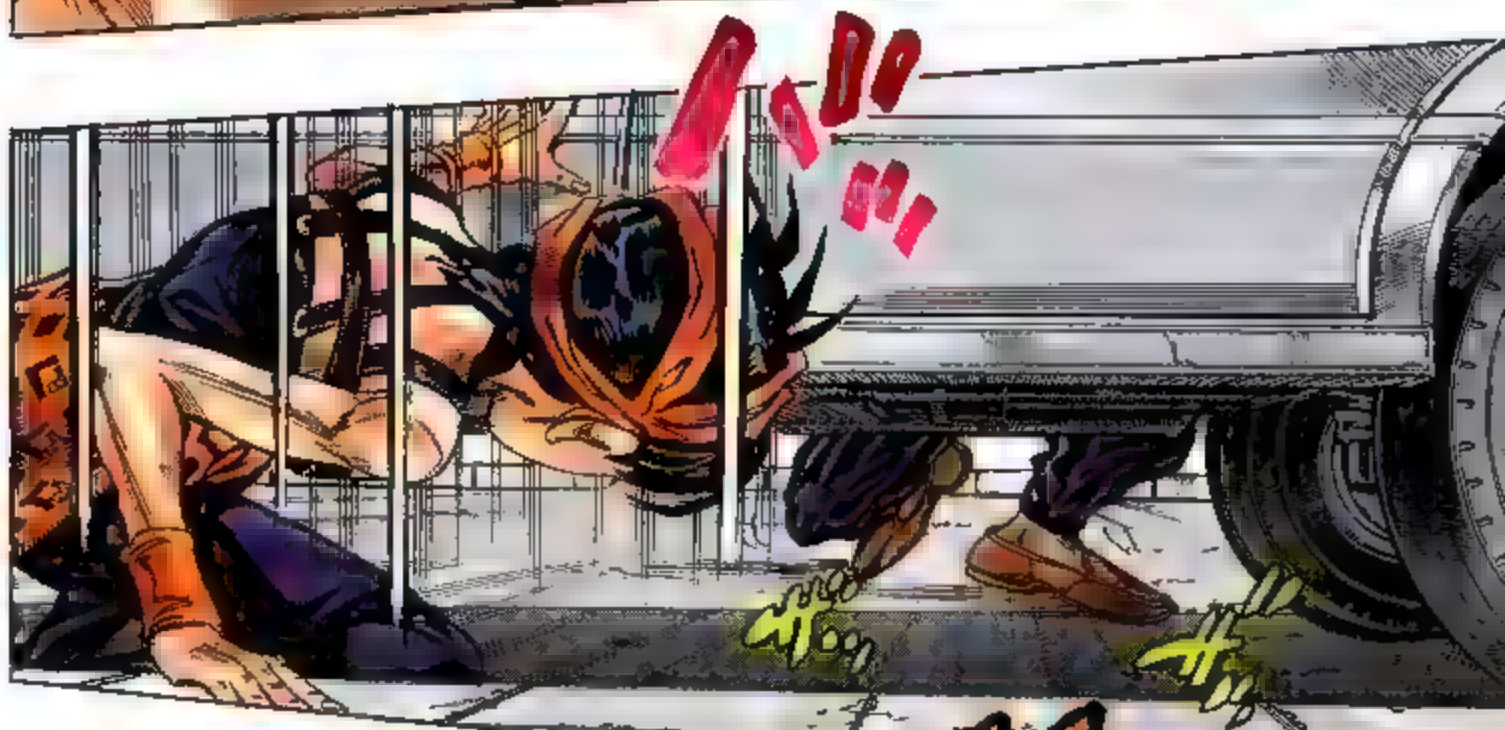
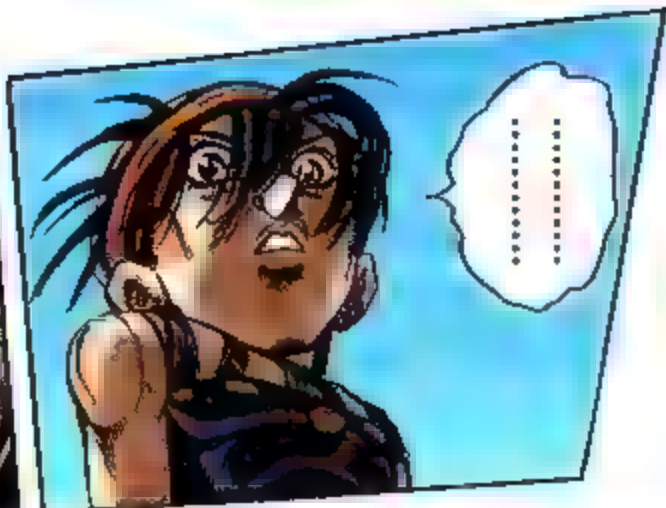
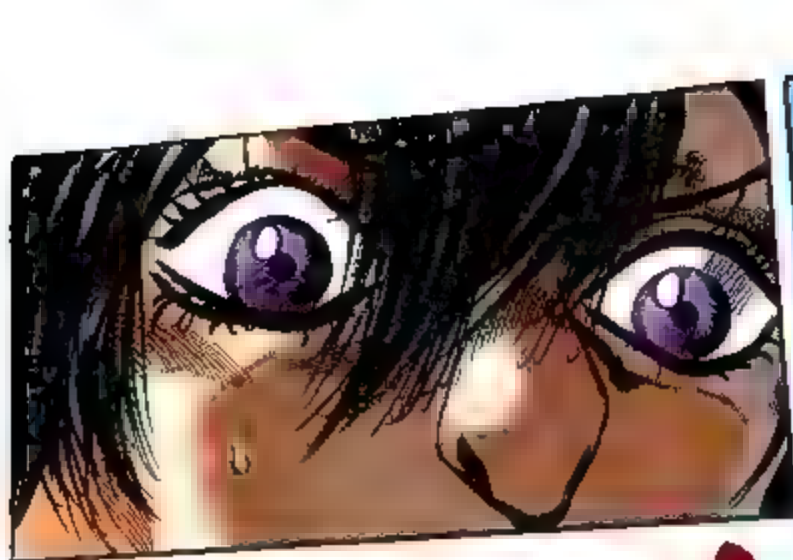
SOME-  
THING'S  
NOT  
RIGHT...





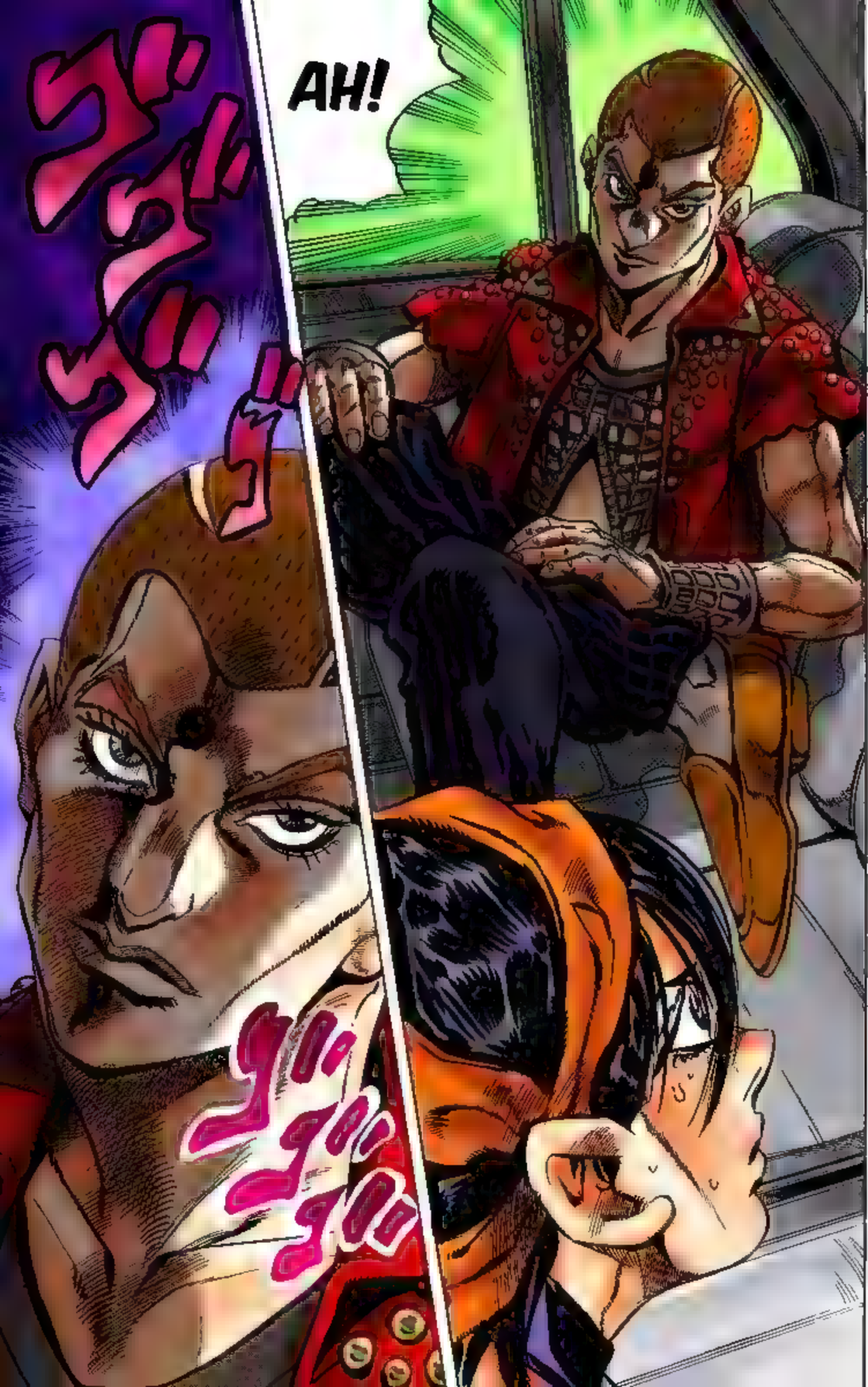








AH!







WHERE  
ARE YOU  
HEADED?  
SOMEONE  
TRYNA'  
FOLLOW  
YOU?

SAY,  
NARANCIA,

WOAH,  
WOAH,  
WOAH!

YOU'RE  
SCARIN'  
ME!

**WHERE  
WERE YOU!?  
GET OUTTA  
MY CAR!**

**THE HELL  
DO YOU  
WANT!?**





DIDNT  
I TELL  
YOU TO  
GET OUT,  
FUCKHOLE  
!?

SHUT  
IT!  
WHO  
THE  
HELL  
ARE  
YOU!?



THAT'S  
A REAL  
SHAME...

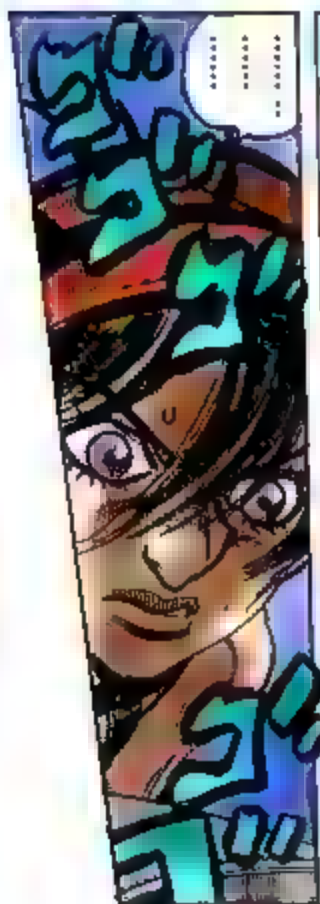
I'M  
SUPPOSED  
TO BE THE  
GUY ASKING  
QUESTIONS  
HERE..

IT'S  
PRETTY RUDE  
TO ANSWER A  
QUESTION  
WITH ANOTHER  
QUESTION,  
BRO.



HE'S BEEN FOLLOWING US...  
OUR COVER'S PROBABLY  
NOT BEEN BLOWN JUST  
YET, BUT HE'S LOOKED  
INTO US! IS... IS HE A  
STAND USER?

DAMN IT,  
THIS GUY'S  
TROUBLE...



YESTERDAY,  
POLPO DIED,  
BUT THEN  
BUCELLATI,  
FUGO, ABBACHIO,  
MISTA, AND THE  
REST OF YOUR  
CREW WENT OFF  
THE RADAR. SO,  
WHERE'D YOU  
GO?

AND WHY?  
IT TOOK ME  
LONG ENOUGH  
TO FIND YOU.  
DO YOU KNOW  
WHERE YOU  
ARE?

ANY-  
WAYS,

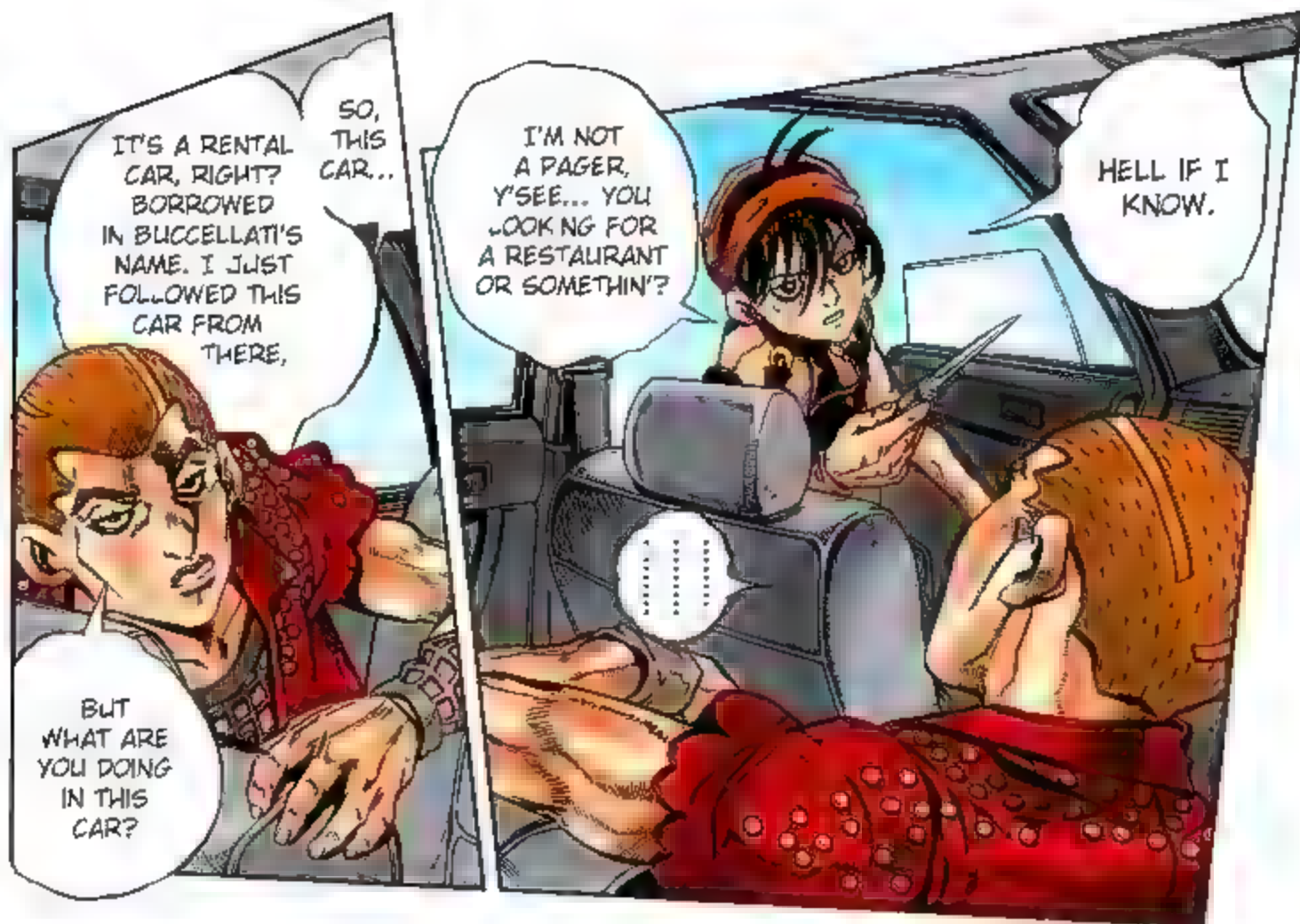
I'M  
PART  
OF THE  
GANG.

THERE'S  
SOMETHING  
I WANNA ASK  
BUCELLATI

I'M  
FORMAGGIO.

THAT'S A  
REAL SHAME...  
IF YOU'RE NOT  
GONNA ANSWER,  
THEN I'LL  
EXPLAIN  
FIRST.





IT'S A RENTAL CAR, RIGHT? BORROWED IN BUCCELLATI'S NAME. I JUST FOLLOWED THIS CAR FROM THERE,

SO, THIS CAR...

I'M NOT A PAGER, Y'SEE... YOU LOOKING FOR A RESTAURANT OR SOMETHIN'?

HELL IF I KNOW.

BUT WHAT ARE YOU DOING IN THIS CAR?



UHHA  
HYAHYA  
HYAHYA  
HYA!

I GUESS YOU'D HAFTA CHOP HIM UP REAL FINE, RIGHT!?

THE UNDERTAKER HAD A PRETTY HARD TIME FIGURING OUT HOW HE WAS SUPPOSED TO CREMATE HIM!

SO, DID YOU HEAR? ABOUT **POLPO'S CORPSE...**

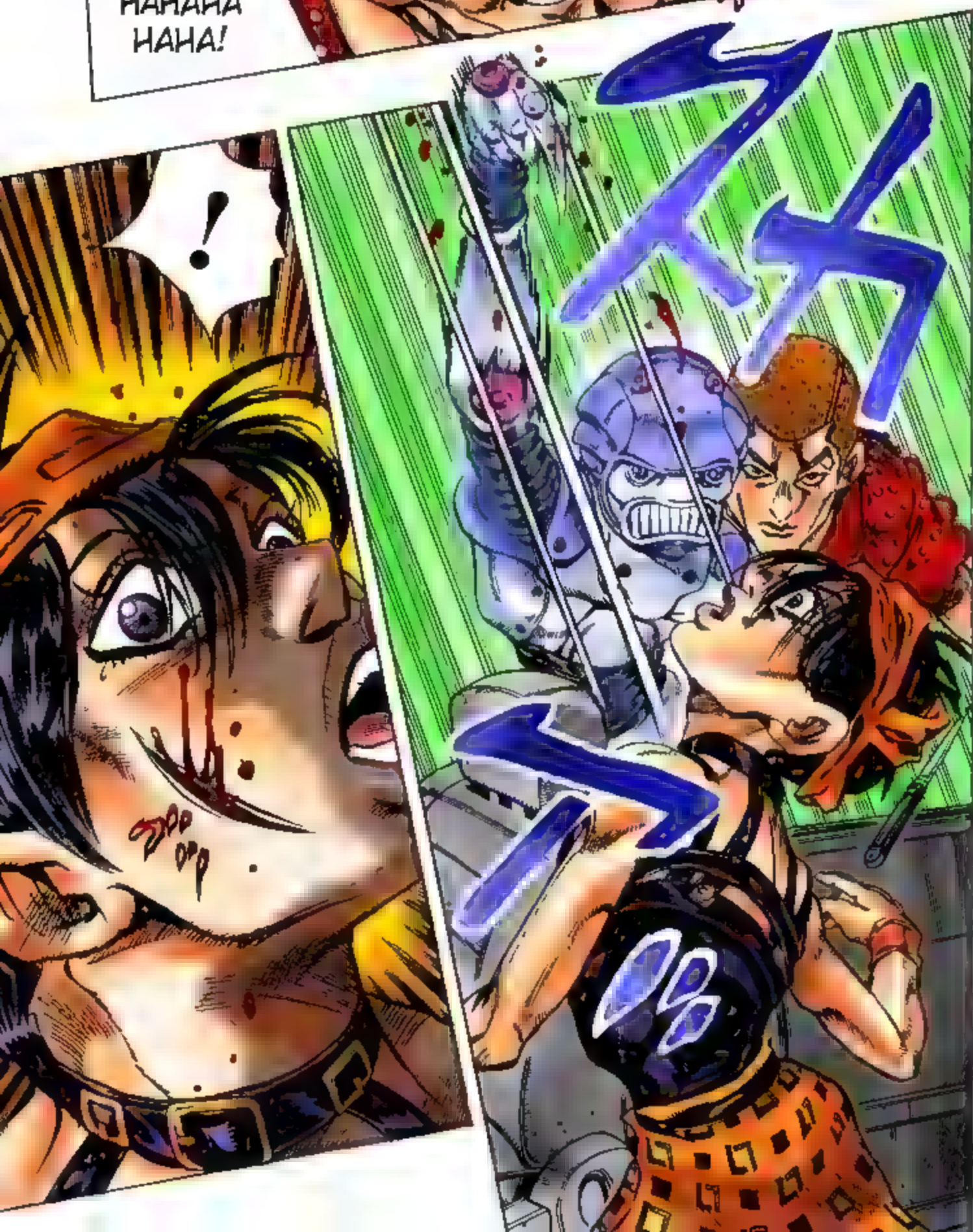
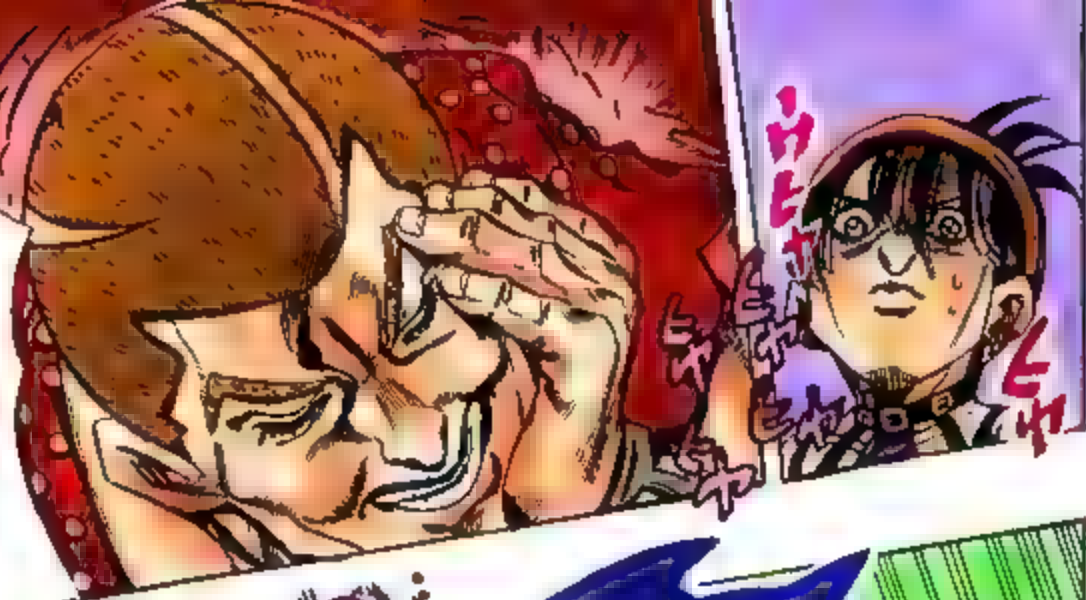
I MEAN, HOW ARE YA SUPPOSED TO STICK THAT **BODY** OF HIS IN THE FURNACE, ANYWAY? UHHH!

SO... YOU GETTIN' OUT OR WHAT?

B... BUCCELLATI'S USUALLY OUR DRIVER... I'M ONLY 17 SO I DON'T HAVE A CAR... THAT'S WHY WE RENTED ONE.



AHYAHYA  
HAHAHA  
HAHAHA  
HAHAHA  
HAHAHA  
HAHA!



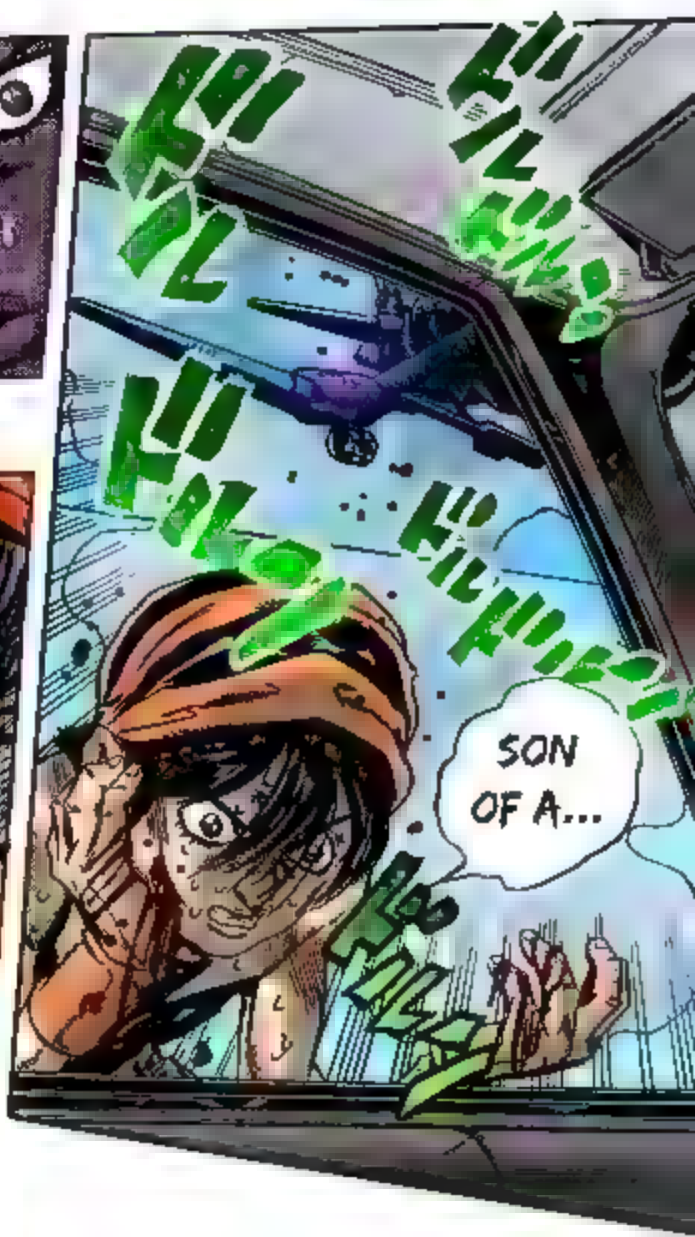
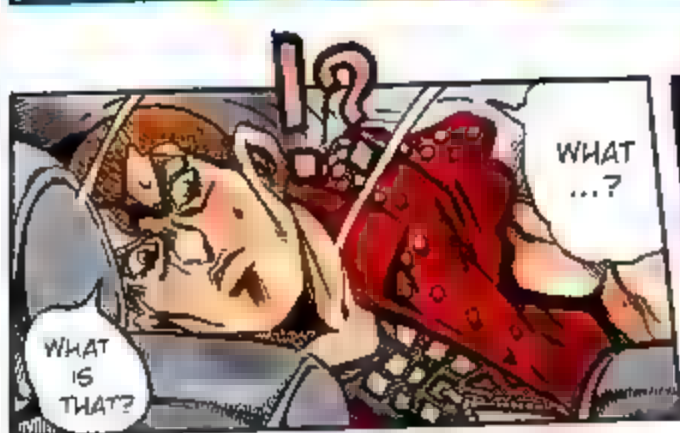














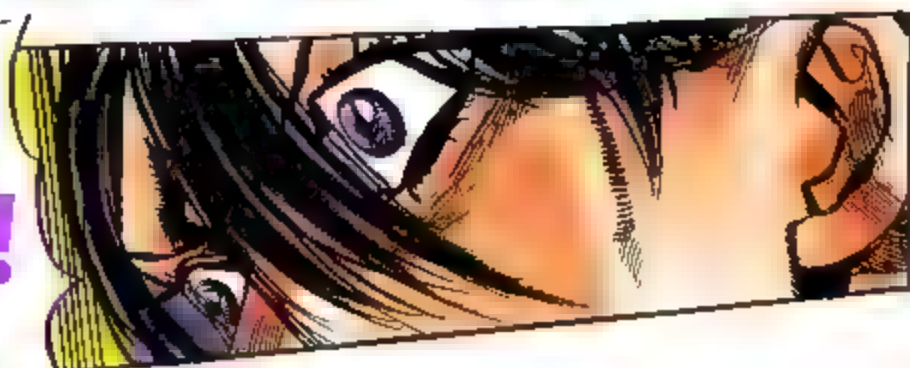


ALL  
OF YOU  
ARE...!

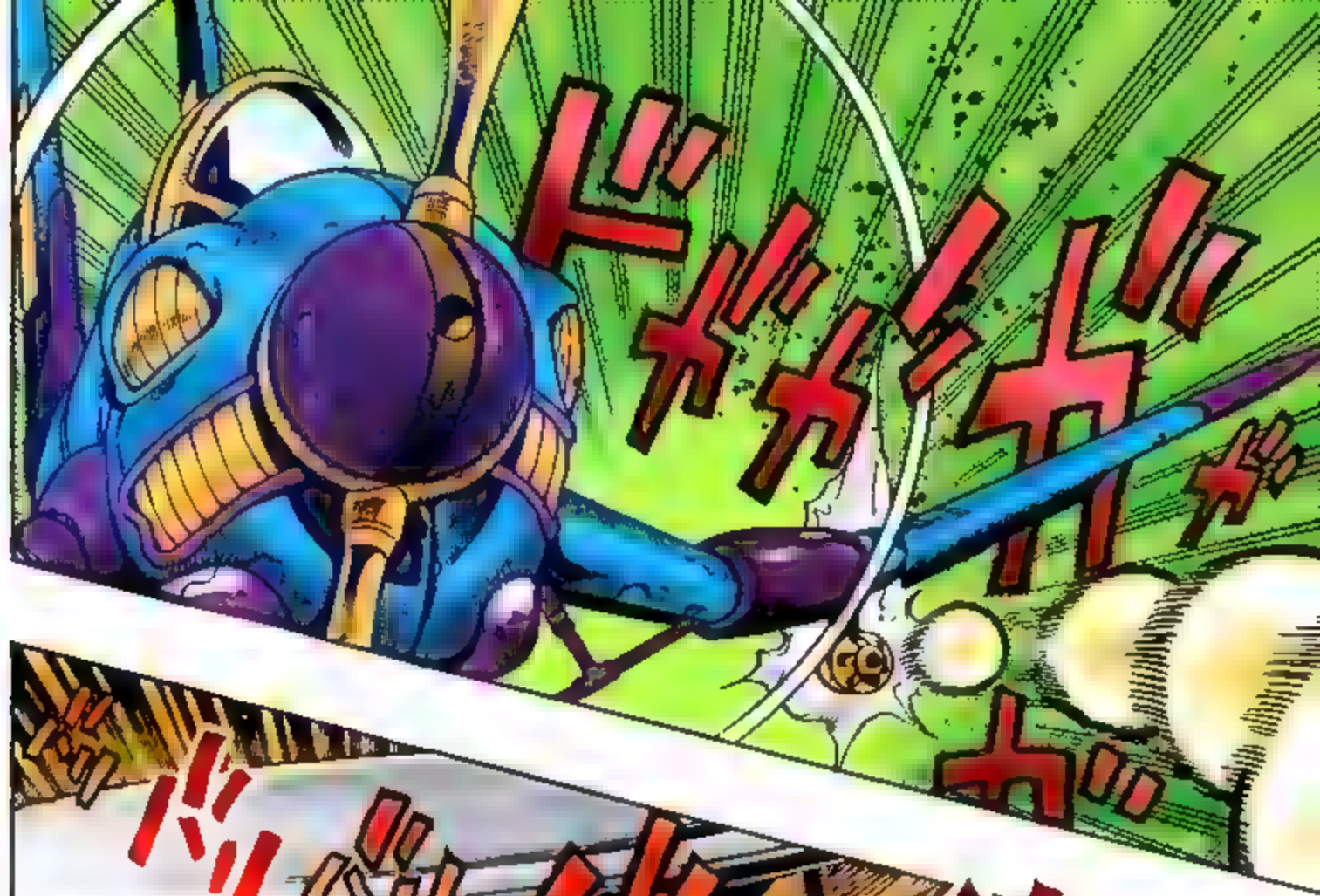
JUST  
AS I  
THOUGHT

YOU'RE  
A STAND  
USER..

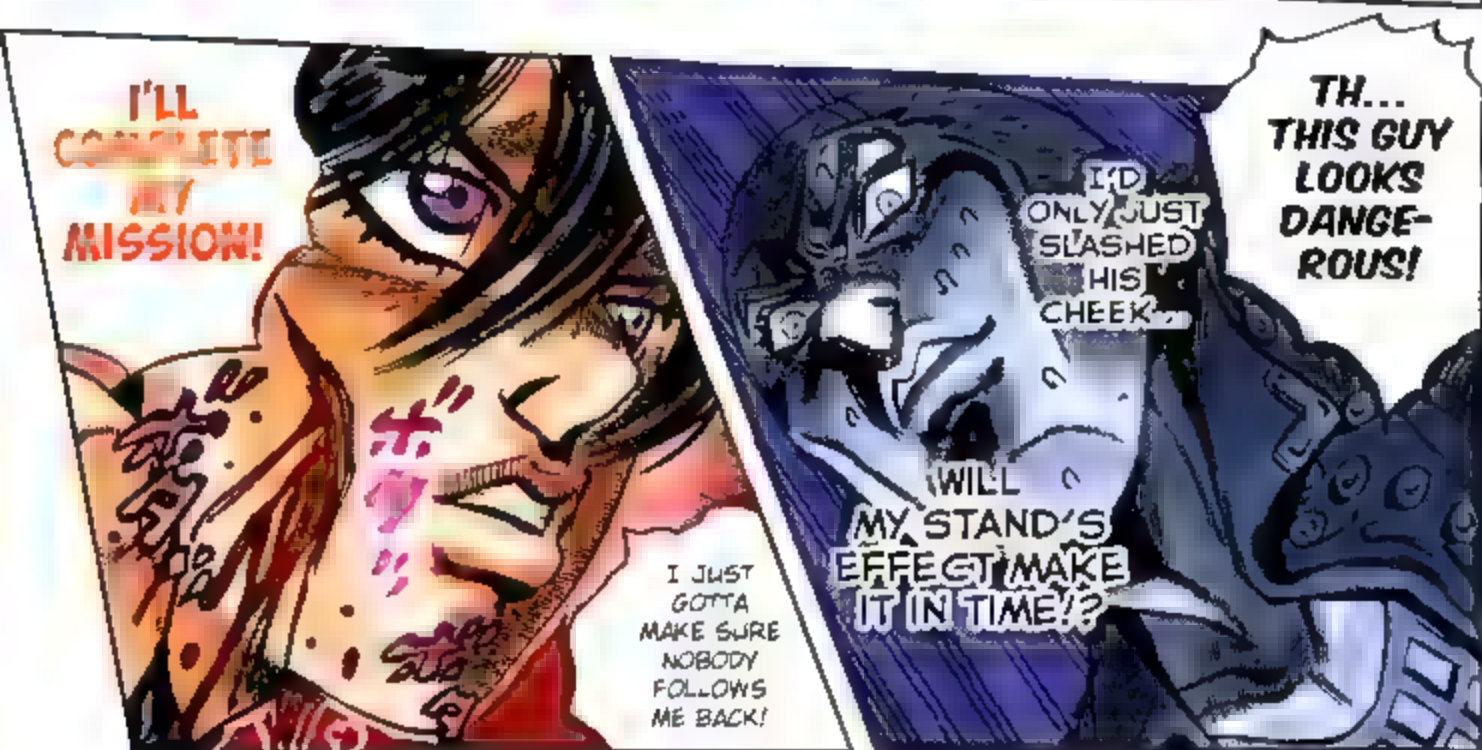
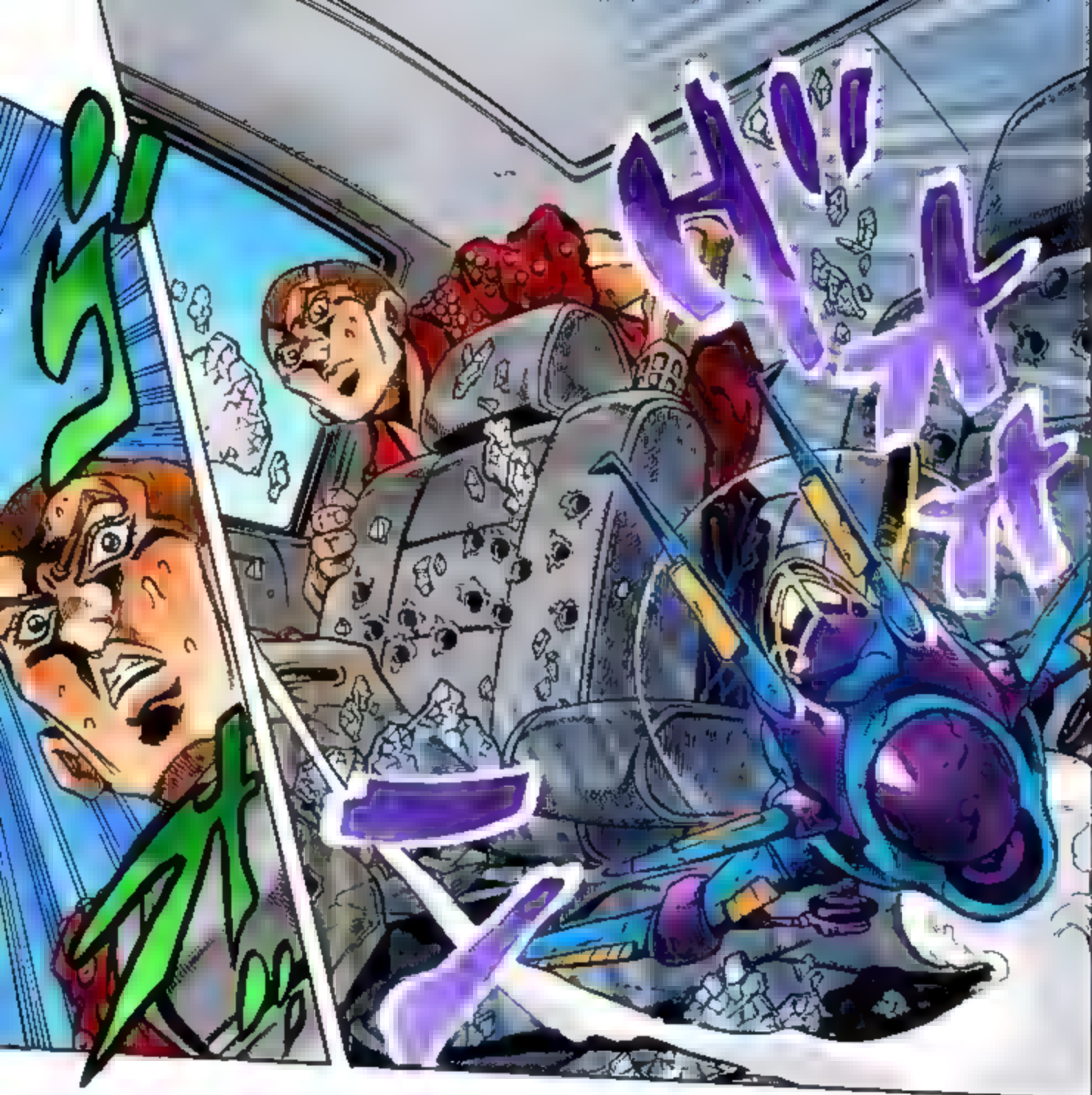
**AEROSMITH!**













# NARANCIA'S AEROSMITH

## PART ②

GOD  
FUCKING  
DAMMIT!  
YOU'RE  
MAKING ME  
BLEED LIKE  
CRAZY!

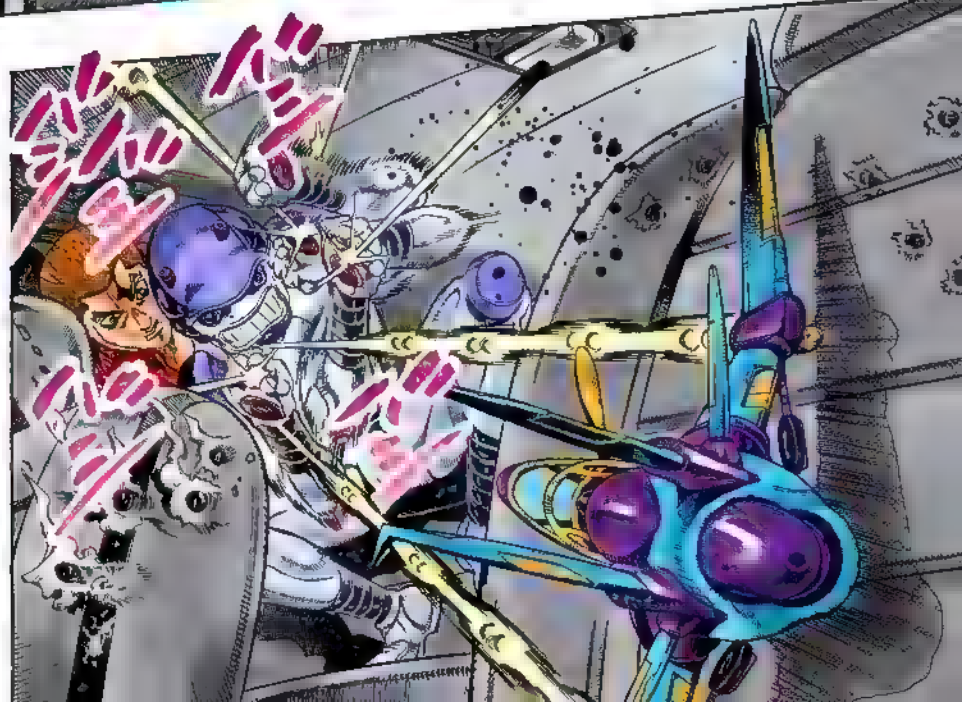




**AEROSMITH!**

# NARANCIA'S AEROSMITH PART 2

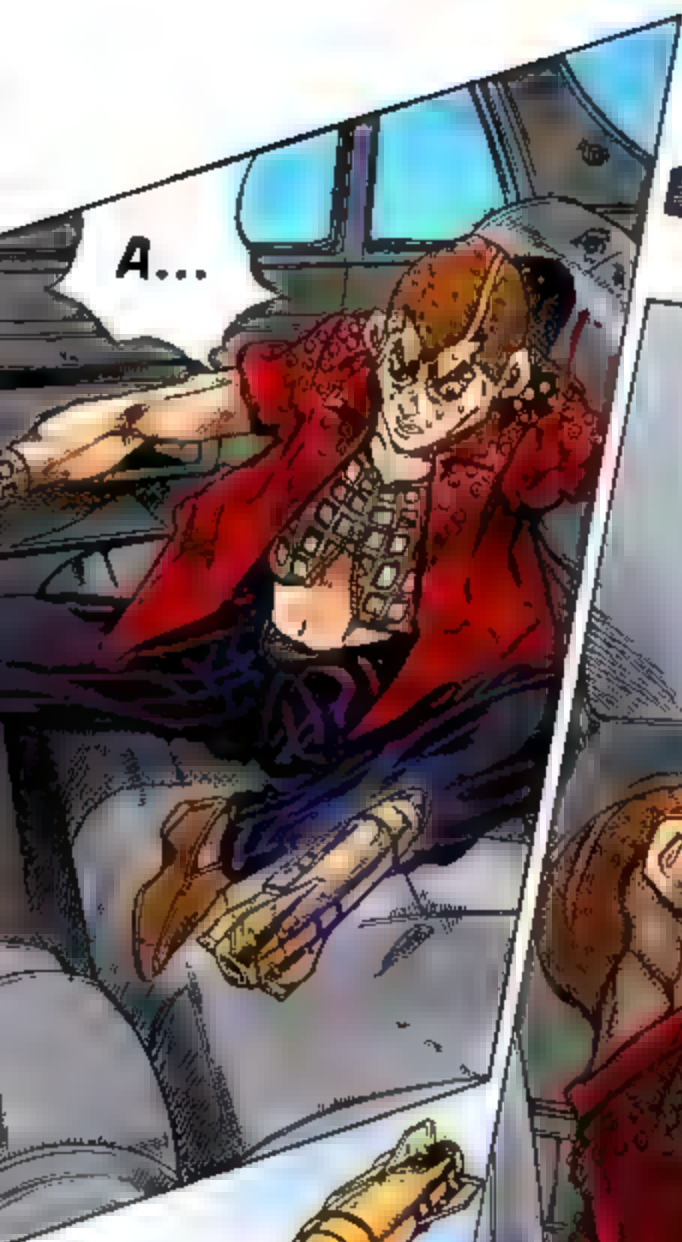
AW SHIT...  
HIS AIM DOESN'T  
SEEM THAT GREAT,  
BUT HE'S A TOTAL  
NUTTER... HE'S JUST  
MINDLESSLY  
FIRING AWAY... AND  
THAT'S BAD NEWS  
FOR ME NOW THAT  
I'M COOPED  
UP IN THIS  
CAR!





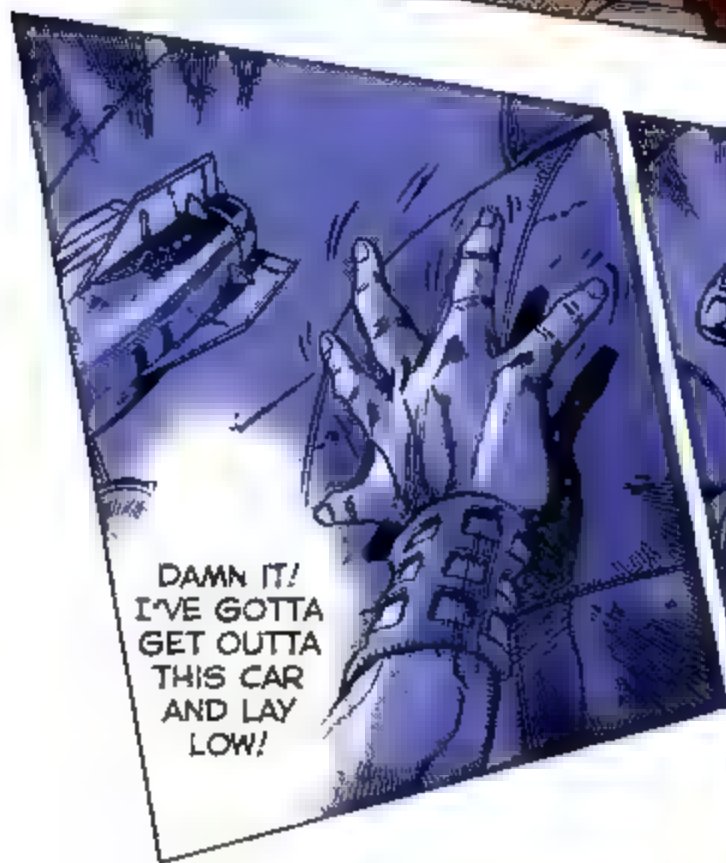
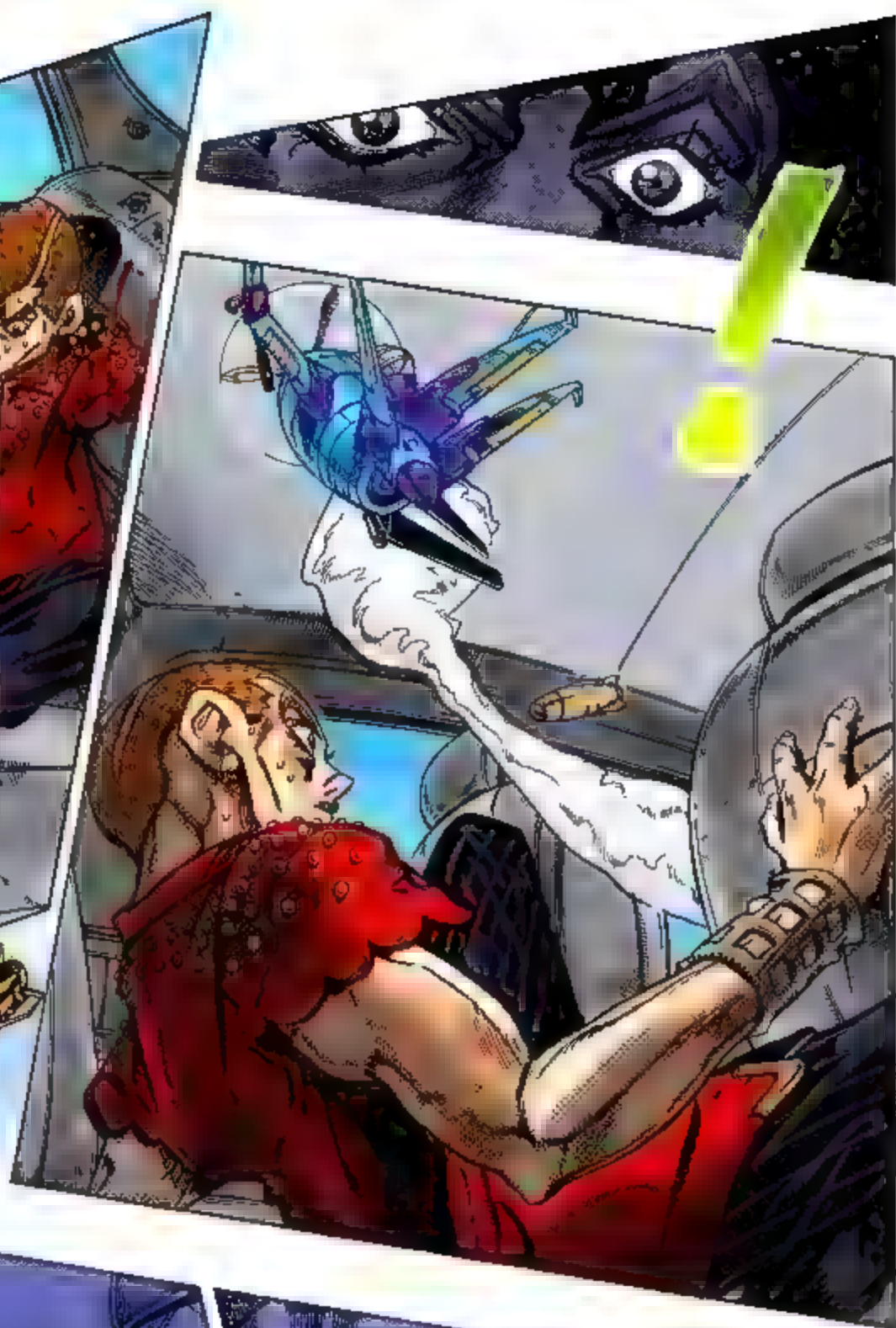




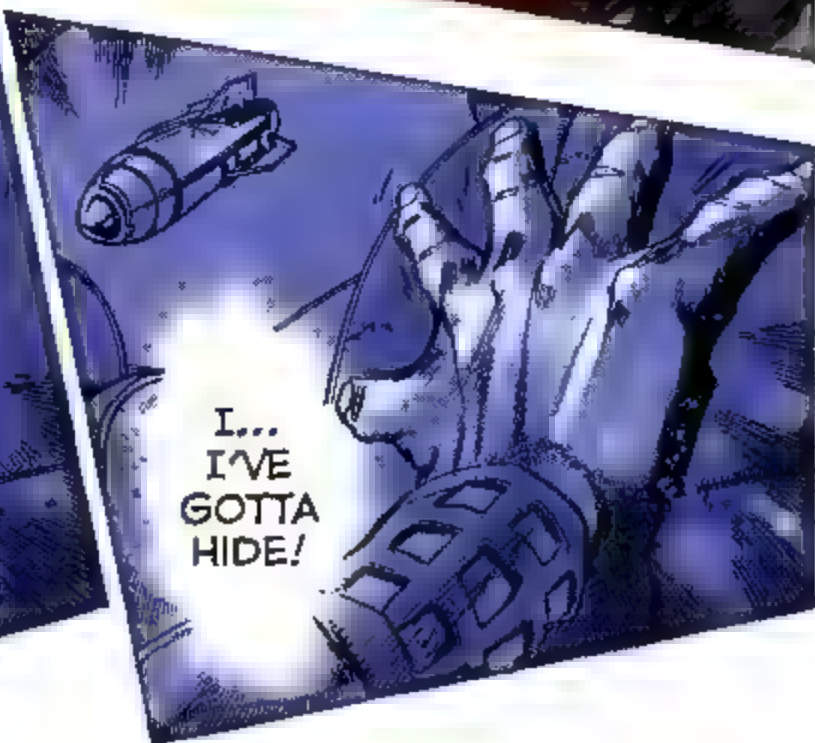


A...

A BOMB!/?  
NO, HE  
DIDN'T!

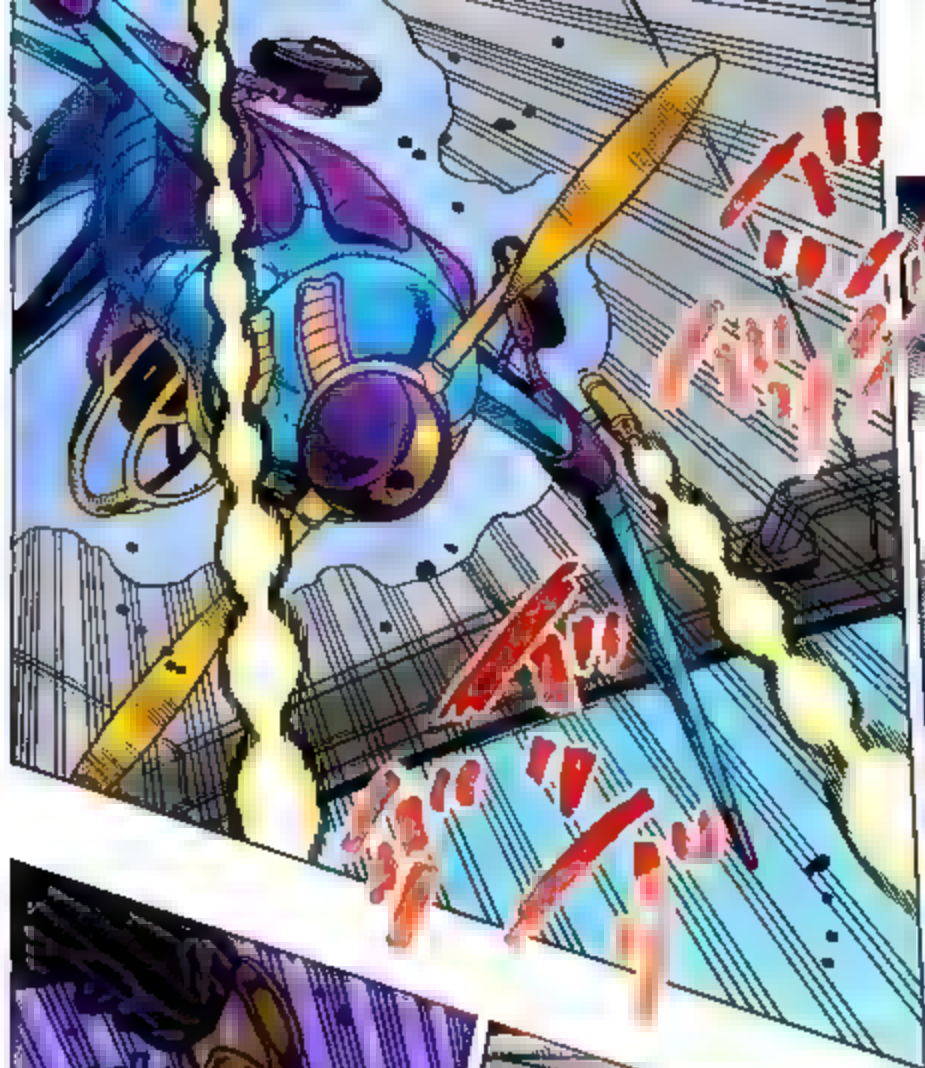


DAMN IT!  
I'VE GOTTA  
GET OUTTA  
THIS CAR  
AND LAY  
LOW!

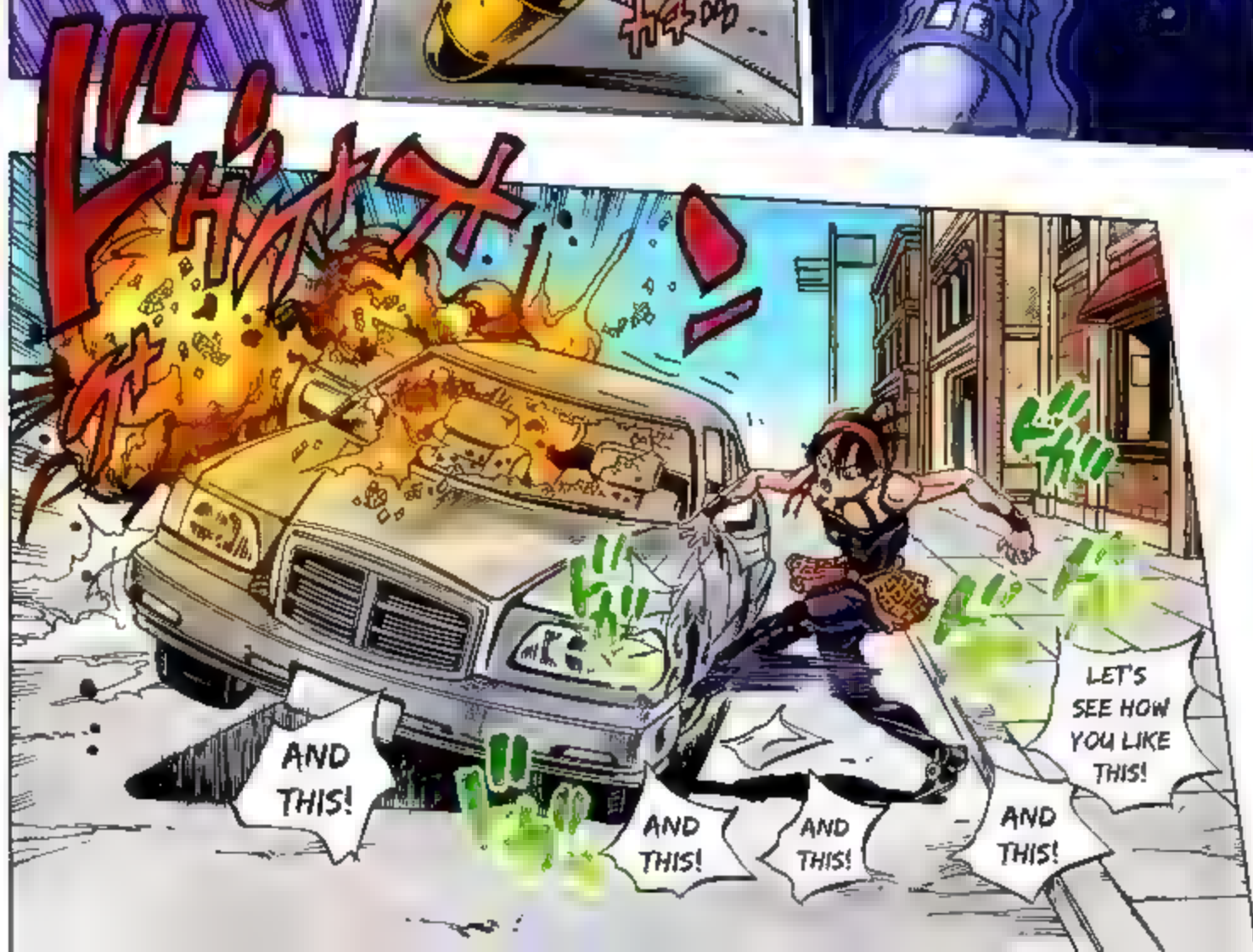
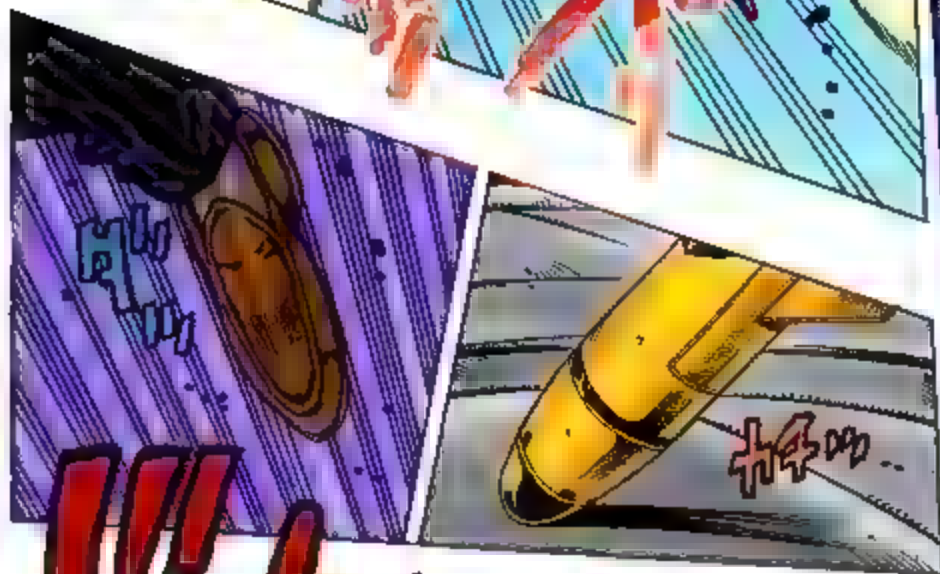


I...  
I'VE  
GOTTA  
HIDE!





I'LL  
USE MY  
ABILITY JUST  
LIKE WHEN  
I STARTED  
TAILING  
HIM!



AND  
THIS!

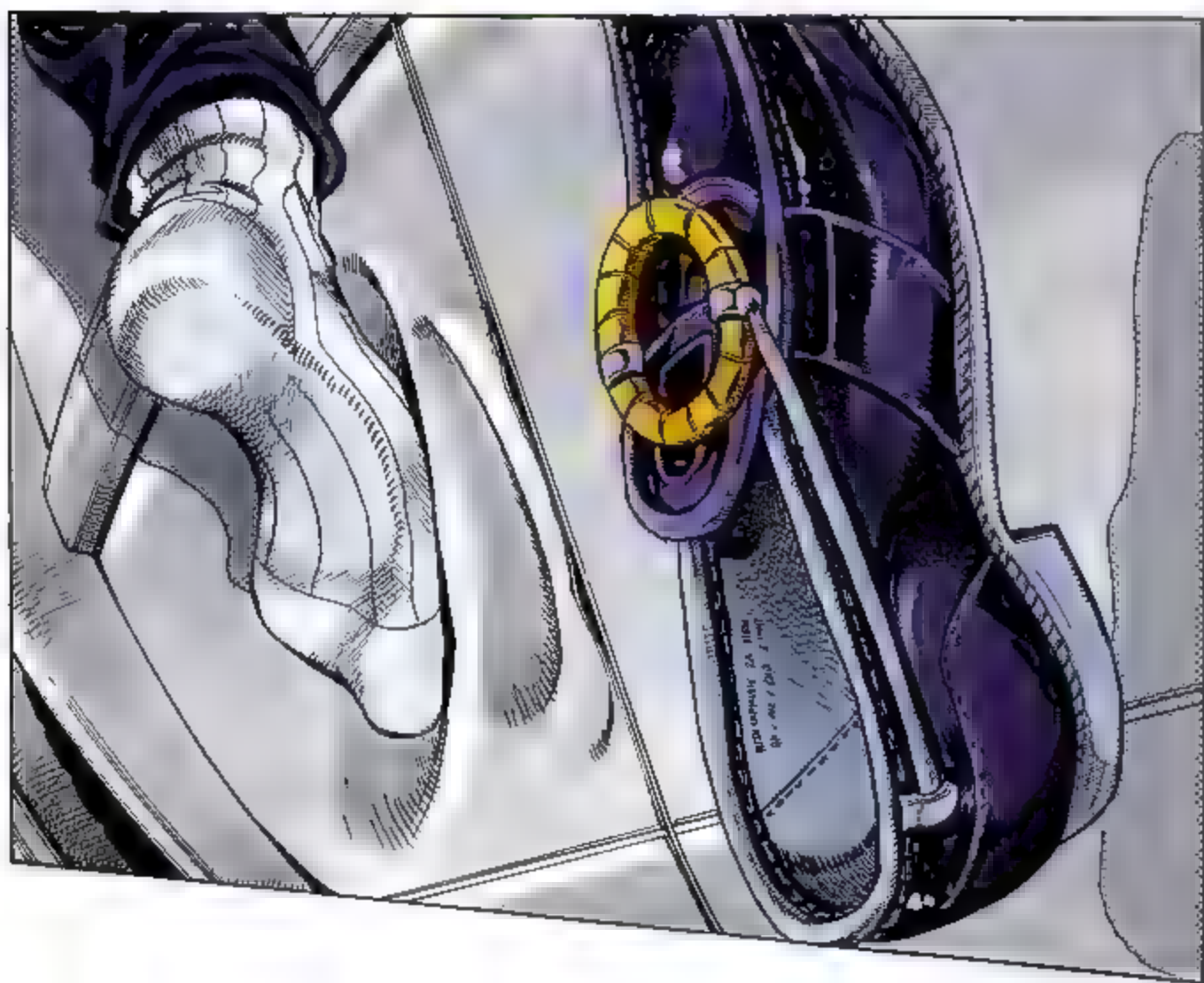
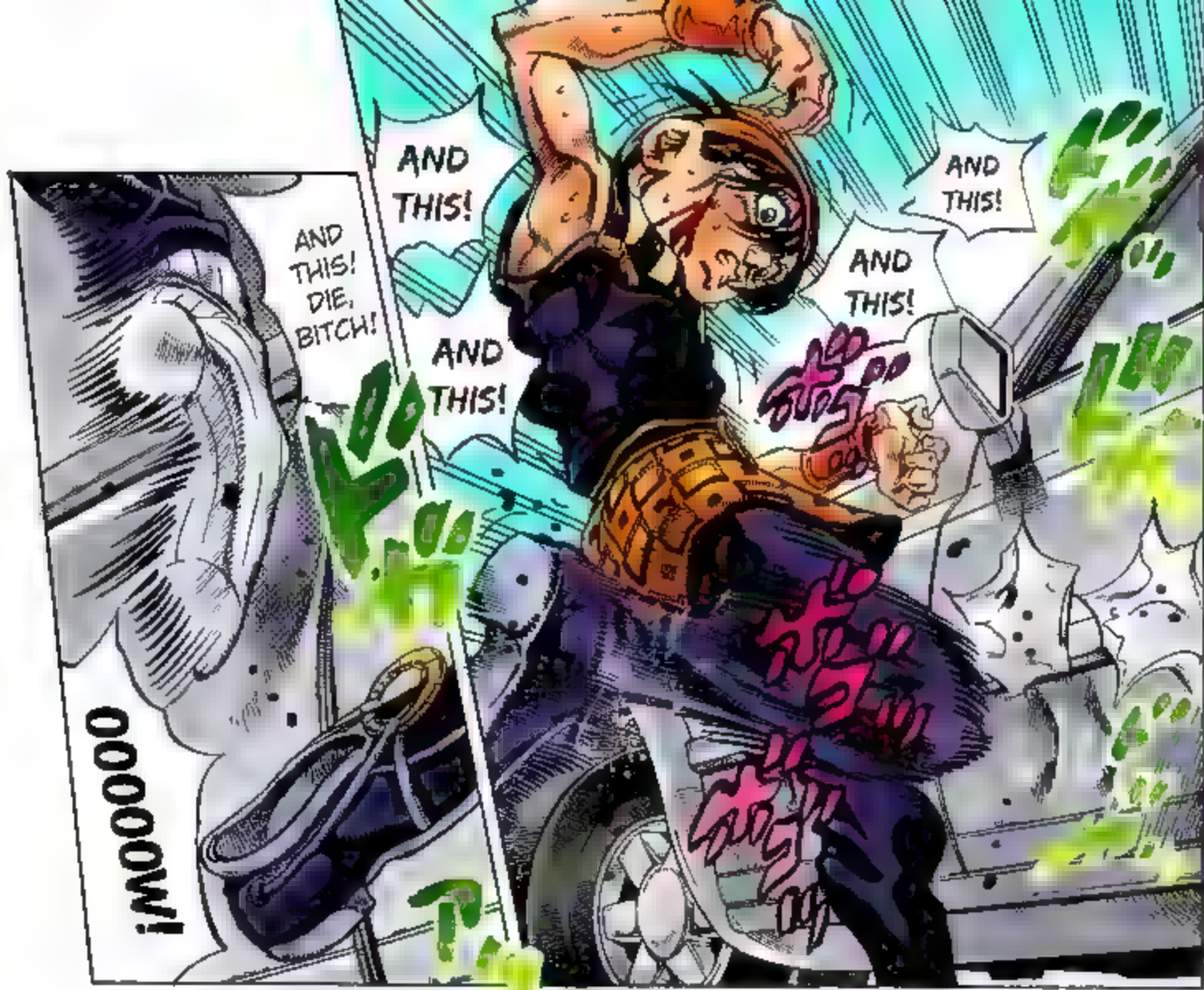
AND  
THIS!

AND  
THIS!

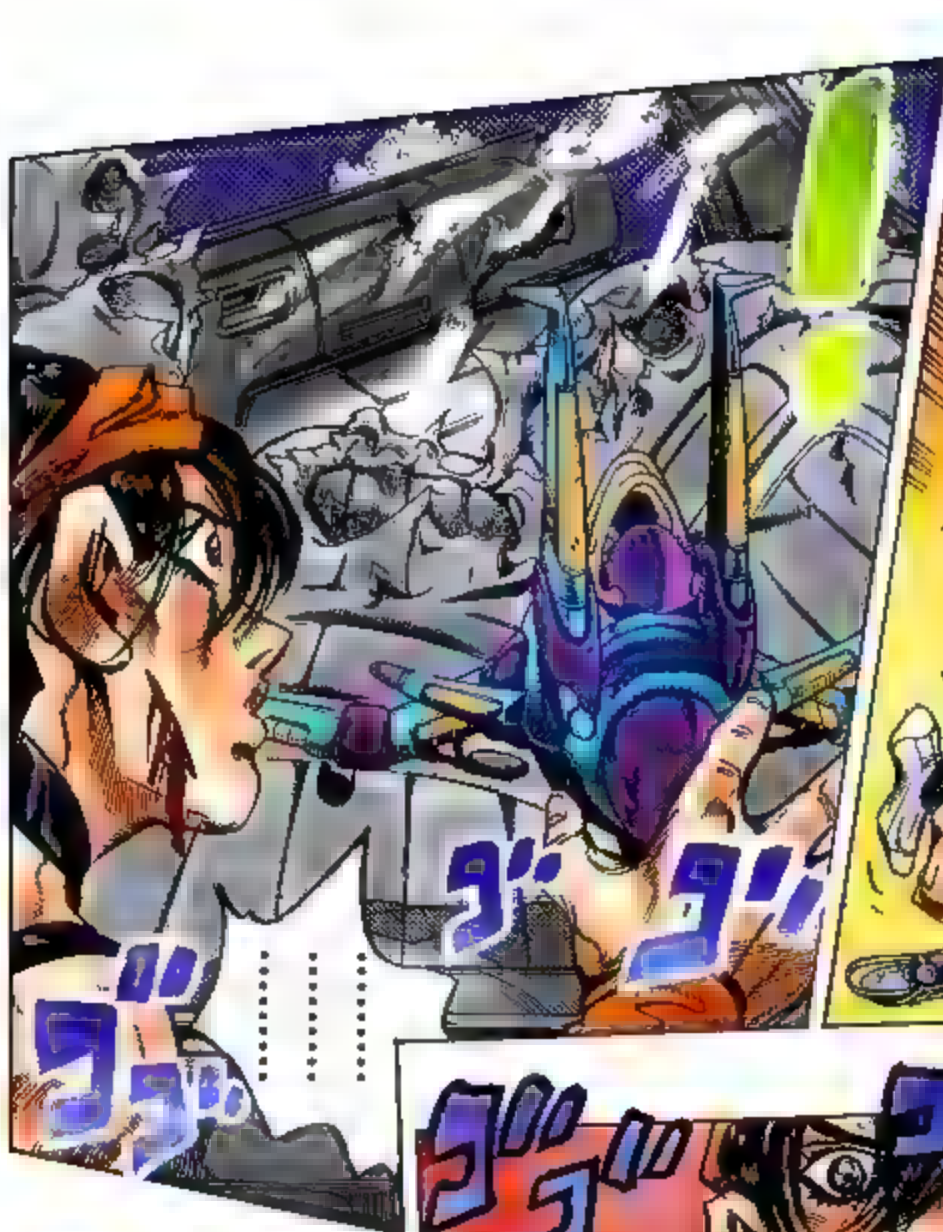
AND  
THIS!

LET'S  
SEE HOW  
YOU LIKE  
THIS!

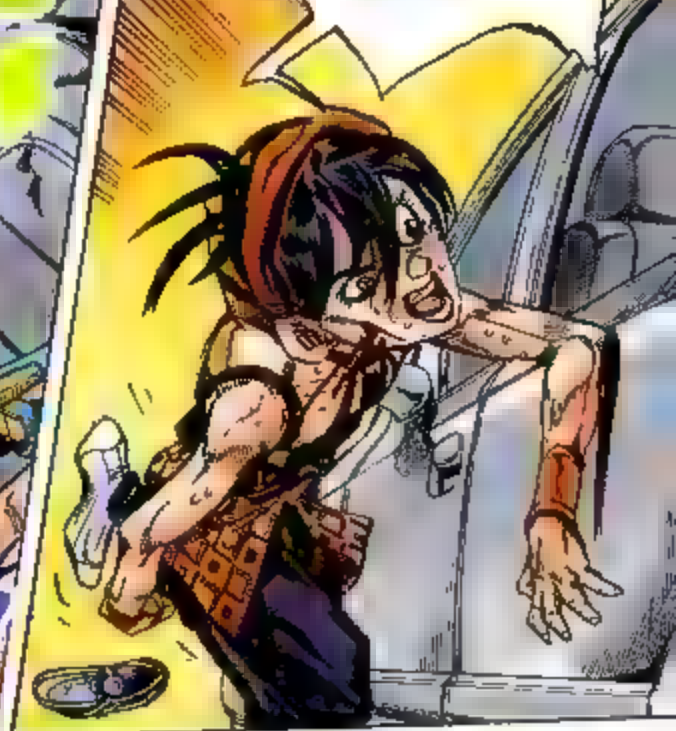








DAMN,  
THAT HURT!  
IS HE DEAD  
YET!?



HE...

HE'S  
GONE!





THAT'S MY  
ABILITY...  
LITTLE  
FEET!

I  
SHRANK  
MYSELF!

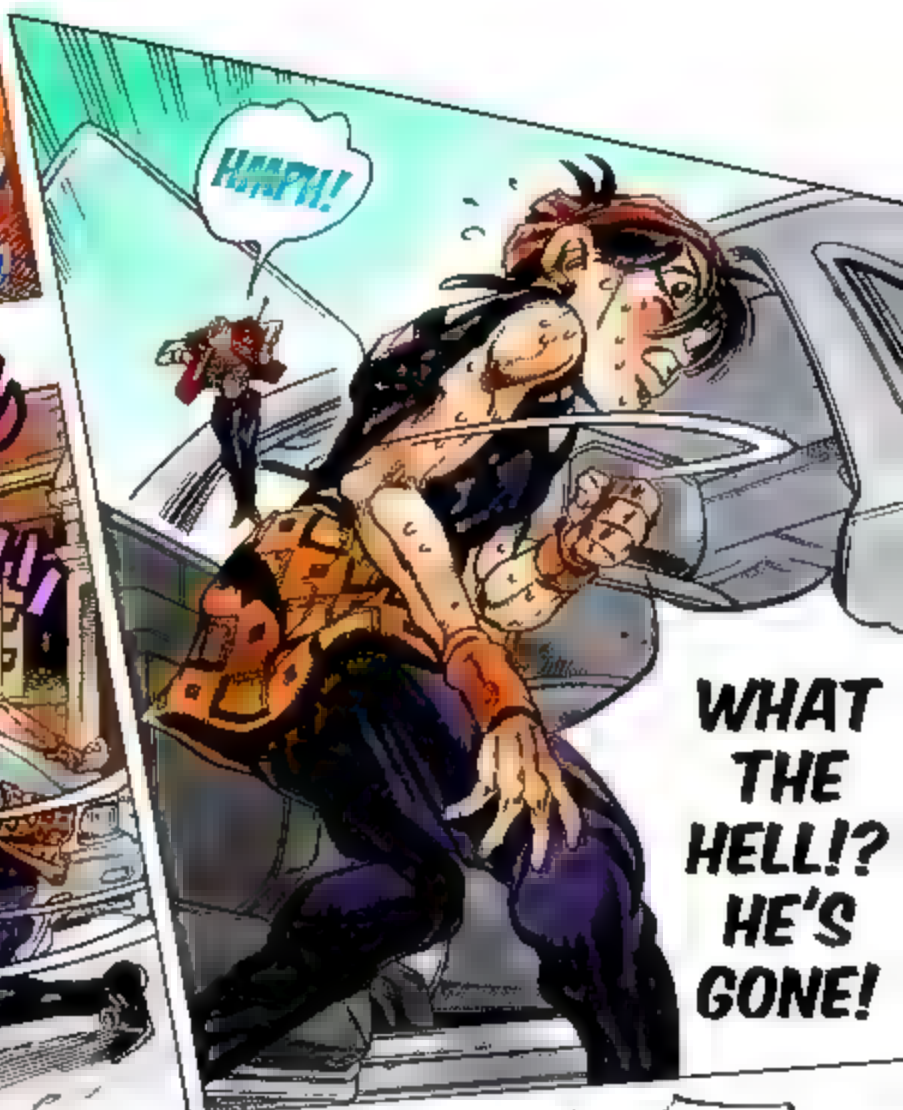
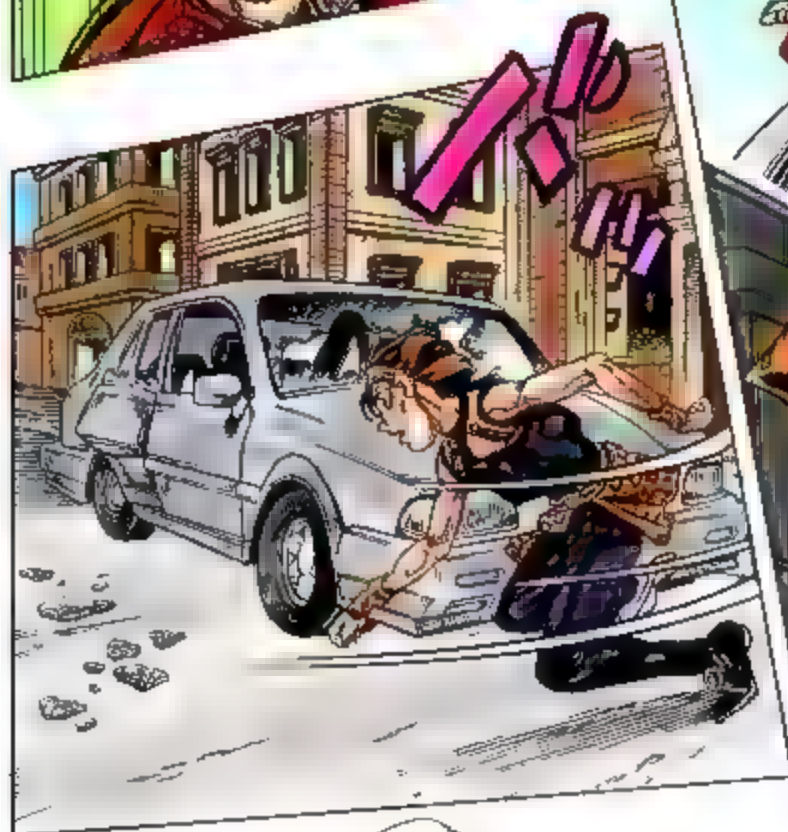
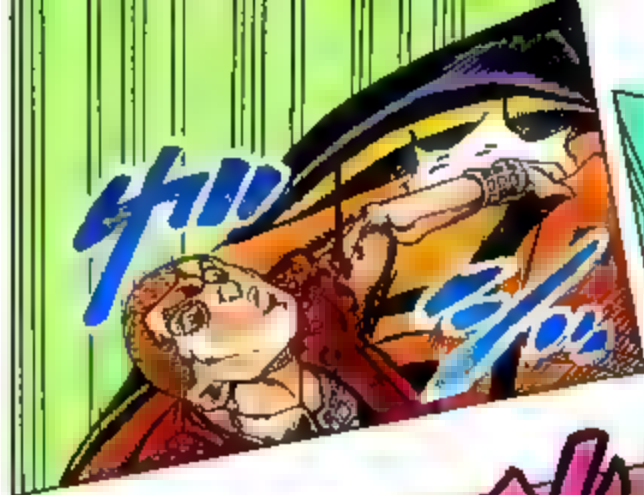
THAT'S  
A REAL  
SHAME..



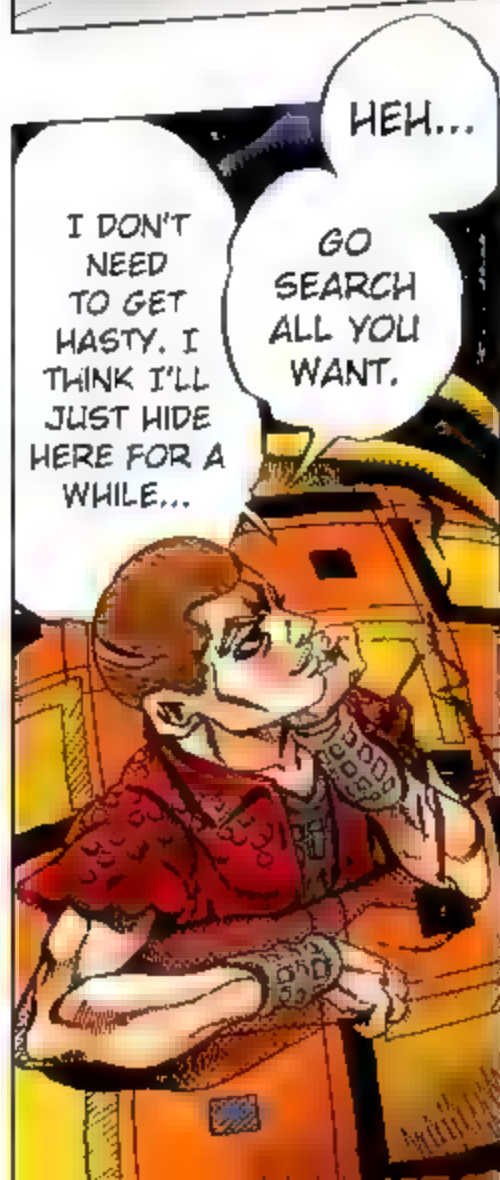
W...  
WHERE'D  
HE GO!

THE OTHER  
GUYS SAY IT'S  
WORTHLESS  
...HEH HEH HEH...  
WELL, WHETHER  
IT'S WORTHLESS  
OR WORTH-FUL  
IS ALL UP TO  
HOW YOU  
USE IT...





**WHAT  
THE  
HELL!?  
HE'S  
GONE!**



I DON'T  
NEED  
TO GET  
HASTY. I  
THINK I'LL  
JUST HIDE  
HERE FOR A  
WHILE...

GO  
SEARCH  
ALL YOU  
WANT.

HEH...

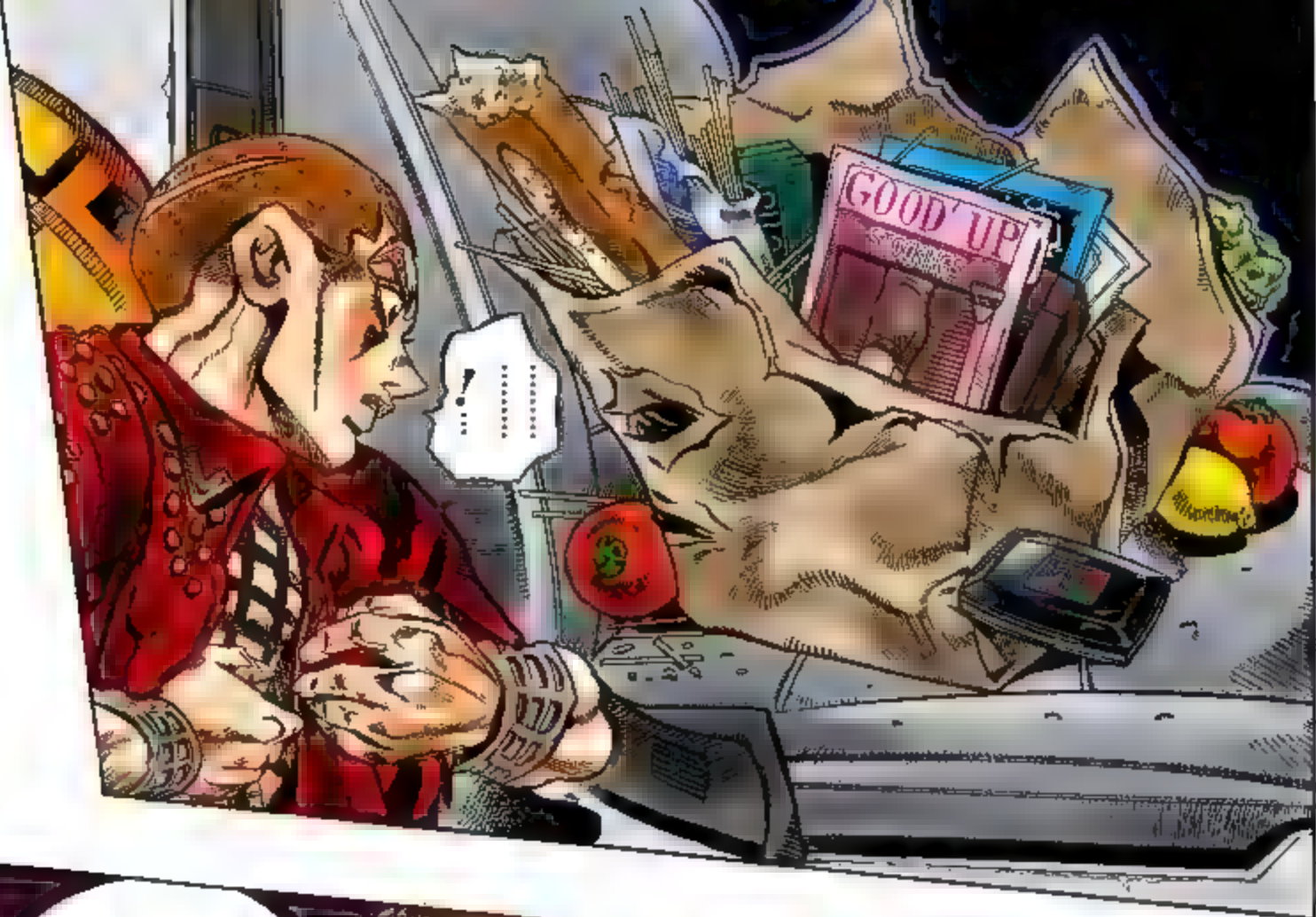


SHIT,  
SOMETHING'S  
UP! WHERE'D  
HE GO!?

IT'S JUST  
LIKE WHEN  
HE GOT INTO  
MY CAR!

IT WAS  
LIKE HE  
APPEARED  
OUTTA  
NOWHERE!  
AND NOW  
HE'S GONE  
BACK TO  
NOWHERE!





HE'S BOUGHT  
WOMEN'S  
STUFF...  
STOCKINGS  
AND ROUGE!  
NAME-BRAND  
ROUGE!

A  
WOMAN...

NO, WOMEN ARE  
TOO PICKY TO  
LEAVE FASHION  
TO ANYONE  
ELSE! THEY'D  
BUY THAT  
THEMSELVES!

IF THEY'RE  
MAKING A  
GUY BUY  
IT FOR  
THEM...

WHO'S HE  
SHOPPING  
FOR? HIS  
MOM? OR  
SISTER?



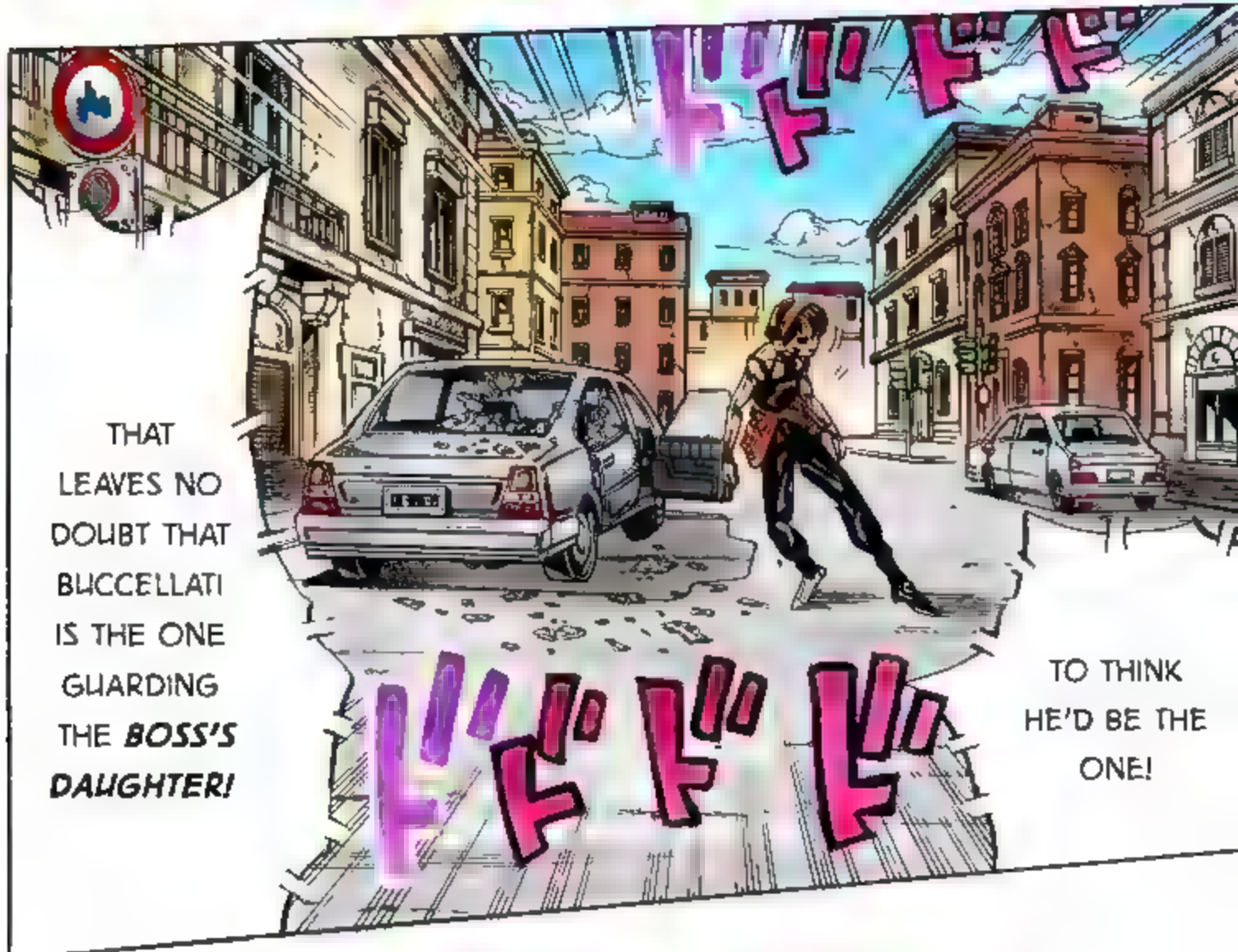




I'M  
ON THE  
TRAIL!

I'VE ALMOST  
MADE IT TO  
THE THING I'M  
LOOKING FOR!

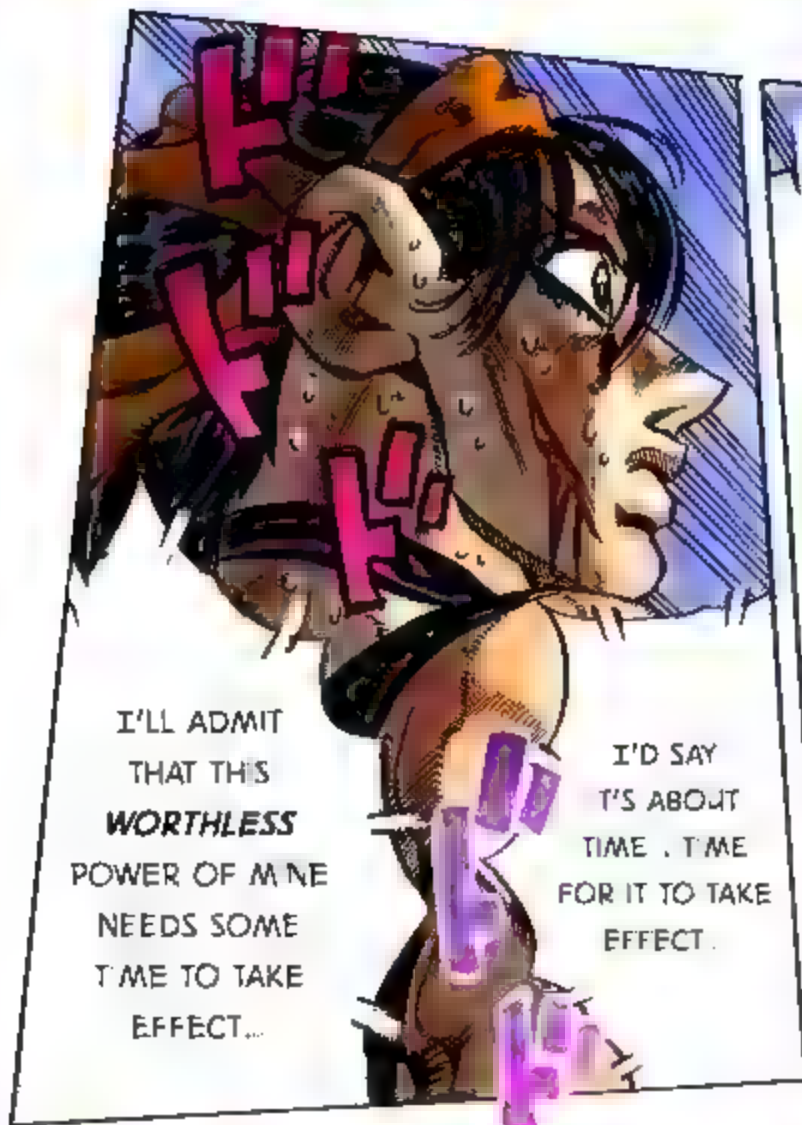
THEN  
THERE  
MUST  
BE A  
REASON  
THEY  
CAN'T  
LEAVE  
THE  
HOUSE!



THAT  
LEAVES NO  
DOUBT THAT  
BUCCELLATI  
IS THE ONE  
GUARDING  
THE *BOSS'S*  
DAUGHTER!

TO THINK  
HE'D BE THE  
ONE!





I'LL ADMIT  
THAT THIS  
**WORTHLESS**  
POWER OF MINE  
NEEDS SOME  
TIME TO TAKE  
EFFECT...

I'D SAY  
IT'S ABOUT  
TIME . TIME  
FOR IT TO TAKE  
EFFECT.

IN THAT  
CASE, I'LL  
MAKE  
NARANCIA  
TELL ME  
WHERE  
SHE'S  
HIDING!

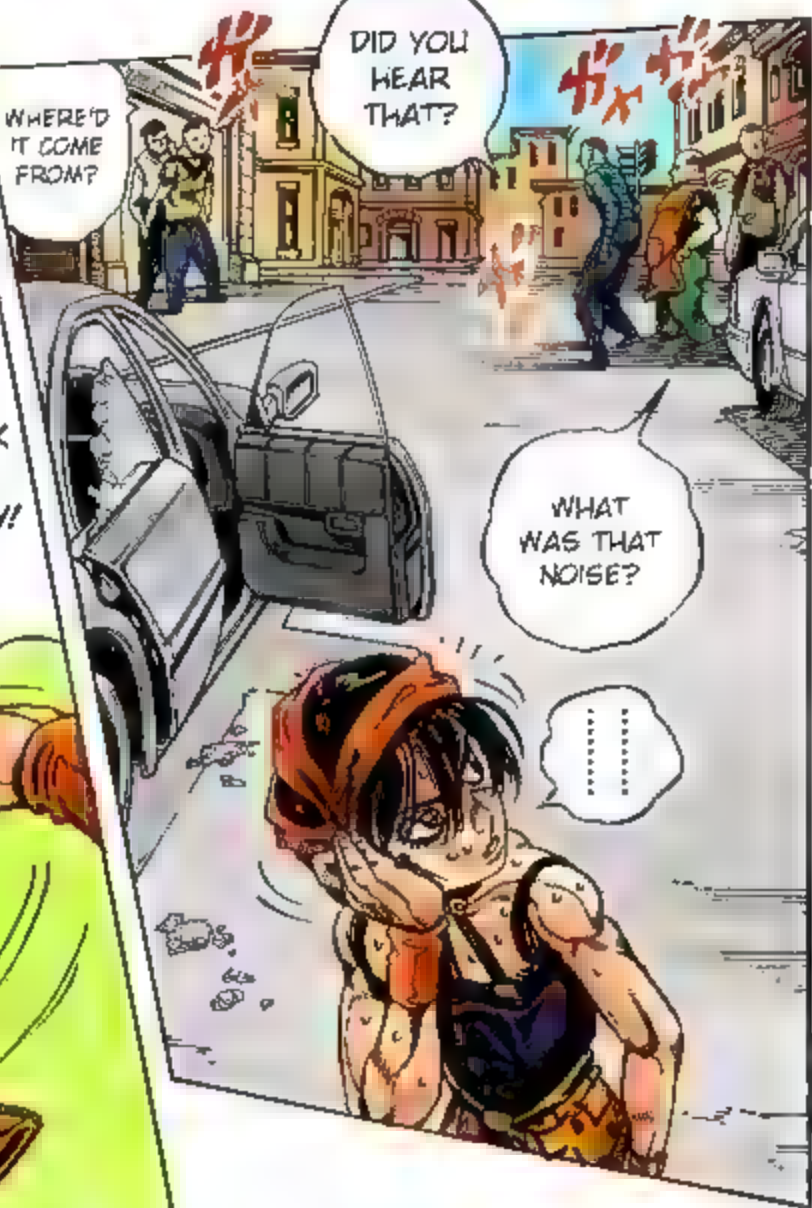


WHERE'D  
IT COME  
FROM?

DID YOU  
HEAR  
THAT?

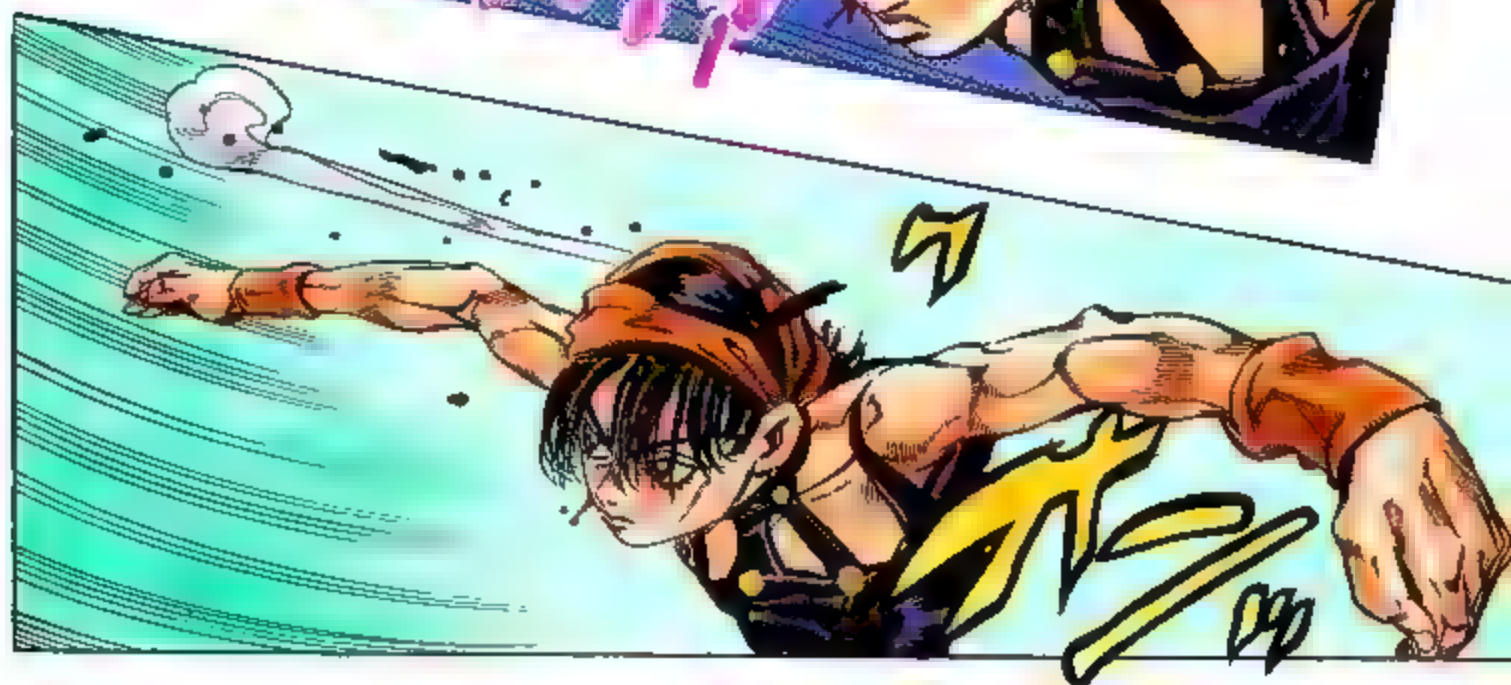
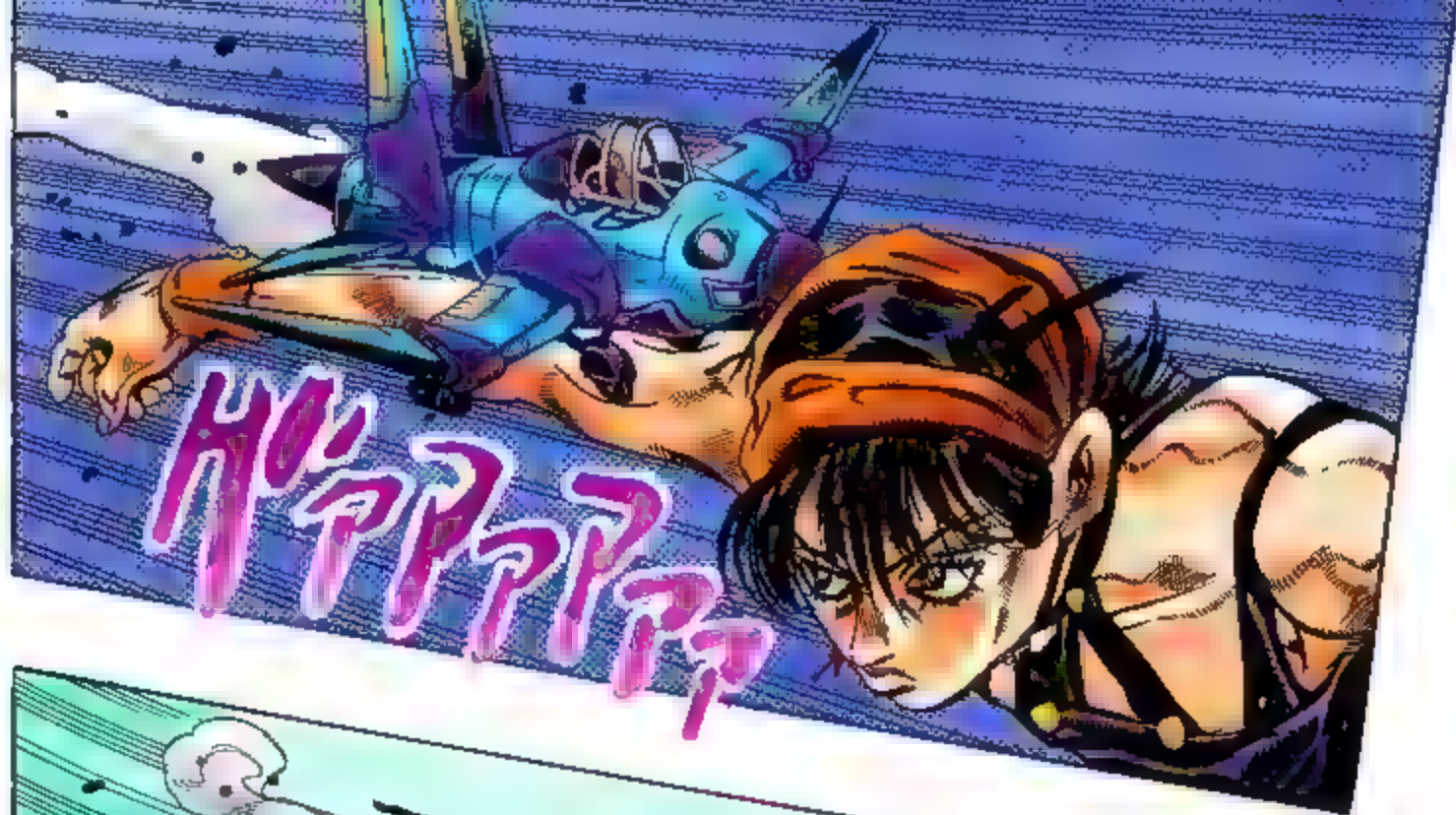


PULL BACK  
FOR NOW,  
**AEROSMITH!**



WHAT  
WAS THAT  
NOISE?



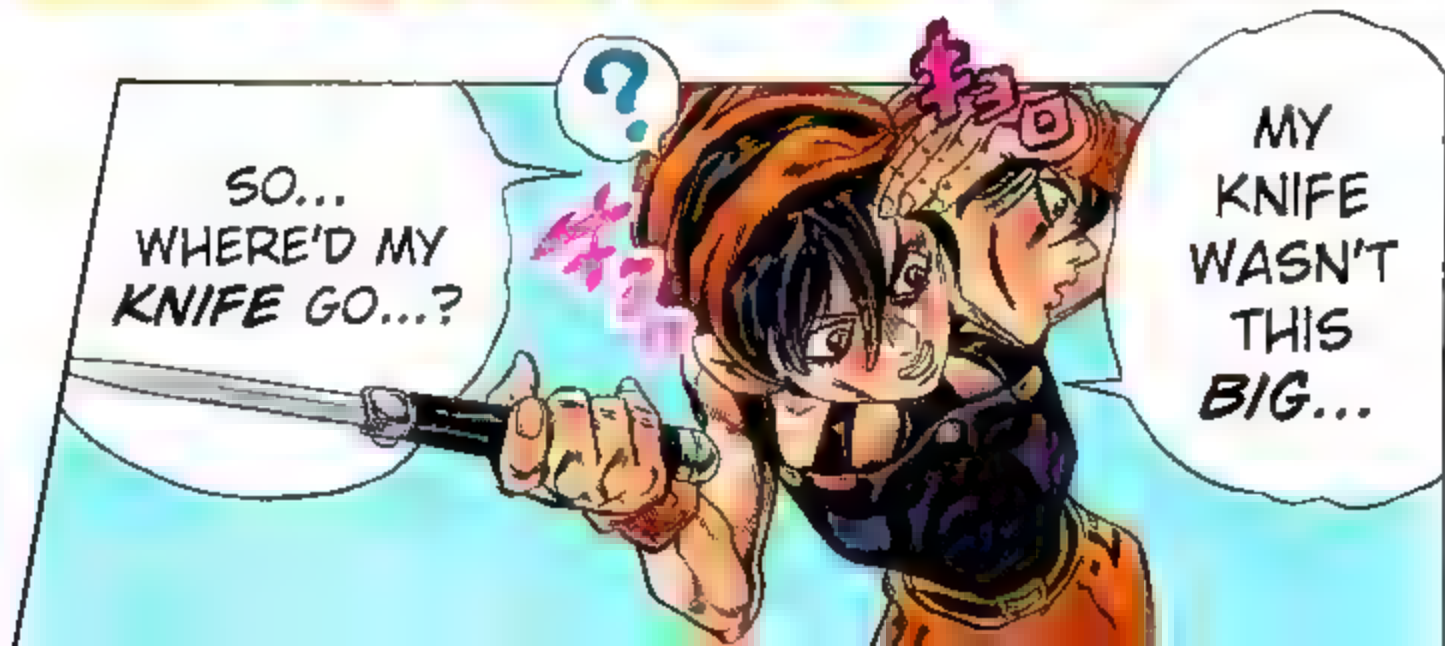
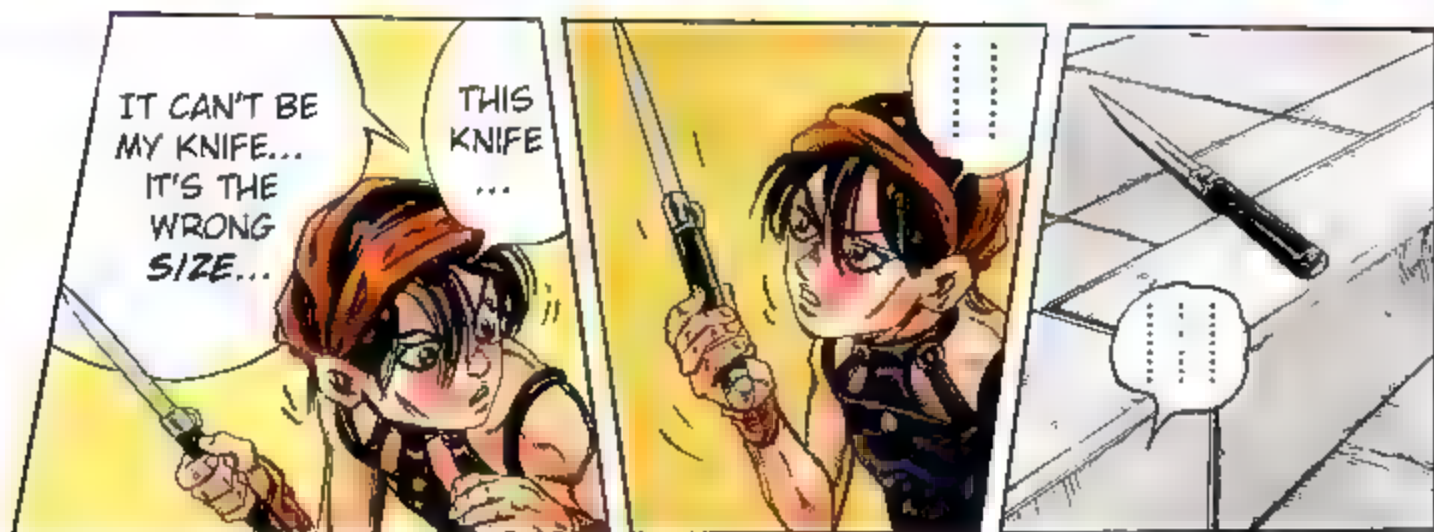


BUT... I'D BETTER  
GET AWAY FROM  
HERE... NOW THAT  
THESE PEOPLE  
ARE GATHERING...  
MY STAND CAN'T  
ATTACK IN A  
CROWD...

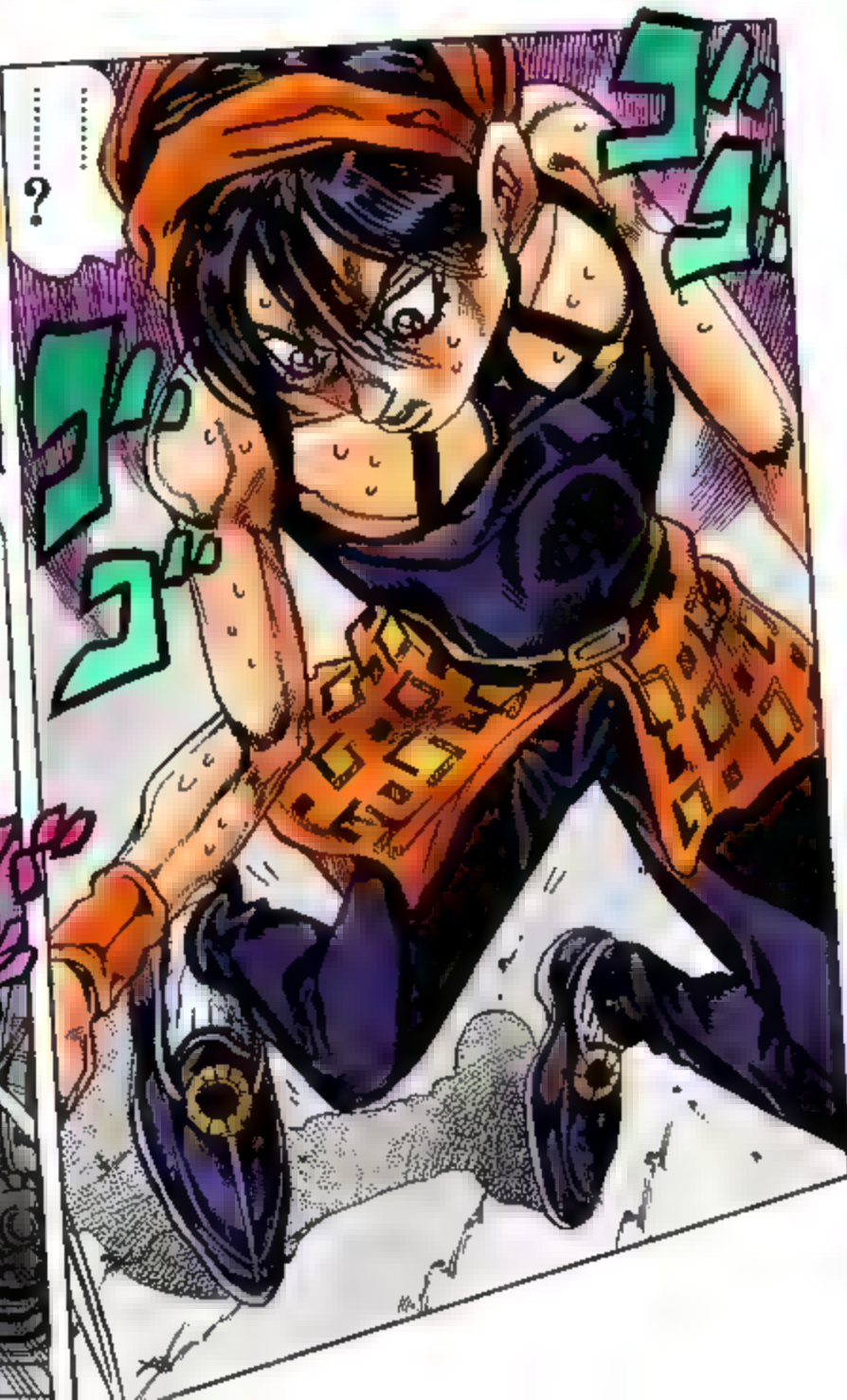
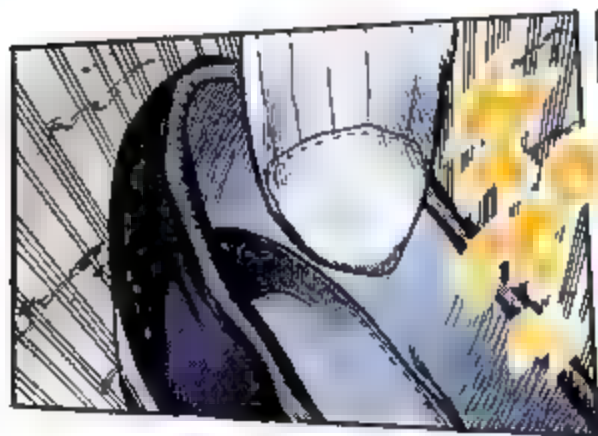
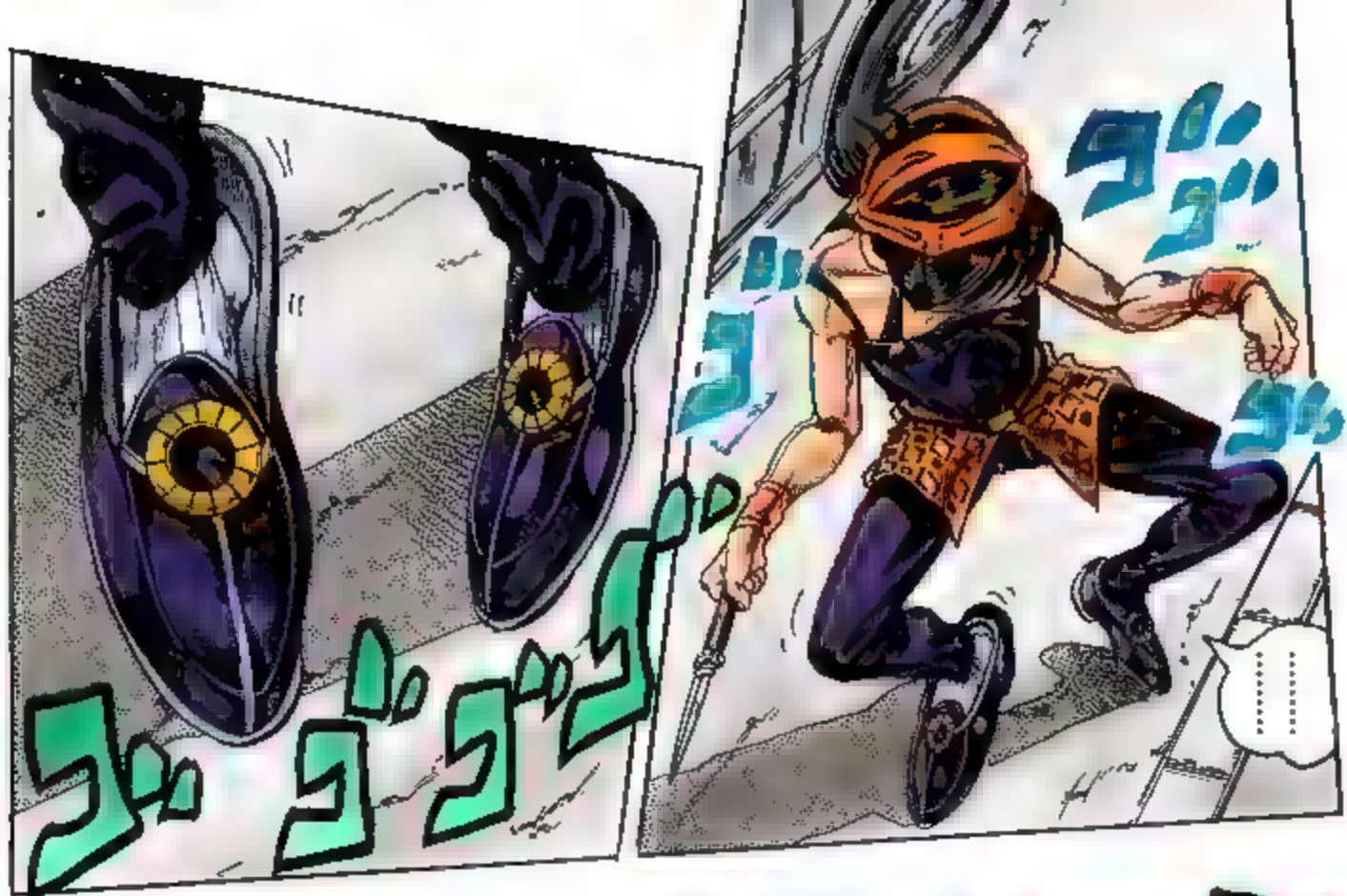
THE  
BASTARD...  
HE'S  
GOTTA BE  
NEARBY...

CHANCES ARE,  
HE'LL KEEP  
FOLLOWING ME  
AROUND IF I  
DON'T SMOKE  
HIM OUT AND  
KILL HIM WITH  
AEROSMITH...

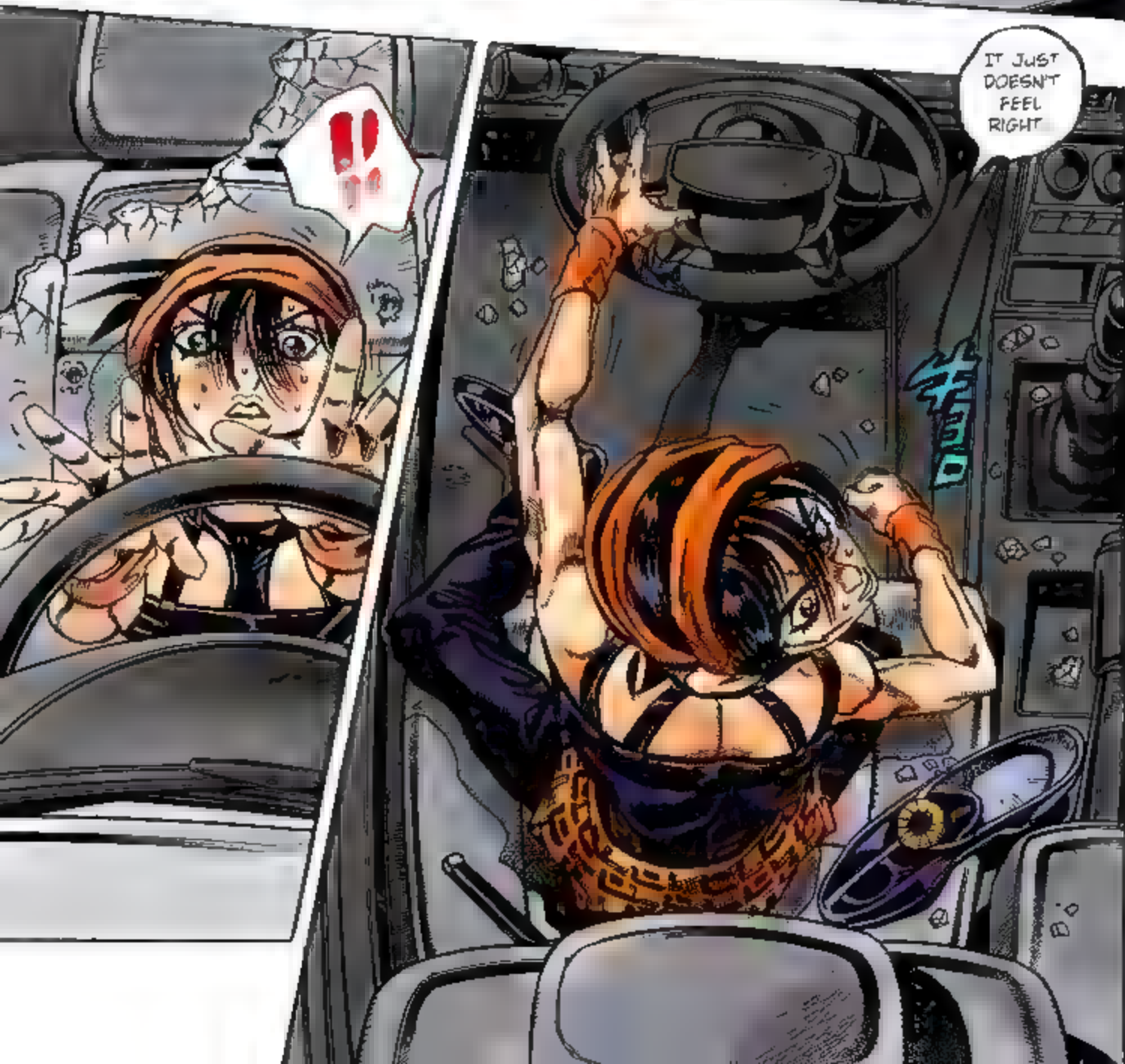




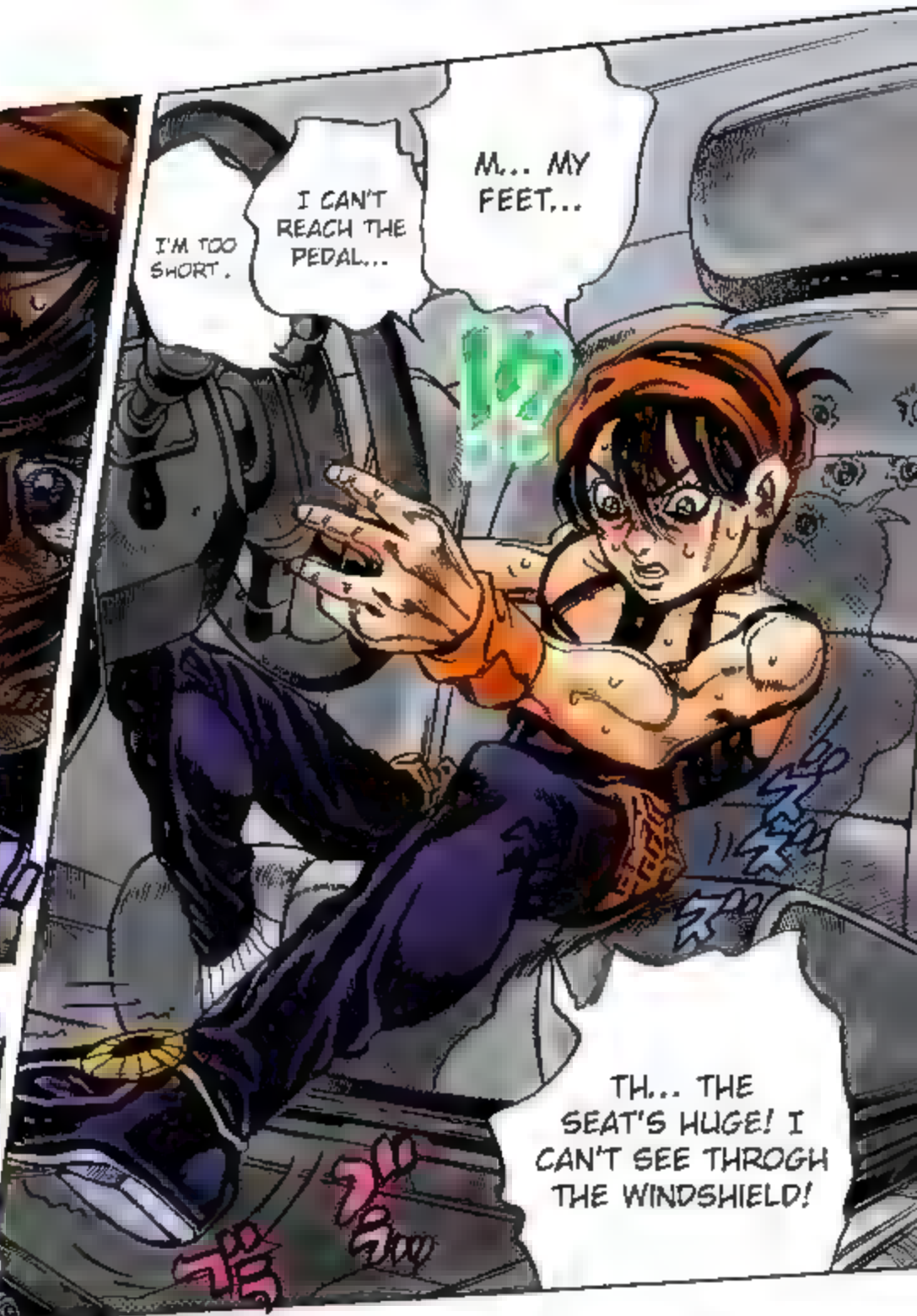
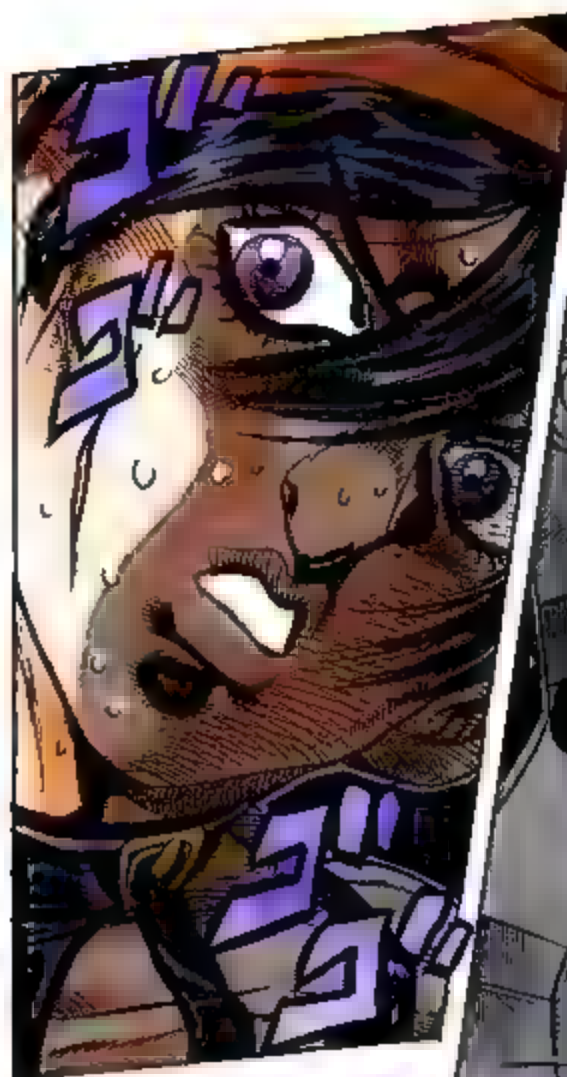












I'M TOO SHORT.

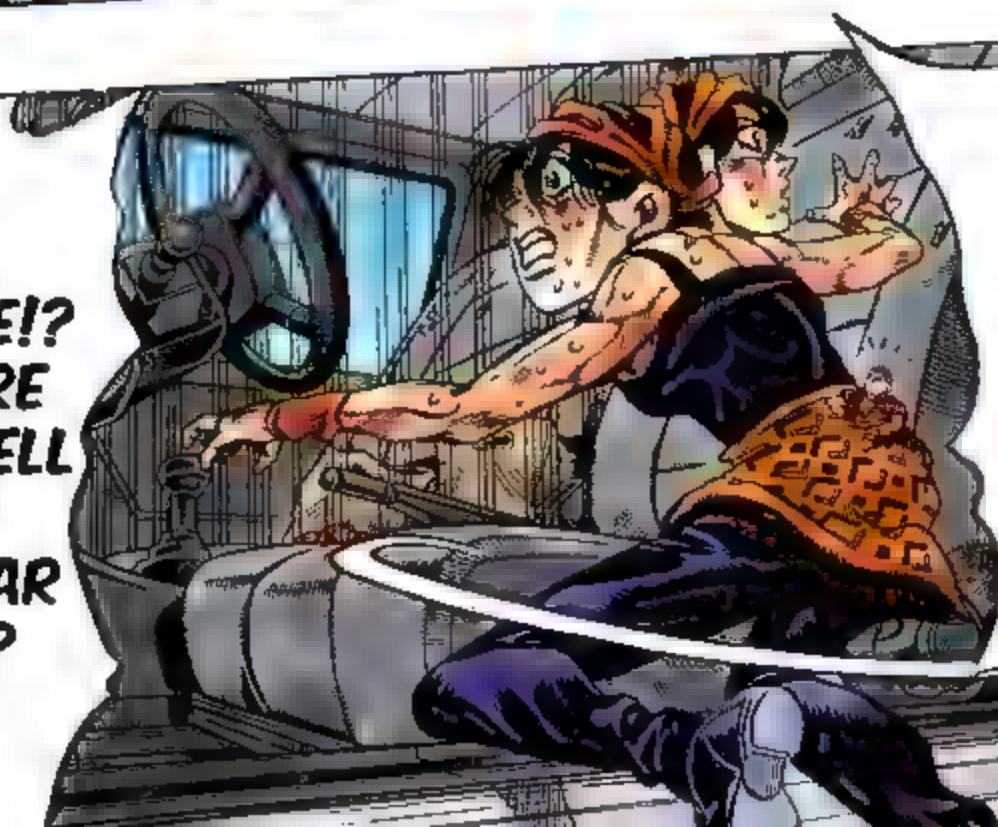
I CAN'T REACH THE PEDAL...

M... MY FEET...

TH... THE SEAT'S HUGE! I CAN'T SEE THROUGH THE WINDSHIELD!

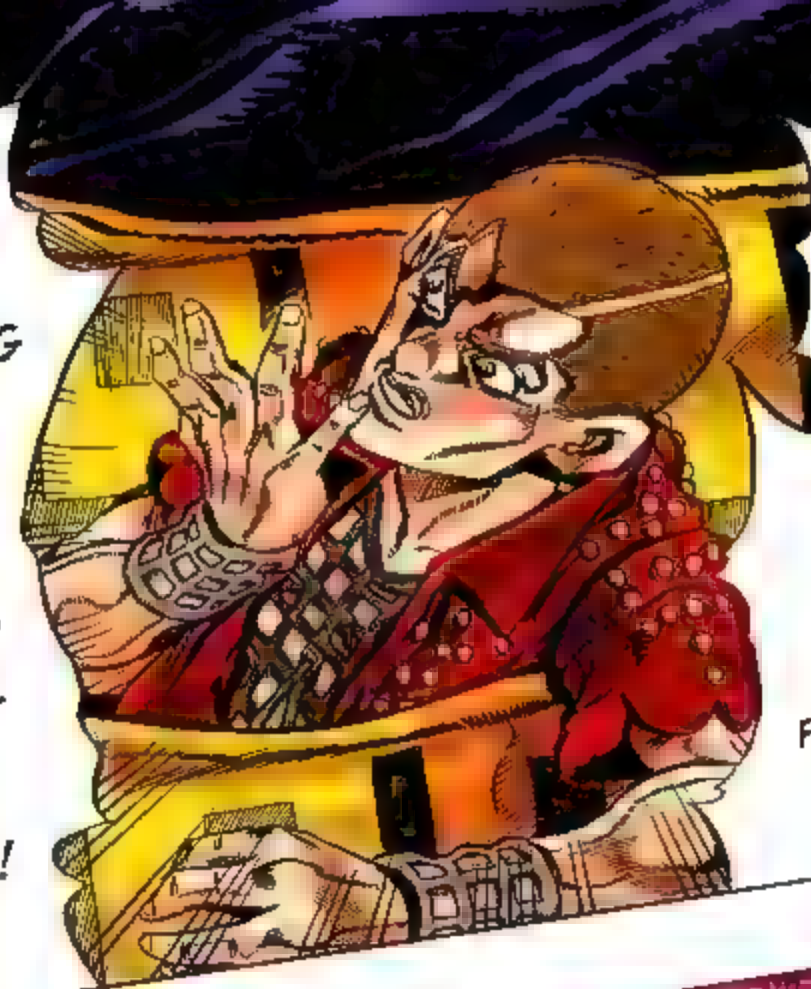
WHERE!?  
WHERE  
THE HELL  
DID  
MY CAR  
GO!?

WHAT THE  
HELL!?  
THIS ISN'T  
MY CAR  
EITHER!





EVERYTHING  
ON YOU  
SHRUNK  
TOO, BUT  
YOUR  
KNIFE AND  
SHOE FELL  
OFF AND  
STOPPED  
SHRINKING!



IS THIS  
GUY AN IDIOT!?  
GET A CLUE!

YOU'VE  
SHRUNKEN,  
IDIOT! MY  
STAND'S  
FINALLY TAKING  
EFFECT!



TH  
THEN

A...

ARE THESE  
REALLY MY  
KNIFE AND  
SHOE AFTER  
ALL...!?

THAT  
MEANS

YOU'RE  
ALREADY  
TOO SHORT  
TO DRIVE,  
NARANCIA!

THEN IT'S TORTURE  
TIME, NARANCIA!  
ONCE YOU'RE ALL  
SHRUNKEN, I'LL  
MAKE YOU SPIT OUT  
**WHERE THE GIRL'S  
HIDING!** THE  
BATTLE'S ALREADY  
BEGUN, AND IT'S  
TOO LATE FOR  
EITHER OF  
US TO BACK  
OUT NOW...!

KEEP ON  
GETTING  
SMALLER  
AND  
SMALLER  
...



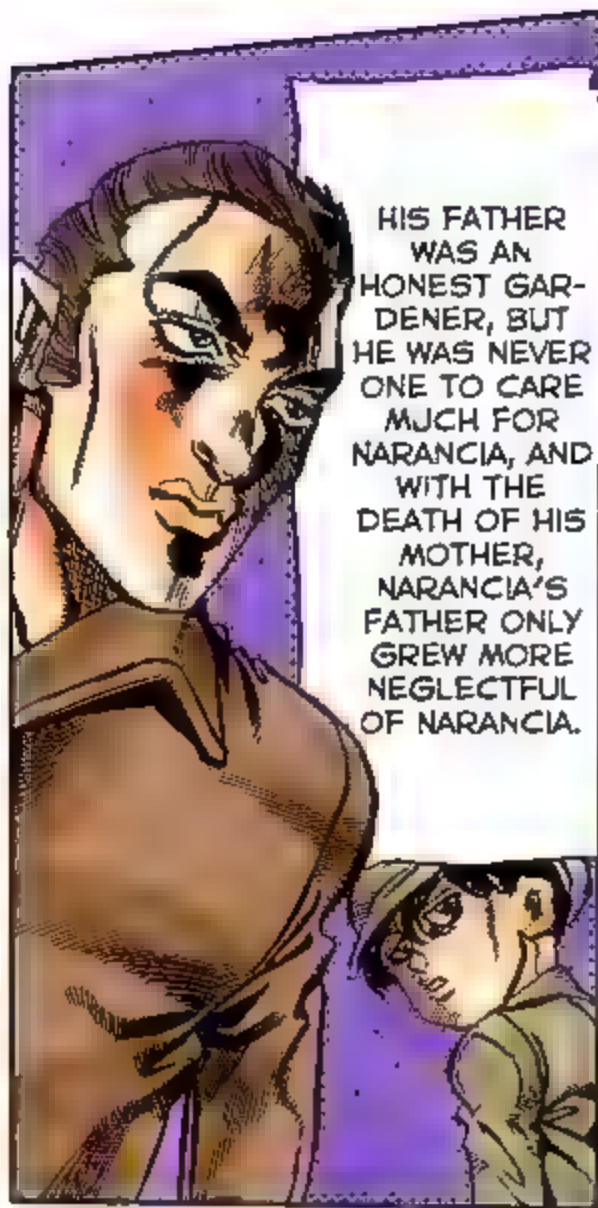


A comic book panel showing Narancia driving a car. He is wearing a purple shirt, a patterned orange and black vest, and purple pants. He has a determined expression and is holding the steering wheel with both hands. The car's interior is visible, including the dashboard and seats. A speech bubble in the top left corner contains the text: "THIS WAS THE REASON NARANCIA JOINED PASSIONE:". The bottom of the panel features large, bold, stylized text: "NARANCIA'S AEROSMITH PART 3".

THIS WAS  
THE REASON  
NARANCIA  
JOINED  
PASSIONE:

# **NARANCIA'S AEROSMITH PART 3**





HIS FATHER WAS AN HONEST GARDENER, BUT HE WAS NEVER ONE TO CARE MUCH FOR NARANCIA, AND WITH THE DEATH OF HIS MOTHER, NARANCIA'S FATHER ONLY GREW MORE NEGLECTFUL OF NARANCIA.

WHEN HE WAS TEN YEARS OLD, HIS MOTHER CAUGHT AN EYE INFECTION, EVENTUALLY LEADING TO HER DEATH.

FULL NAME: NARANCIA GHIRGA, A LEO, BORN 1984.



INSTEAD STAYING AT HIS FRIENDS' HOUSES, ROAMING THE STREETS, AND STEALING HIS DINNERS FROM THE SHOPS.

EVENTUALLY, NARANCIA STOPPED ATTENDING SCHOOL,



"FRIENDSHIP!" WAS NARANCIA'S ANSWER.

"WHAT IS THE MOST IMPORTANT THING IN THE WORLD?"

NARANCIA HAD TO SPEND ONE YEAR IN THAT REFORM SCHOOL.

THE NEXT DAY, THE POLICE SUDDENLY ARRESTED HIM, SHOUTING, "WE'RE GONNA THROW YOU INTO REFORM SCHOOL, YOU DAMNED BRAT!"

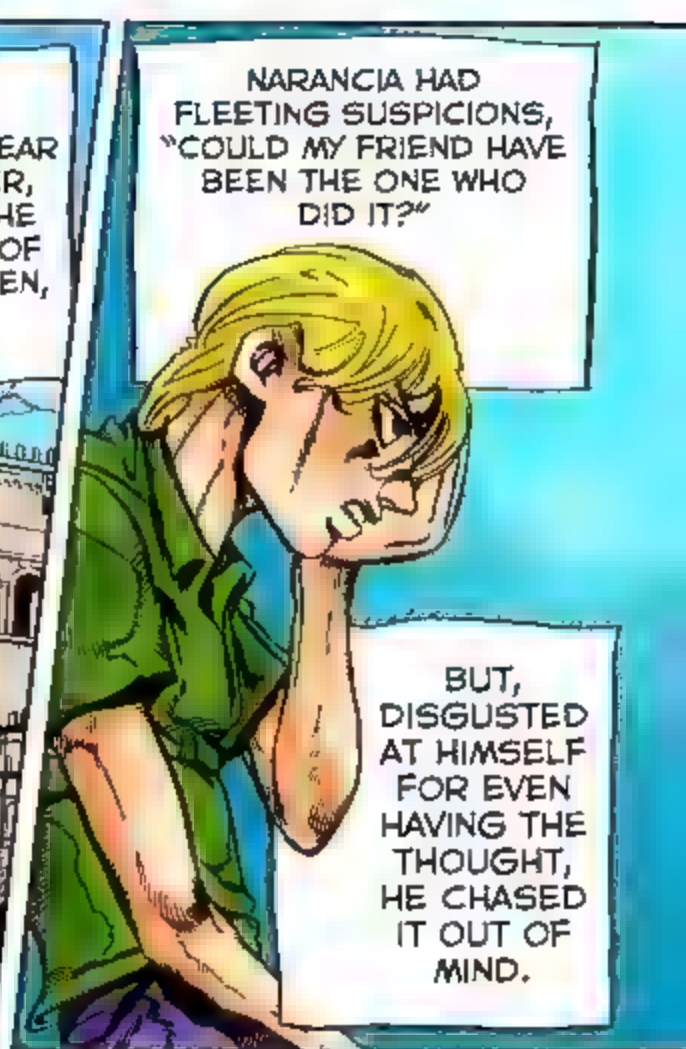
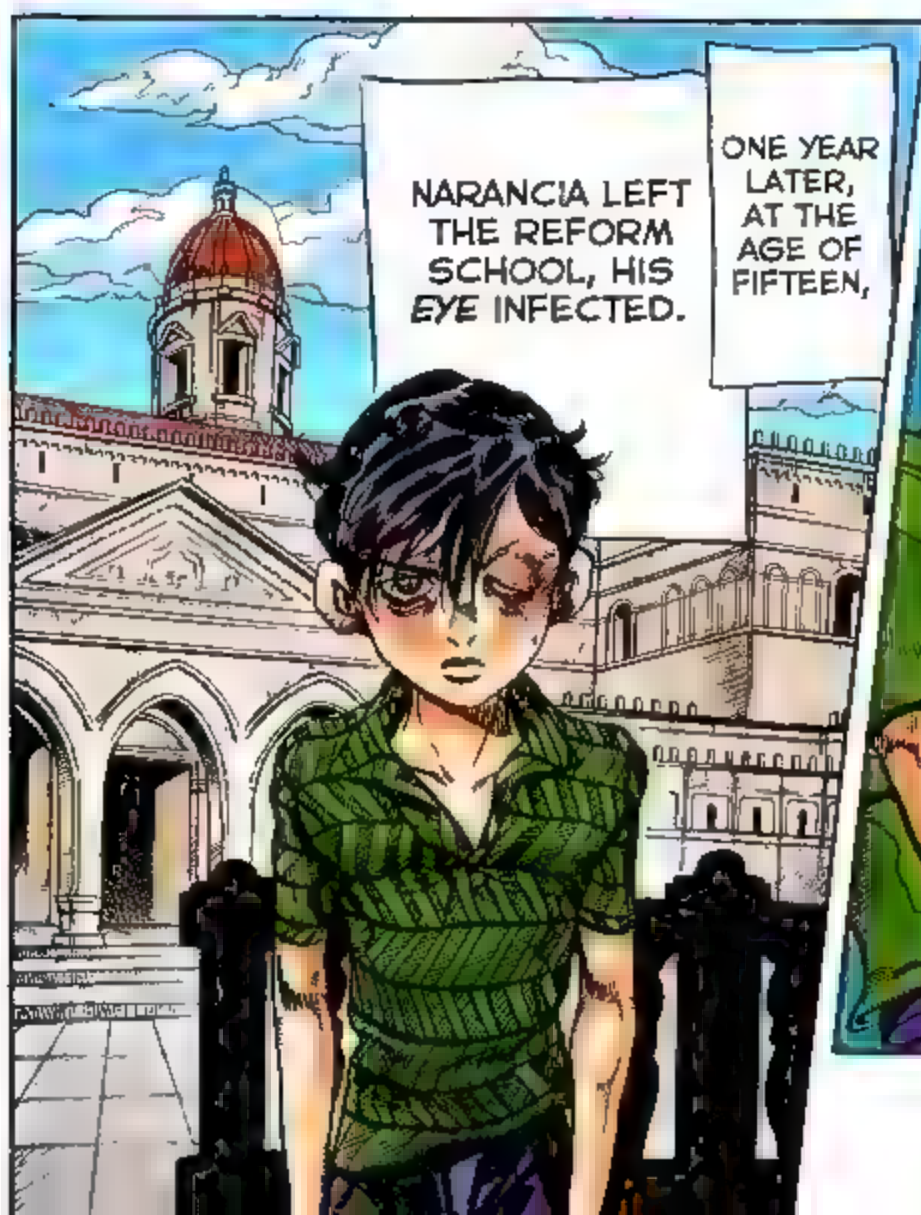
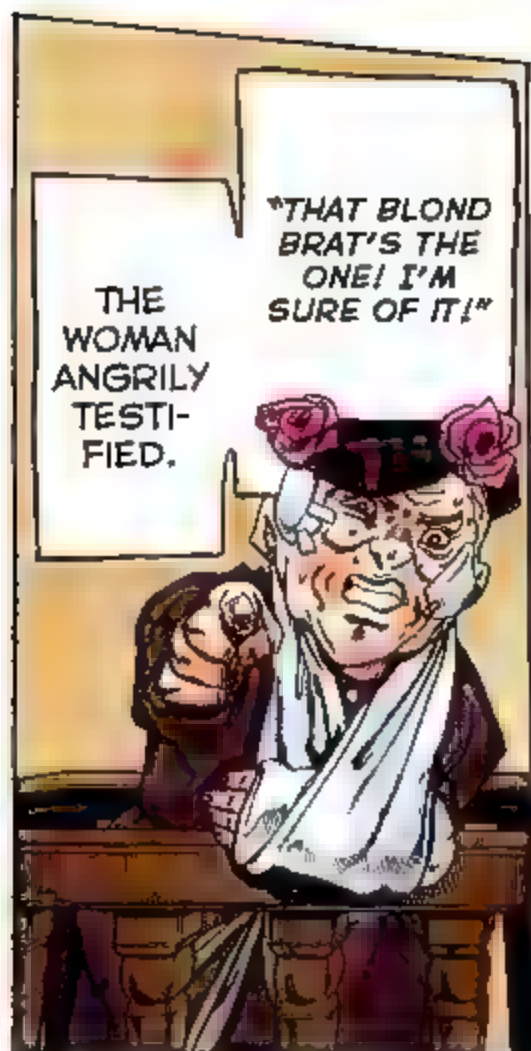
AN OLDER FRIEND OF HIS SAID TO HIM, "DYE YOUR HAIR BLOND LIKE MINE AND YOU'LL LOOK LIKE THE BADDEST ASS!"

THEN, ONE TIME,

AND, ALTHOUGH HE DIDN'T UNDERSTAND WHAT WAS HAPPENING,

AND NARANCIA DID AS HE SAID.



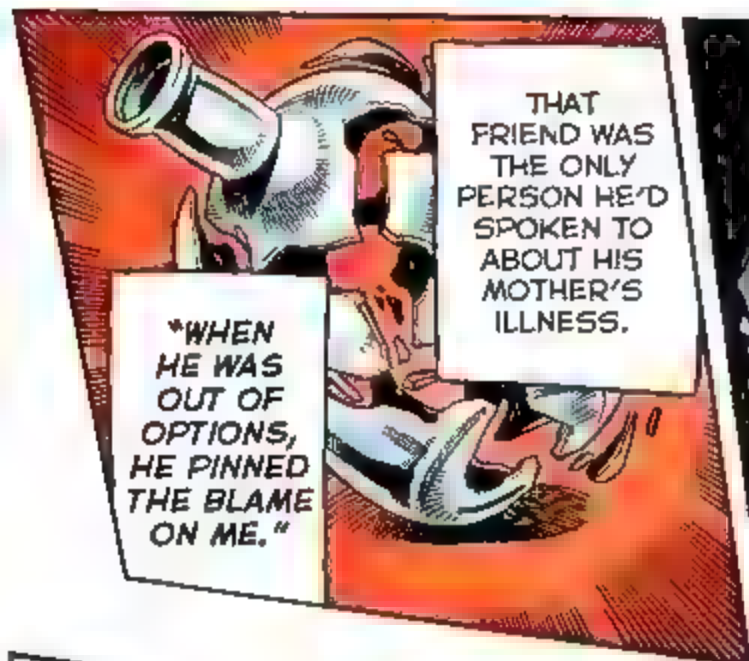







WHEN HE RETURNED TO HIS HOMETOWN, A STRANGE RUMOR HAD SPREAD AMONGST HIS FRIENDS.

PERHAPS DUE TO HIS REFUSAL TO PLEAD GUILTY, OR THE FACT THAT HE DIDN'T SPEAK UP AT ALL, THE POLICE HAD BEATEN HIM, LEADING TO A LINGERING EYE INFECTION.

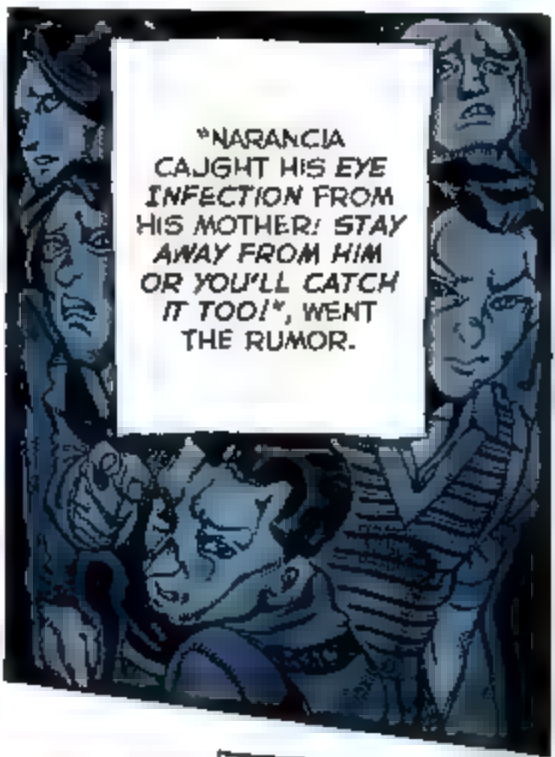


THAT FRIEND WAS THE ONLY PERSON HE'D SPOKEN TO ABOUT HIS MOTHER'S ILLNESS.

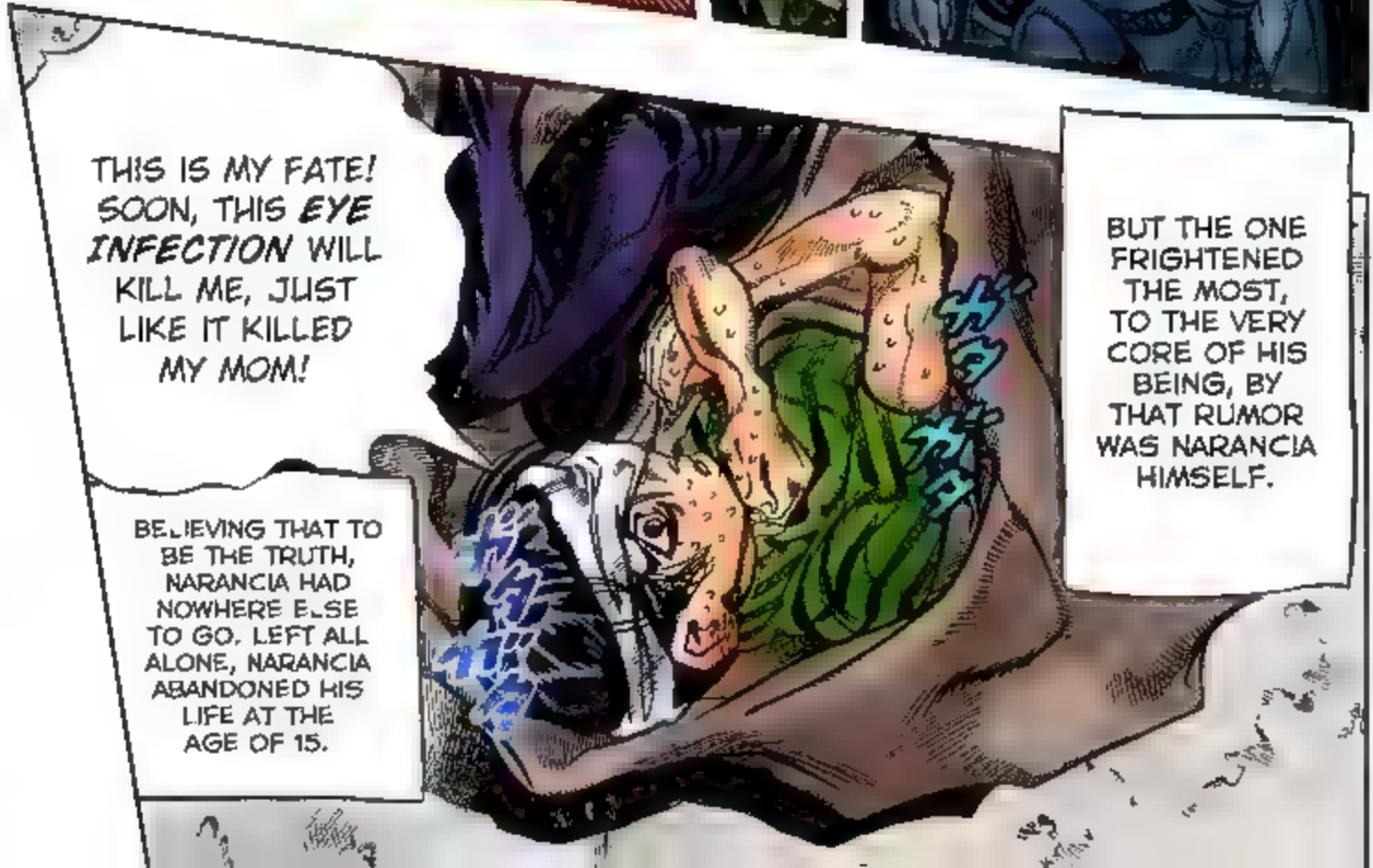
"WHEN HE WAS OUT OF OPTIONS, HE PINNED THE BLAME ON ME."



NARANCIA FINALLY REALIZED THE TRUTH.



"NARANCIA CAUGHT HIS EYE INFECTION FROM HIS MOTHER! STAY AWAY FROM HIM OR YOU'LL CATCH IT TOO!", WENT THE RUMOR.



THIS IS MY FATE! SOON, THIS EYE INFECTION WILL KILL ME, JUST LIKE IT KILLED MY MOM!

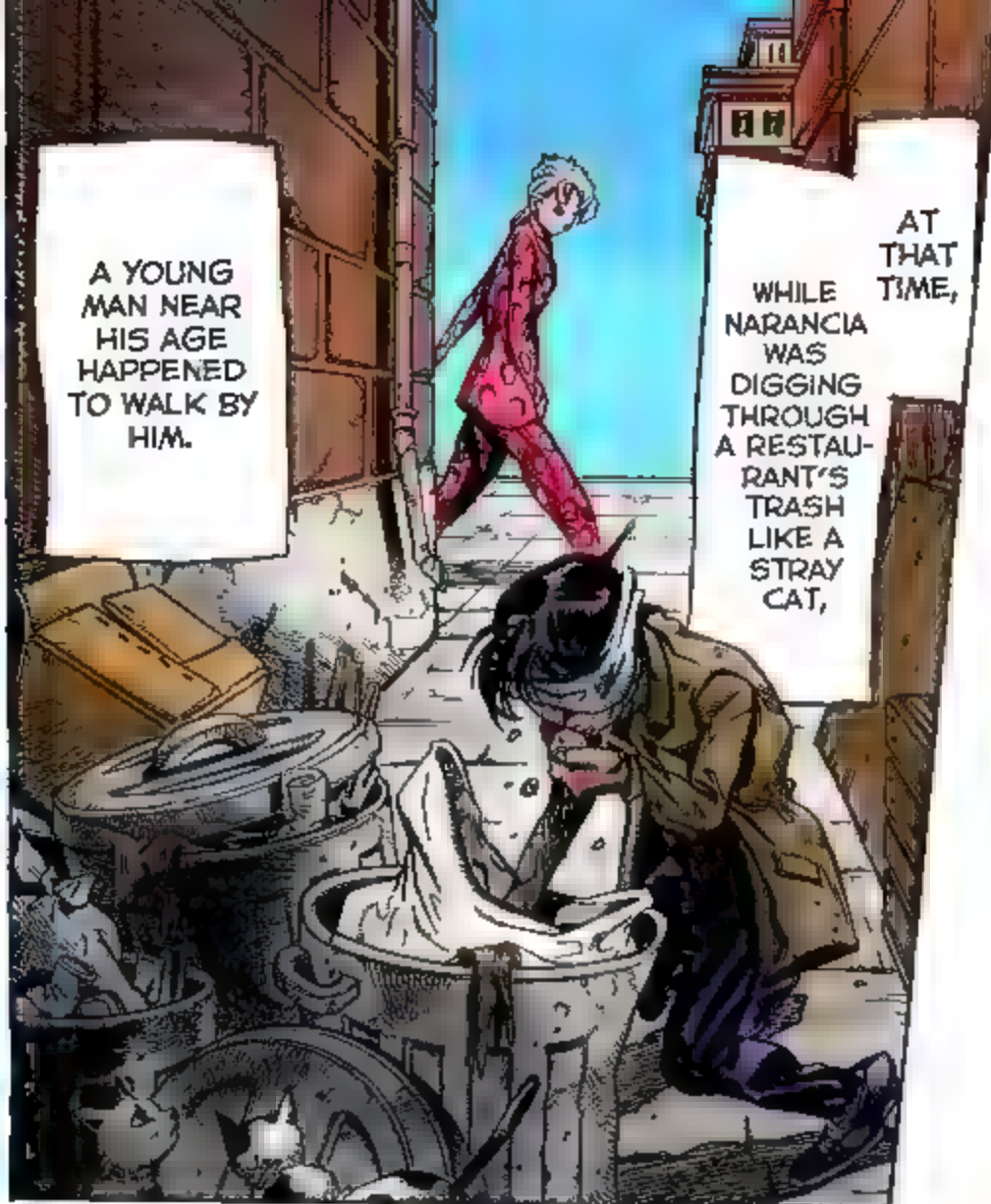
BELIEVING THAT TO BE THE TRUTH, NARANCIA HAD NOWHERE ELSE TO GO. LEFT ALL ALONE, NARANCIA ABANDONED HIS LIFE AT THE AGE OF 15.

BUT THE ONE FRIGHTENED THE MOST, TO THE VERY CORE OF HIS BEING, BY THAT RUMOR WAS NARANCIA HIMSELF.



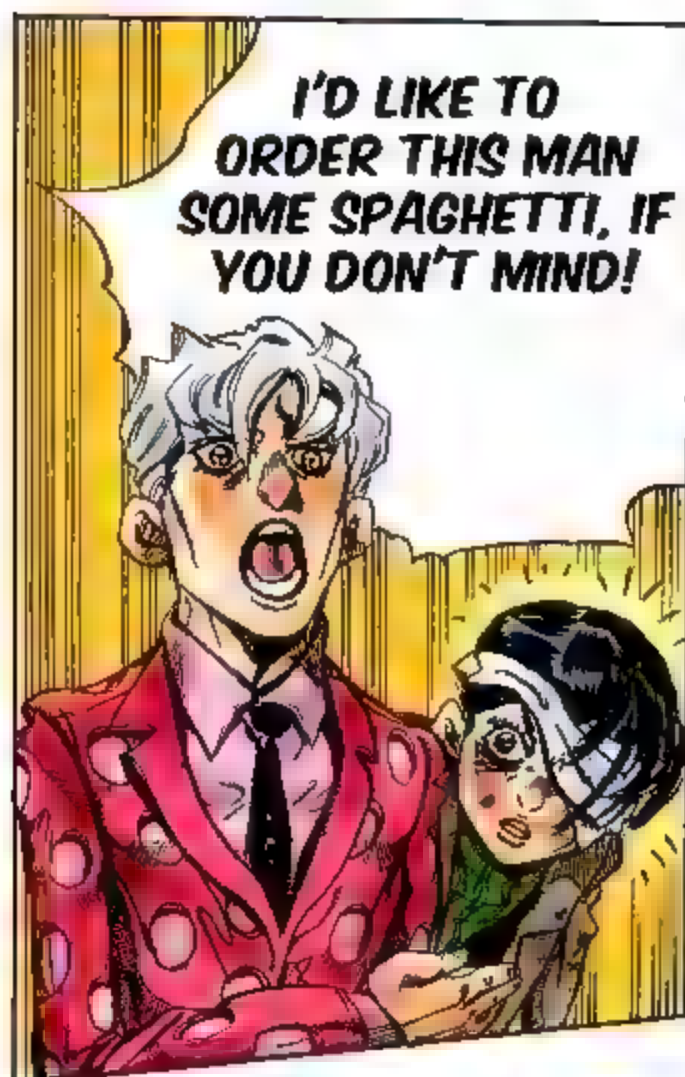


THAT  
MAN'S  
NAME WAS  
FUGO.

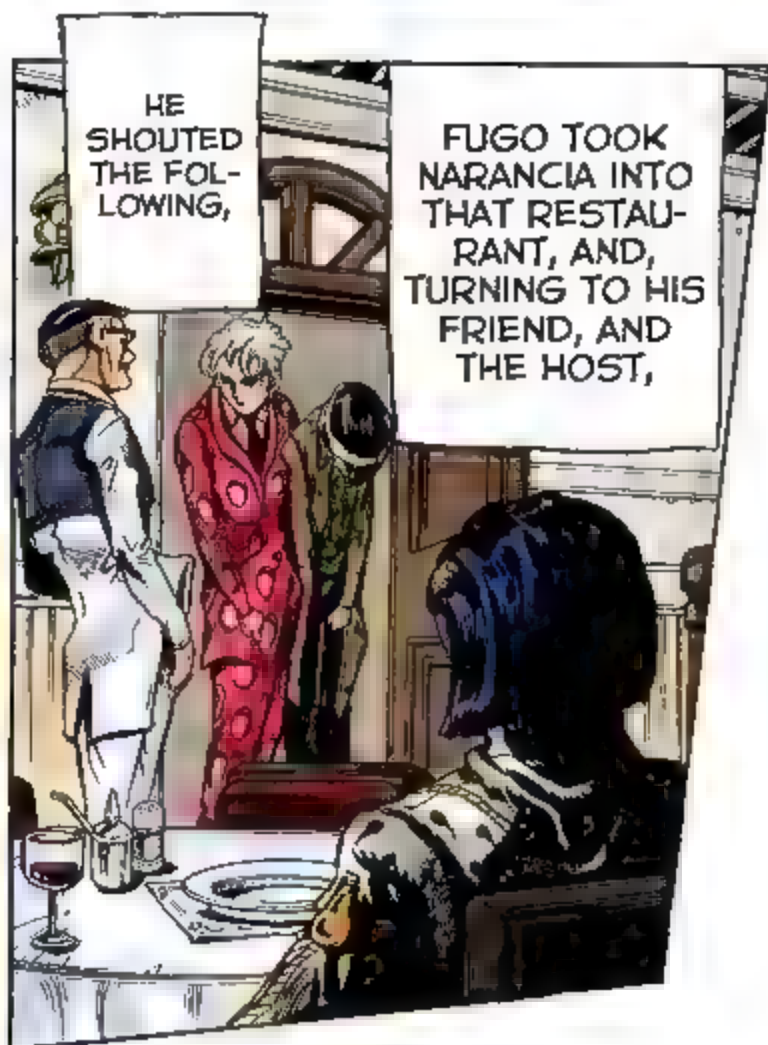


A YOUNG  
MAN NEAR  
HIS AGE  
HAPPENED  
TO WALK BY  
HIM.

AT  
THAT  
TIME,  
  
WHILE  
NARANCIA  
WAS  
DIGGING  
THROUGH  
A RESTAU-  
RANT'S  
TRASH  
LIKE A  
STRAY  
CAT,



I'D LIKE TO  
ORDER THIS MAN  
SOME SPAGHETTI, IF  
YOU DON'T MIND!



HE  
SHOUTED  
THE FOL-  
LOWING,

FUGO TOOK  
NARANCIA INTO  
THAT RESTAU-  
RANT, AND,  
TURNING TO HIS  
FRIEND, AND  
THE HOST,





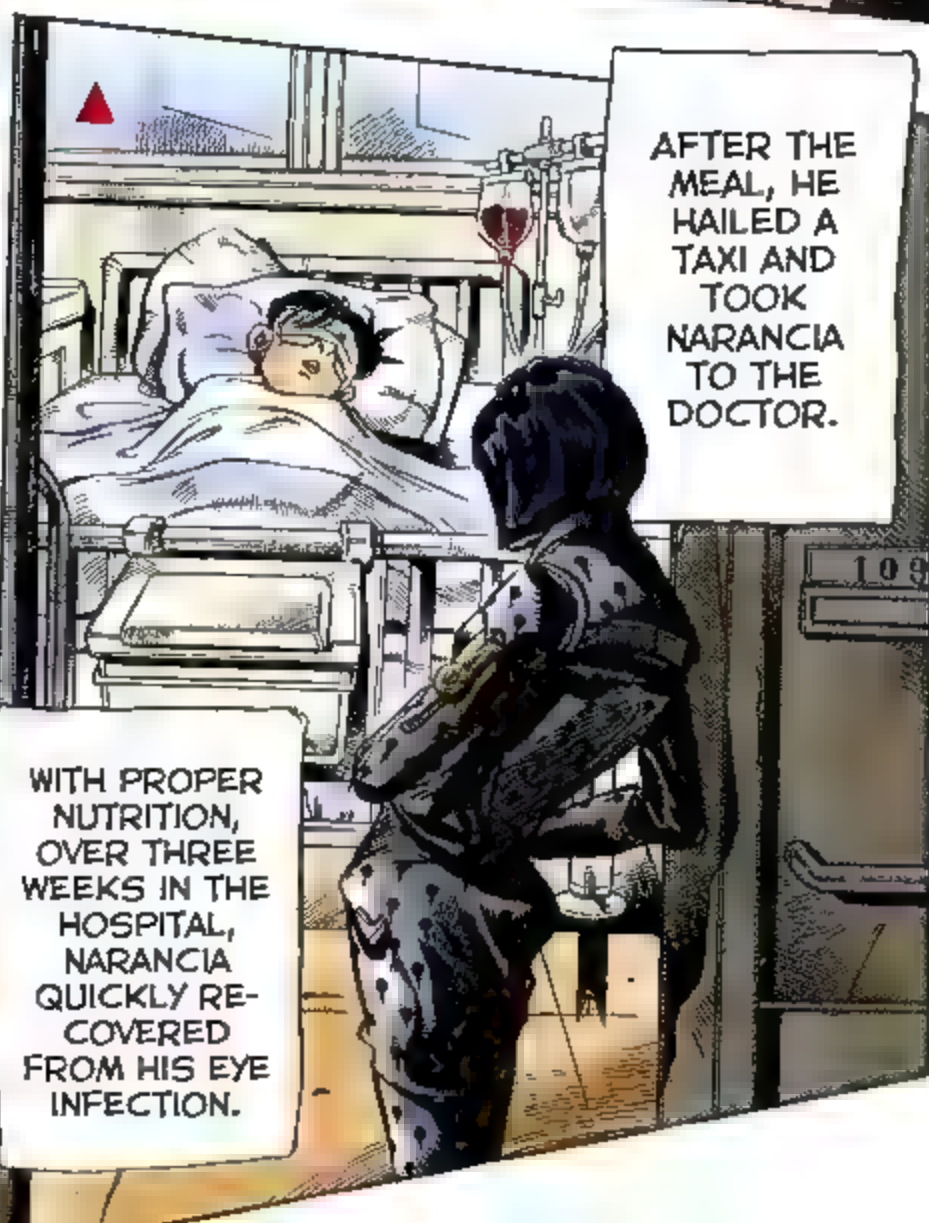
AND  
OFFERING  
IT TO THE  
FILTHY  
URCHIN.

HIS FRIEND AT  
THE TABLE DID  
NOT ASK HIM  
ANY QUESTIONS,  
NOR EVEN SHOW  
THE SLIGHTEST  
SIGN OF  
DISPLEASURE,  
SIMPLY TAKING  
THE PLATE OF  
SPAGHETTI,



WHY  
WOULD YOU  
DO ALL  
THIS FOR  
SOMEONE  
LIKE ME?

AS THE  
MAN  
NEVER  
SPOKE,  
NARANCIA  
DECIDED  
TO ASK  
HIM  
FIRST,



AFTER THE  
MEAL, HE  
HAILED A  
TAXI AND  
TOOK  
NARANCIA  
TO THE  
DOCTOR.

WITH PROPER  
NUTRITION,  
OVER THREE  
WEEKS IN THE  
HOSPITAL,  
NARANCIA  
QUICKLY RE-  
COVERED  
FROM HIS EYE  
INFECTION.





I DON'T  
WANNA GO  
HOME! I'LL  
DO ANYTHING,  
JUST LET ME  
WORK FOR  
YOU!

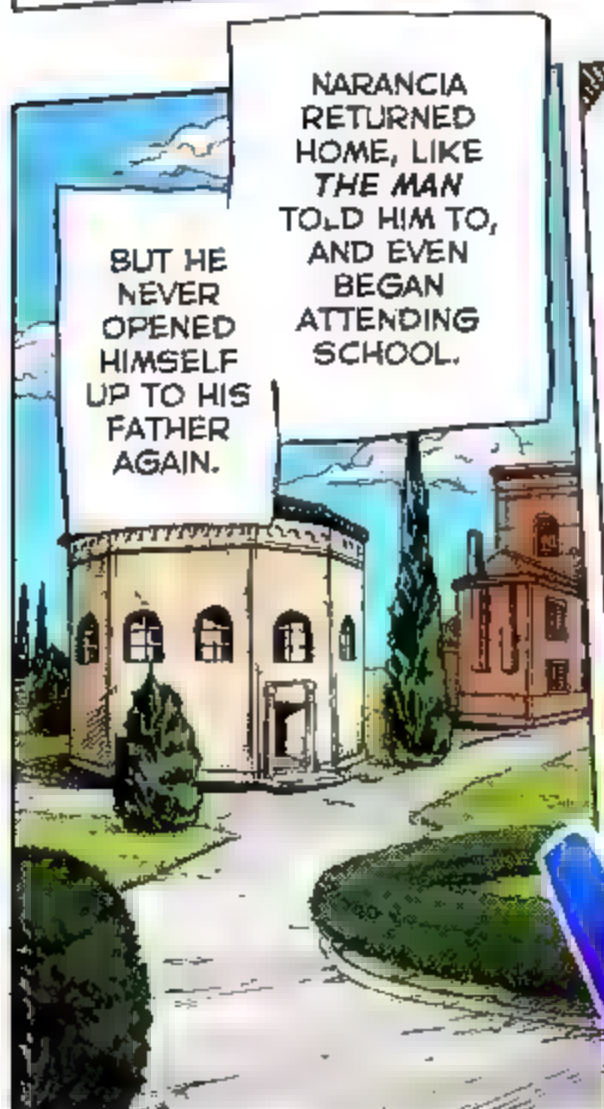
DURING HIS  
HOSPITAL  
STAY,  
NARANCIA  
SLOWLY  
BEGAN TO  
REALIZE  
THIS MAN  
WAS A  
GANG-  
STER, AND  
SAID,



IF YOU'D LIKE,  
I'LL LET YOU  
STAY AT MY  
HOUSE FOR A  
WHILE.

HE DID NOT  
ANSWER  
NARANCIA'S  
QUESTION,  
BUT INSTEAD  
SPOKE EMO-  
TIONLESSLY,

BUT KIDS LIKE  
YOU NEED TO  
GO HOME TO  
THEIR PARENTS.  
AND GO TO  
SCHOOL! UN-  
DERSTAND...?



BUT HE  
NEVER  
OPENED  
HIMSELF  
UP TO HIS  
FATHER  
AGAIN.

NARANCIA  
RETURNED  
HOME, LIKE  
THE MAN  
TOLD HIM TO,  
AND EVEN  
BEGAN  
ATTENDING  
SCHOOL.

**"DON'T ACT LIKE A  
SPOILED BRAT! SAY  
THAT AGAIN AND  
I'LL BEAT THE SHIT  
OUTTA YOU!"**



WHEN HE  
DID, THE  
MAN  
SUDDENLY  
GREW  
ANGRY.



BUT, THAT  
ANGER WAS  
NOT OUT OF  
HATRED, OR  
DISGUST, OR  
ANY CONTEMPT  
FOR HIM... IT  
WAS UNLIKE THE  
ANGER OF THE  
POLICEMEN OR  
HIS FATHER.

HE KEPT THINK-  
ING ABOUT HOW  
THAT MAN WAS  
ANGRY AT  
HIM... "WHY DID  
HE GET SO  
ANGRY ALL OF  
A SUDDEN?"



NARANCIA  
WANTED  
TO WORK  
FOR  
THAT MAN  
AND HIS  
FRIEND...

"MEN  
SHOULD  
WORK FOR  
PEOPLE  
LIKE HIM..."  
HE BEGAN  
TO THINK.

"THERE WAS  
NOTHING IN IT  
FOR HIM TO  
BE SO ANGRY  
AT ME..."  
THINKING OF  
THAT MAN'S  
ATTITUDE  
BROUGHT OUT  
NARANCIA'S  
COURAGE.

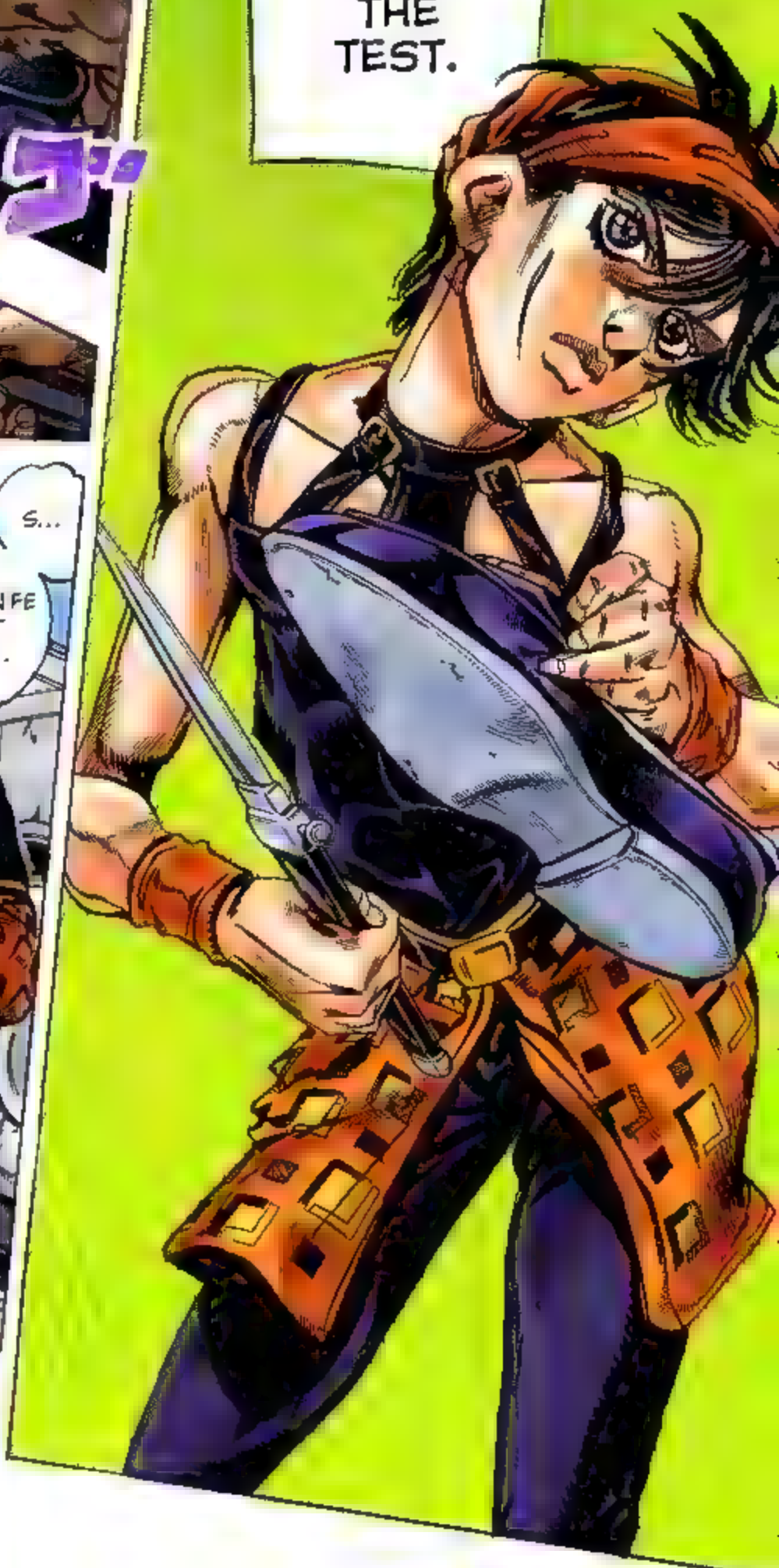
AND, HALF A  
YEAR LATER,  
UNBEKNOWNST  
TO THAT MAN  
-BUCELLATI-  
NARANCIA WENT  
TO MEET WITH  
THE SENIOR  
GANG OFFICIAL  
POLPO...



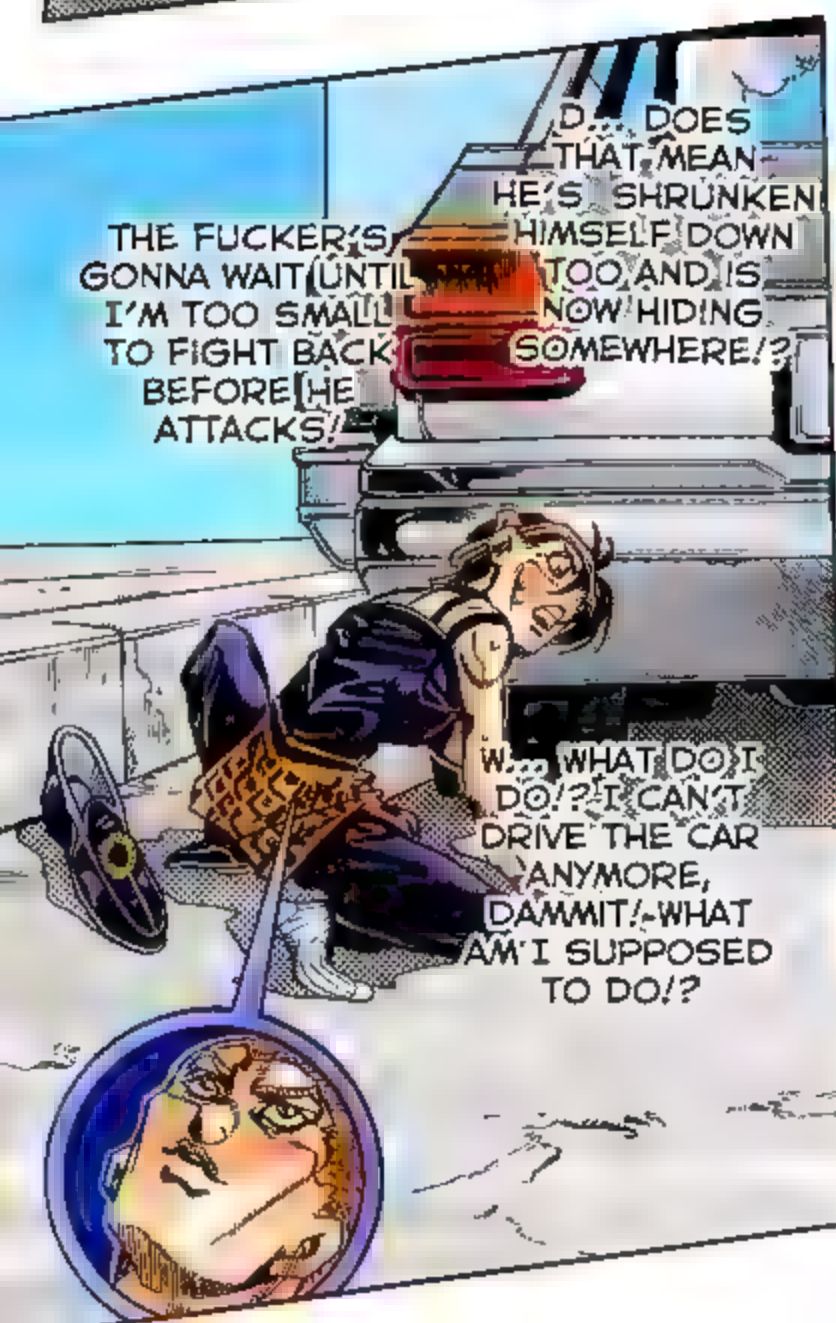
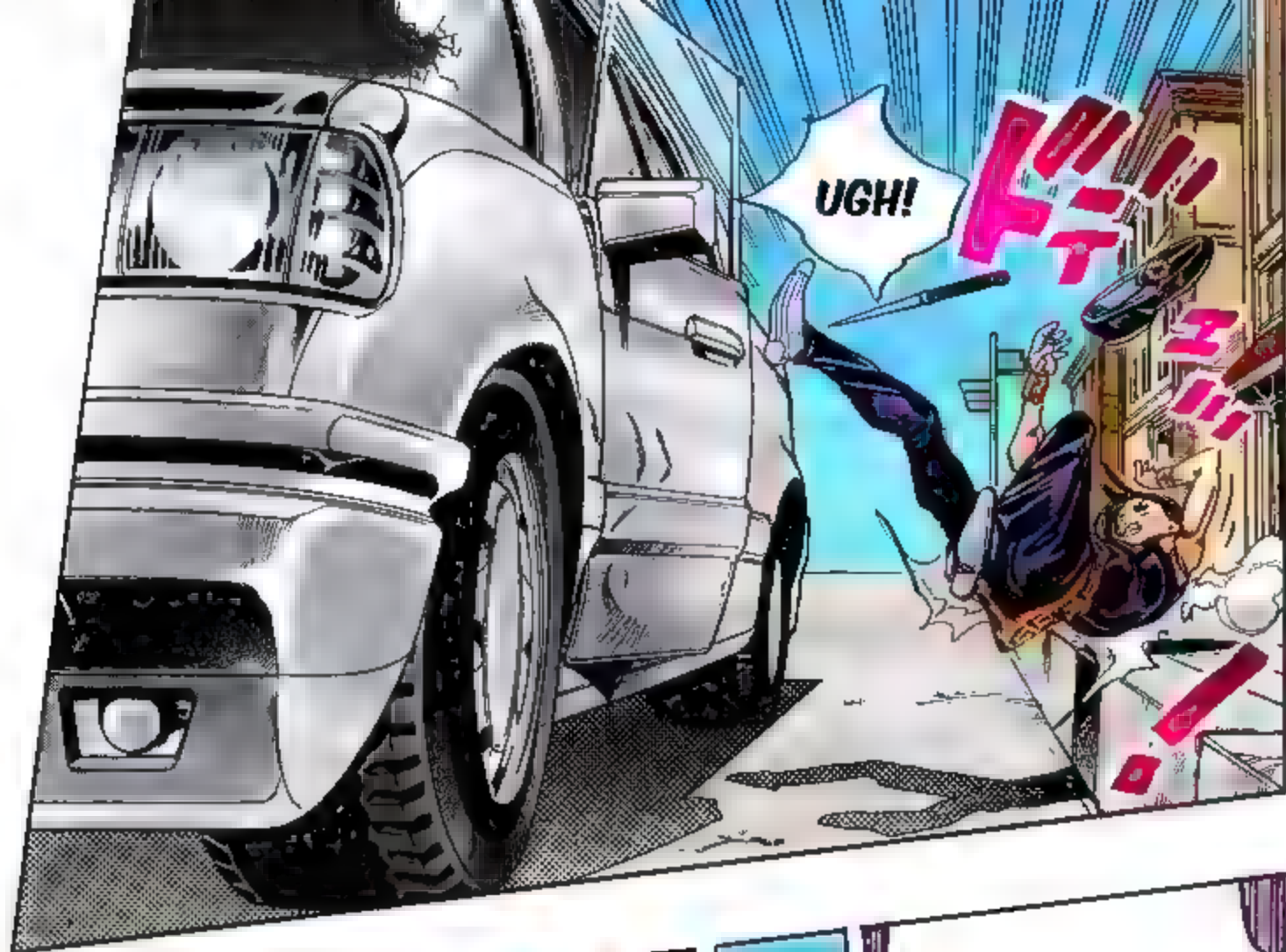




AND  
PASSED  
THE  
TEST.







**I'M THE ONE  
GROWING  
SMALLER!?**

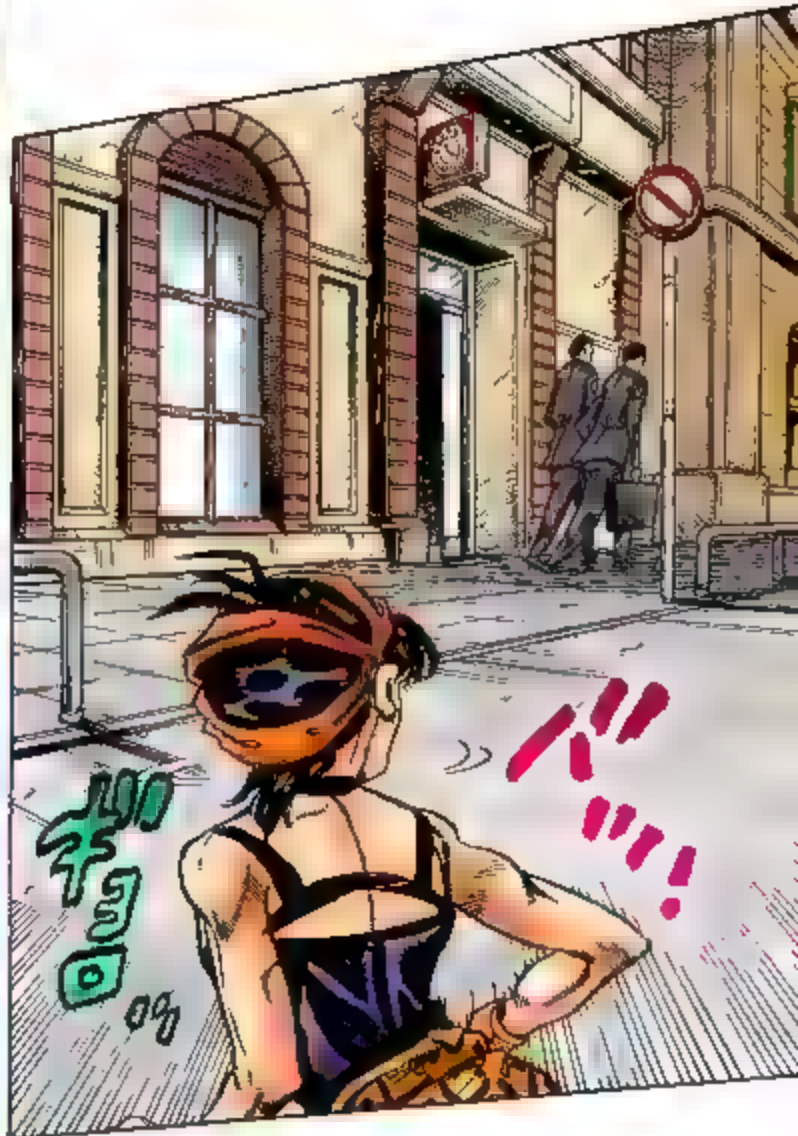
**BECAUSE  
OF THAT  
GUY'S  
STAND!?**





IT MIGHT BE BEST TO  
TELL THE OTHERS  
WHAT'S GOING ON  
FIRST... LET THEM KNOW  
THAT SOMEONE GOING  
AFTER THE BOSS'S  
DAUGHTER IS LOOKING  
FOR BUGCELLATI!...

OH,  
RIGHT...



BUT  
EVEN  
IF I DO,  
I'LL BET  
HIS  
FRIENDS  
ARE  
COMING  
TOO!



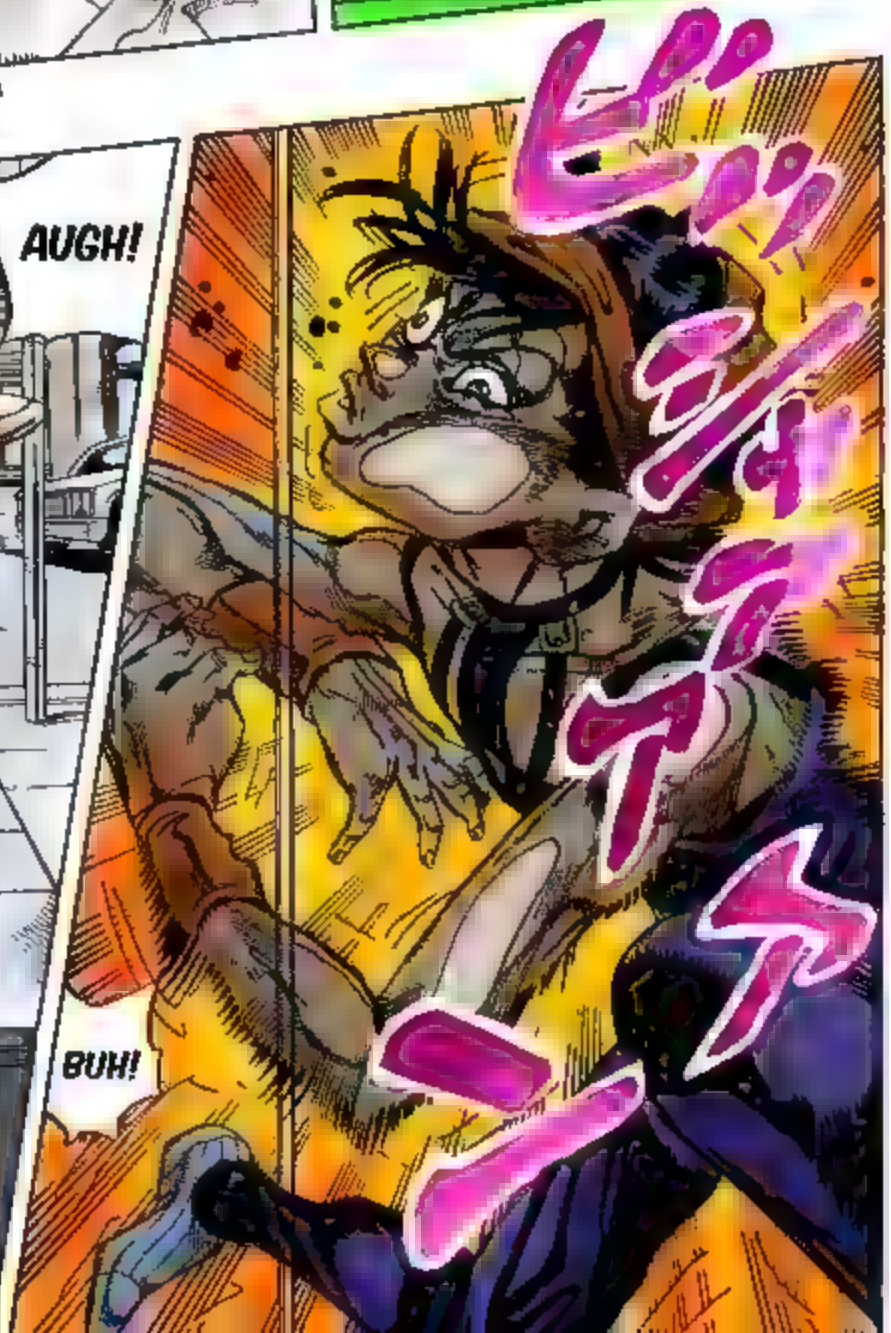
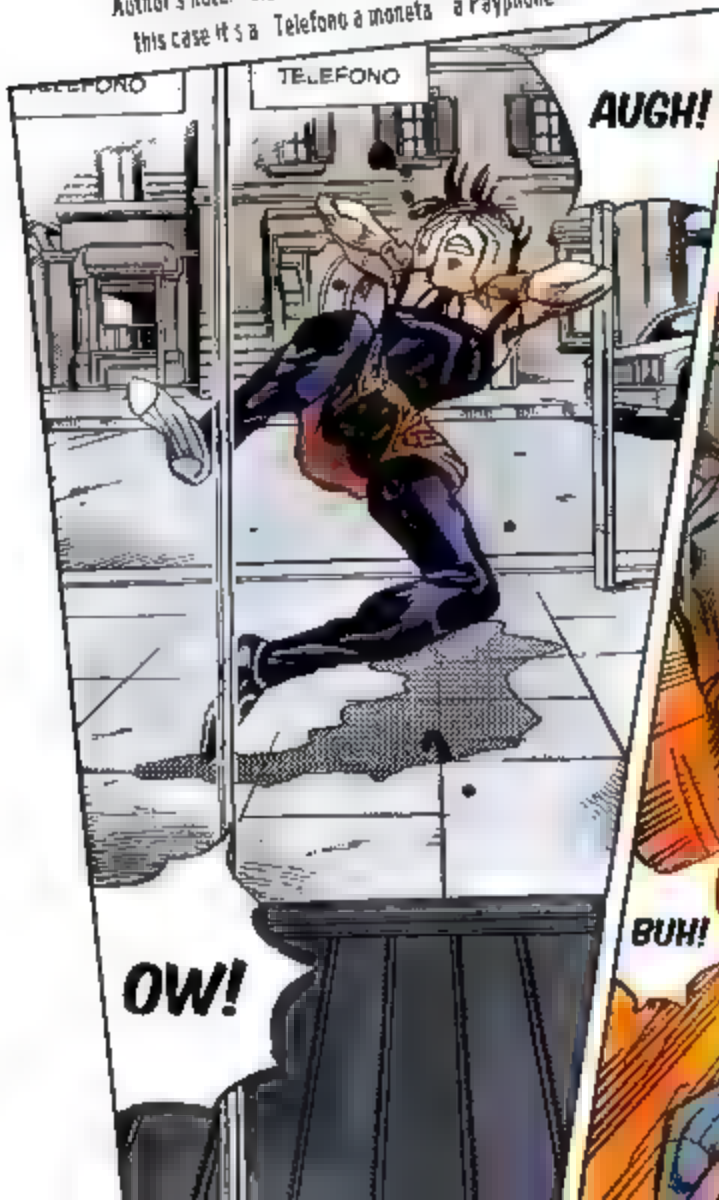
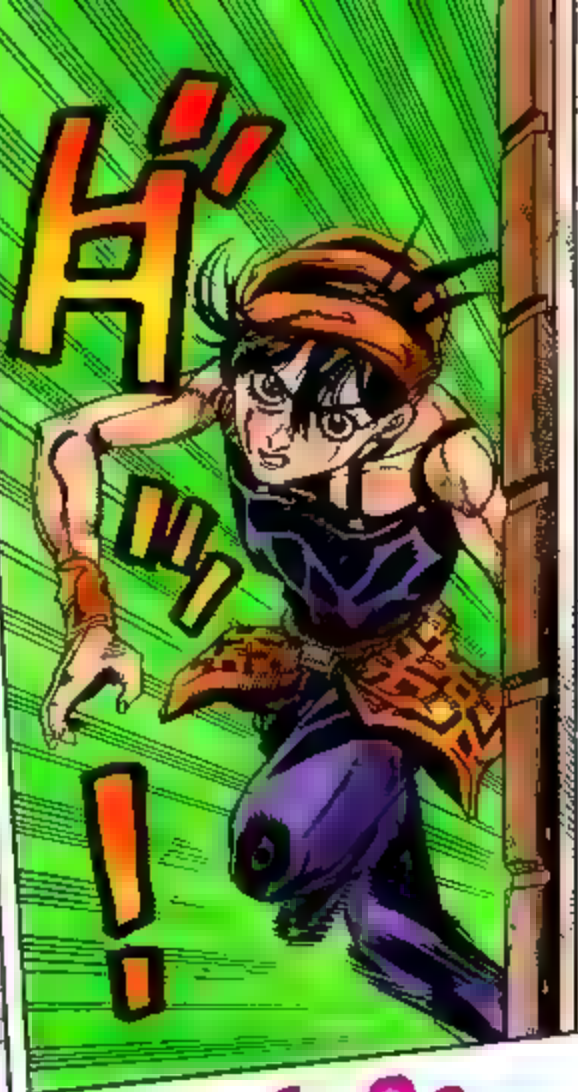
I'M SO  
GONNA KILL  
THE FUCKER!





**I'LL USE  
THOSE  
TO CALL  
THE SECRET  
HIDEOUT!**

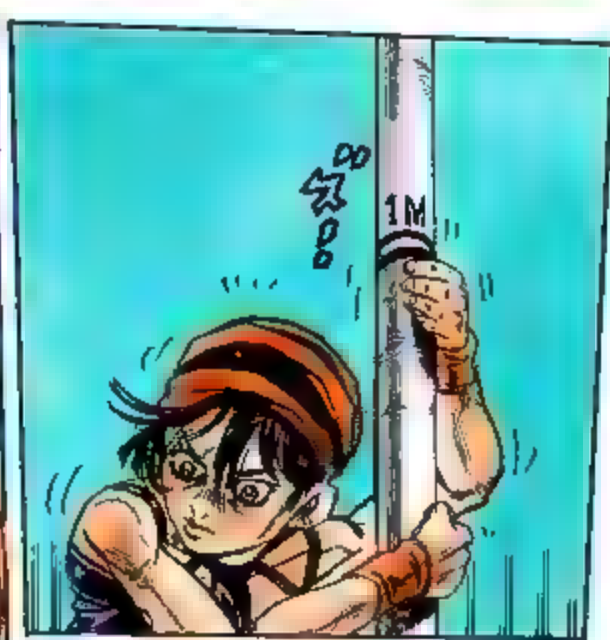
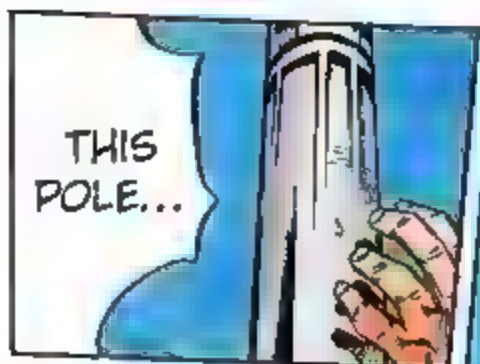
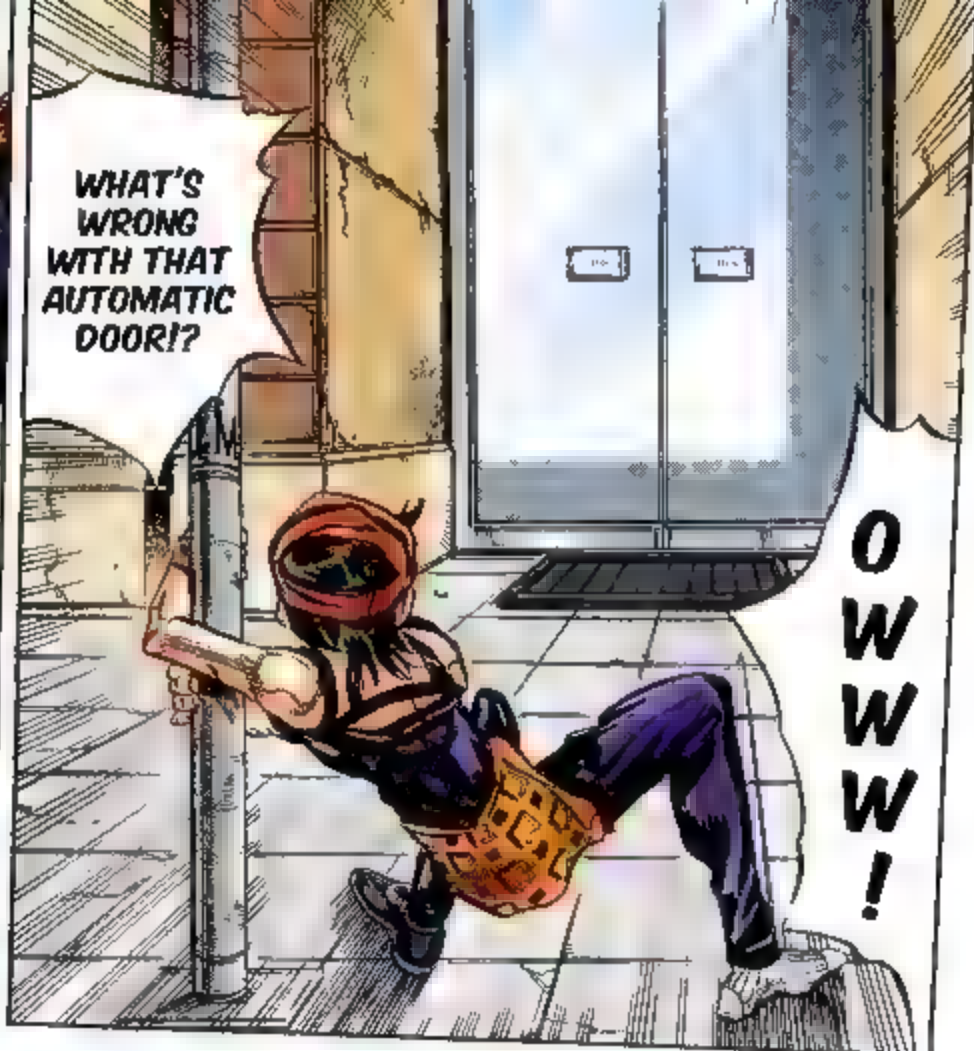
Author's note: Telefono means Phone in Italian but in this case it's a Telefono a moneta a Payphone







WHAT'S  
WRONG  
WITH THAT  
AUTOMATIC  
DOOR!?





THAT DOOR  
DETECTS YOU  
BY WEIGHT,  
AND I'M TOO  
LIGHT TO  
OPEN IT...

AND WHAT'S  
THIS "M"  
STAND FOR!?  
WHAT'S "1M"  
MEAN!?

I'M  
ACTUALLY  
SHRINKING  
PRETTY  
FAST!

SHIT,  
DON'T  
TELL  
ME...!

HOW  
MANY  
CENTIME-  
TERS TALL  
AM I  
NOW!?

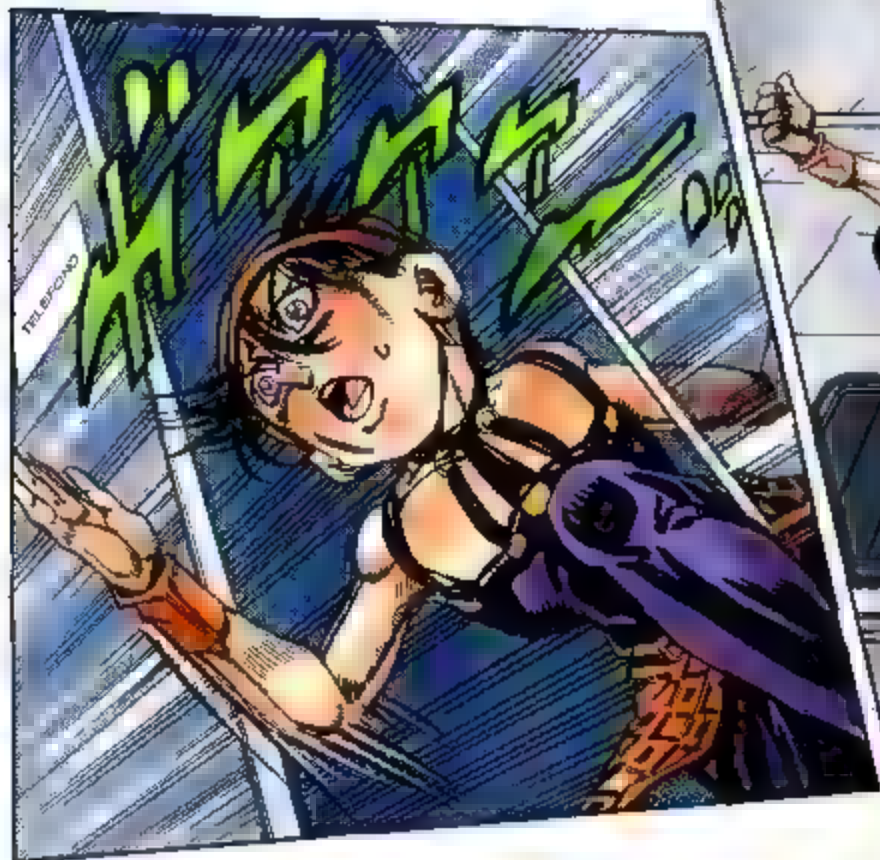
THIS IS REALLY BAD!  
I'VE GOTTA MAKE THE  
CALL QUICK! IF I KEEP  
SHRINKING, I WON'T  
EVEN BE ABLE TO  
USE THE TELEPHONE  
ANYMORE! I'VE GOTTA  
LET THE GUYS KNOW!

BUT! IF I  
CAN'T EVEN  
USE THE  
PHONE TO  
CALL FOR  
HELP...!





HELL  
YEAH, IT'S  
OPEN!





I... IT'S  
CLOSING  
ALREADY!?

WHAT!?



NOW THAT YOU'RE  
THIS SMALL, IT'S  
GONNA TAKE SOME  
EFFORT JUST TO  
MAKE A CALL!

TELEFONO!

TELEFONO!

ACK!

URK!



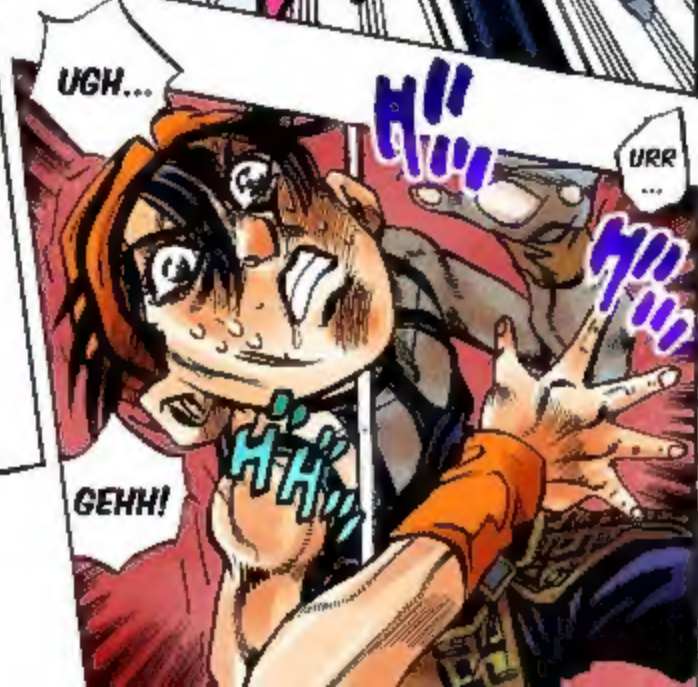
YOU NEED A TELE-  
PHONE CARD OR  
CHANGE TO USE A  
PUBLIC TELEPHONE,  
BUT EVERYTHING  
ON YOU'S SHRINK-  
ING TOO, CLOTHES  
AND WALLET IN-  
CLUDED!

AND  
THOUGH  
YOU  
HAVEN'T  
NOTICED  
YET...



GACK!

UGH...



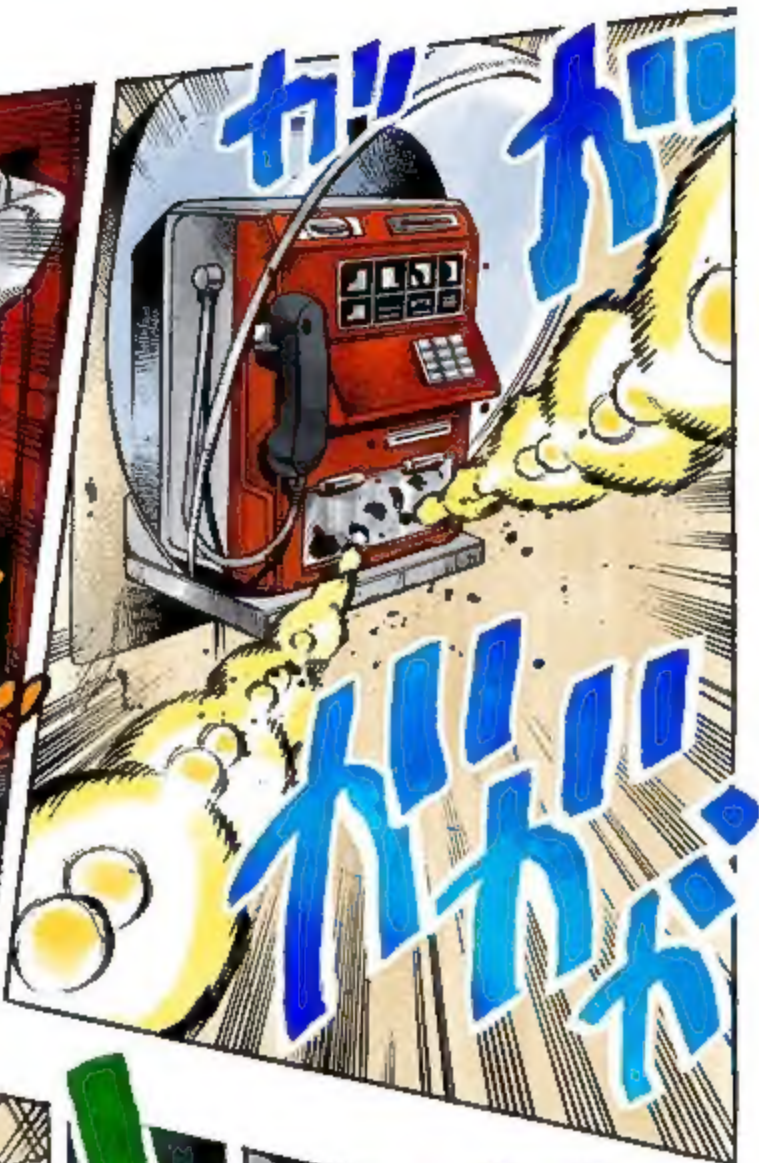
GEHH!

URR...













デジタルカラー版  
ジョジョの奇妙な冒険  
PARTE 5 黄金の風  
4 巻

荒木飛呂彦

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